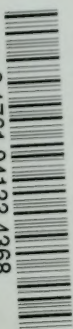


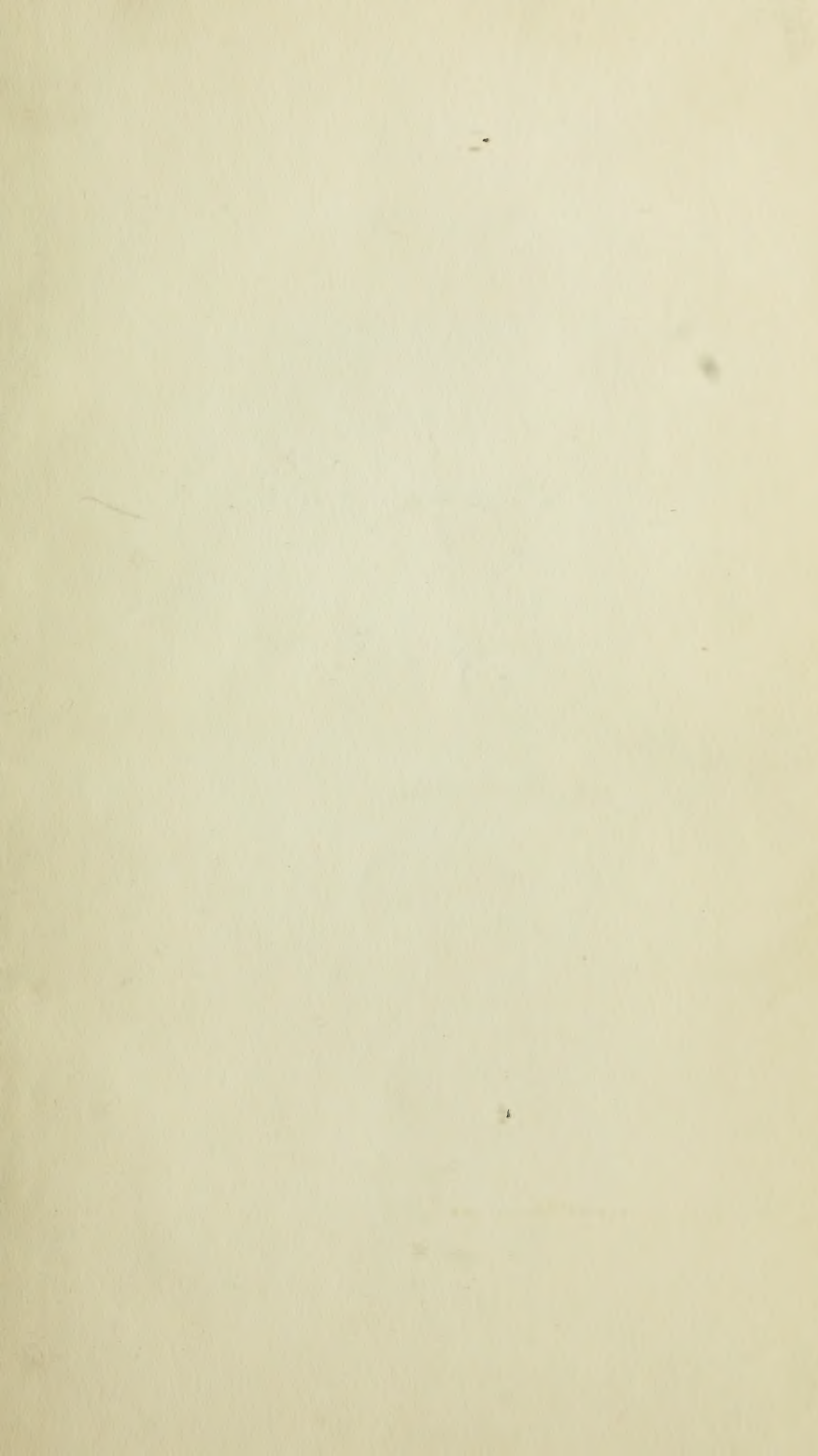
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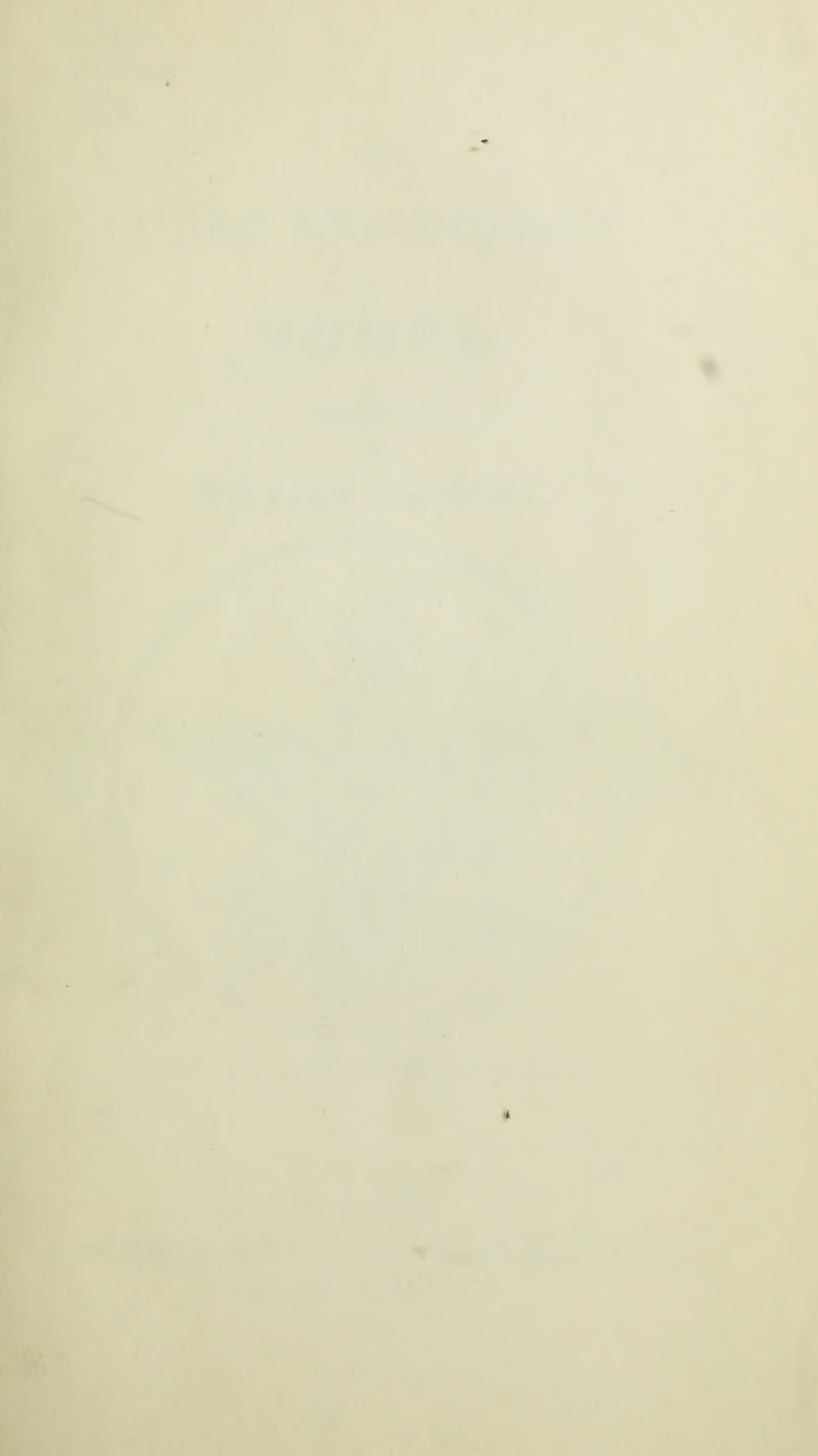


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THE
ILIAD AND ODYSSEY
OF
HOMER,

TRANSLATED
BY
WILLIAM SOTHEBY;



ILLUSTRATED BY THE DESIGNS OF FLAXMAN.

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Ὁ δὲ θεὸς Ὅμηρος
ἀπὸ τῆ τιμῆν καὶ κλέος ἔεχε, πλὴν τοῦθ' ὅτι χρήσ' ἐδίδαξε;

ARIST. RAN.

Trojani belli scriptorem —————

Qui, quid sit pulchrum, quid turpe, quid utile, quid non,

Pleniùs et meliùs Chrysippo et Crantore dicit.

HOR. Ep. I. 2.

TO

THE RIGHT REVEREND

THOMAS BURGESS, LORD BISHOP OF SALISBURY,

PRESIDENT,

AND

TO THE COUNCIL AND MEMBERS

OF

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE,

THIS VERSION

OF

THE ILIAD AND ODYSSEY OF HOMER

IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

BY

WILLIAM SOTHEBY, M.R.S.L. &c. &c. &c.

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THE FIRST BOOK
OF
THE ILIAD.

ARGUMENT.

Homer invokes the Muse to sing the baleful wrath of Achilles, accomplishing, through the disasters of the Grecian Army, the will of Jupiter.—He records the origin of those disasters, Agamemnon's insolent dismissal of Chryses, the aged Priest of Apollo, who had implored him to release his captive daughter Chryseis, and to accept of his offered ransom.—The Priest implores the vengeance of Apollo, who wastes the Grecian Army by a pestilence.—Agamemnon, after a keen contest with Achilles in the public council of the Greeks, consents to release Chryseis, but announces his intention to seize, in revenge, Briseis, the beloved captive of Achilles.—Achilles indignant quits the council, and reluctantly delivers Briseis to the Heralds of Agamemnon.—Thetis, urged by Achilles, prevails on Jove to aid the Trojans, in order that the conquered Grecians may be compelled to solicit her son's assistance, and that Agamemnon should be forced to pacify him by offers of great rewards.—The contention of Juno and Jupiter on his compliance with the request of Thetis.—Vulcan soothes their anger : and the Gods retire from the Olympian banquet to repose.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK I.

SING, Muse! Pelides' wrath, whence woes on woes
O'er the Achæans' gather'd host arose,
Her chiefs' brave souls untimely hurl'd from day,
And left their limbs to dogs and birds a prey;
Since first the king of men, Atrides strove,
With Peleus' godlike son—Thus wrought the will of Jove.

Why raged the chiefs? what god their fury swell'd?
Jove and Latona's son their wrath impell'd.
Incensed against the king, Apollo spread
The plague that thickly strew'd the camp with dead:
For Atreus' son, in insolence of pride,
His priest dishonouring, had the god defied,
When first, his captive daughter to release,
Time-honour'd Chryses sought the ships of Greece,
With richest ransom came, and suppliant bore
Round his gold rod the wreath the priesthood wore,

And all implored, but Atreus' sons the most,
The lords and leaders of the assembled host.

‘ Kings and arm'd warriors ! may consenting Jove,
‘ And all the dwellers of the realm above,
‘ Lay Troy in dust, and, charged with Ilion's spoil,
‘ Guard you in triumph to your native soil !
‘ But my loved child restore : her ransom take,
‘ Nor the far-darting god's fell wrath awake.’

The Greeks applauded : all with willing ear
Bent to receive the gifts, the priest revere ;—
All, save Atrides, whose imperious mind
To insolent repulse harsh menace join'd.

‘ Ne'er may I more, aged priest, amid our fleet
‘ Thee, lingering now, or here returning, meet ;
‘ Lest thou in vain extend the golden rod
‘ And sacred fillet of thy guardian god.
‘ I will not free thy daughter from my arms,
‘ Till age o'ershadow her diminish'd charms.
‘ Ere then, far off, thy child beneath my roof,
‘ At Argos, shares my couch and weaves my woof.
‘ Depart : nor longer here my rage excite—
‘ Away : so best thy safety find in flight.’

Hoar Chryses, shuddering, back his footstep bent,
And by the sounding deep in silence went,
'Till far apart the hapless father pray'd,
And thus invoked Apollo's vengeful aid :—

‘ God of the silver bow, whose sov'reign sway
‘ Thy Chrysa, Cilla, Tenedos obey,
‘ If e'er I wreathed thy splendid shrine, or fed
‘ Thy altars flaming as the victims bled,
‘ Loose thy avenging shafts, bid Greece repay
‘ Tears of a father turn'd in scorn away !’

Thus Chryses pray'd : his prayer Apollo heard,
And heavenly vengeance kindled at the word.
He, from Olympus' brow, in fury bore
His bow and quiver's death-denouncing store.
The arrows, rattling round his viewless flight,
Clang'd, as the god descended dark as night.
Then Phœbus stay'd, and from the fleet apart
Launch'd on the host the inevitable dart,
And ever as he wing'd the shaft below
Dire was the twanging of the silver bow.

Mules and swift dogs first fell, then far around
Man felt the god's immedicable wound.

Corse lay on corse, to fire succeeded fire,
As death unwearied fed the funeral pyre.
Nine days the arrows of destruction flew,
And Phœbus, unassuaged, their numbers slew :
But Peleus' son, the tenth revolving day,
Summon'd the council where the navy lay.
So Juno will'd, who, pitying, view'd around
The Grecians dying on the tainted ground—
The council met, and mindful of their woes
First from his seat Achilles stern uprose.

‘ Atrides ! we, I deem, we once again
‘ Must, if escaped from death, repass the main ;
‘ Fell war, and feller pestilence combined,
‘ Prey on the host, and sweep us from mankind.
‘ But let us first some priest or prophet move,
‘ Or dream-expounder, for dreams spring from Jove,
‘ And learn from him what hecatombs unpaid
‘ On Greece such vengeance of the god have laid ;
‘ So may the savour of our offerings stay
‘ Apollo's wrath, and turn the pest away.’

Thus to the host the son of Peleus spoke :
First of the seers, then Calchas silence broke :
He all the present, past, and future knew—
All at his pleasure rose before his view :

And, by Apollo's gift, his prescient lore
Had led the fleet to Ilion's fated shore.
Such was the prophet, whose sagacious mind
To Peleus' son thus prudently rejoin'd :—

‘ Thou bidd'st me say, Achilles, Jove-beloved,
‘ Whence Phœbus rages, why to vengeance moved :
‘ Thus urged, I speak : thou too, if death impend,
‘ Swear that thy prowess Calchas shall defend.
‘ He, who o'er all holds rule, whom all obey,
‘ Will with revengeful wrath the offence repay ;
‘ Who strive with kings their sov'reignty shall know,
‘ And fall beneath the greatness of their foe.
‘ Tho' they may curb their rage the present day,—
‘ Ne'er unconsummated it dies away.
‘ Say, wilt thou shield me ?’ Peleus' son replied,
‘ Pour out thy prescient soul, in me confide :
‘ None, by that god, who, listening to thy prayer,
‘ Grants that thy voice to Greece the fates declare,
‘ While yet I live, yet view the light of day,
‘ Shall on thy head a hand unhallow'd lay :
‘ Not Agamemnon, he who proudly boasts
‘ His power alone surpasses all our hosts.’

The seer embolden'd, thus the chief obey'd :
‘ No slighted hecatomb, no vow unpaid.

‘ But for his priest by Atreus’ son abused,
‘ His daughter unredeem’d, his gift refused,
‘ Apollo’s wrath arose : and woe on woe
‘ Waits, and the cup of vengeance shall o’erflow :
‘ Nor e’er the pest’s insatiate ravage cease,
‘ Till Atreus’ son the dark-eyed maid release—
‘ Release unransom’d, and on Chrysa’s shore
‘ With blazing hecatombs the god adore.’

He spake. With lip that quiver’d in its ire,
Heart darkly boiling o’er with vengeful fire,
And eye that roll’d in flame, proud Atreus’ son
Rose, and stern-glancing at the seer, begun—
‘ Prophet of ill ! from whose presumptuous word
‘ Ne’er has thy king a kind expression heard :
‘ Prophet of ill ! whose heart by malice heaved,
‘ Ne’er kindly act matured, or thought conceived :
‘ Thou, who hast dared proclaim my crime the cause
‘ That on our host Apollo’s vengeance draws—
‘ Mine, when I scorn’d his priest, nor deign’d to take
‘ The ransom proffer’d for his daughter’s sake—
‘ That maid I prize beyond the virgin charms
‘ That lured my youth to Clytemnestra’s arms :
‘ That maid, her paragon in form and face,
‘ Each artful work, each fascinating grace ;

‘ Yet her, thus graced, thus gifted, I resign :
‘ Saved be my host, the sacrifice be mine.
‘ Yet must your king be honour’d ; strait prepare
‘ From war’s selected spoils a monarch’s share,
‘ Lest—as all witness—I remain alone
‘ Unrecompensed,—my prize, my glory gone.’

‘ Thou, most ’—Achilles cried—‘ the chiefs among,
‘ By lust of glory and by avarice stung,
‘ How can the Achæans,—whence, reward thee more ?
‘ We hoard not up our wealth a common store.
‘ The cities’ plunder’d spoils, all portion’d, all :
‘ Greece will no more resume them at thy call.
‘ Thou, first, at heaven’s command, restore the maid,
‘ Then be the monarch’s tribute tenfold paid,
‘ Whene’er Jove grant that Grecia’s host destroy,
‘ And share the spoils of stately-structured Troy.’

‘ Brave as thou art, ne’er deem ’—Atrides said—
‘ By fraud to circumvent me, or persuade.
‘ Well thy intent I ween, to guard thy prize,
‘ And make the king a public sacrifice.
‘ Will’st thou I free the maid ?—if Greece assign
‘ Such as I deem may match her charms divine :
‘ If Greece refuse, by force away I bear,
‘ As best my humour suits, Pelides’ share,

- Thine, Ajax—thine, Ulysses—rage who will—
- All must obey their king, his wish fulfil—
- Of this, hereafter. Now amid the main
- Launch a brave bark, and arm a gallant train ;
- There be the hecatomb's vow'd offering placed,
- Chryseïs, there, with matchless beauty graced ;
- And there some chief selected from our host,
- On that high mission sent, seek Chrysa's coast.
- Be that great charge the Cretan monarch's care,
- Or let Ulysses, or brave Ajax bear,
- Or thou, Pelides, dreadfulest in rage,
- Go, and with suppliant rites the god assuage'—

Him, as he spake, Achilles sternly eyed :—

- Thou girt with subtlety and frontless pride,
- Who, at thy beck—what Greek will promptly bend,
- Confront the battle, or thy path attend ?
- I came not in my strength to brandish here
- 'Gainst Troy, that wrong'd not Peleus' son, the spear.
- They ne'er my steeds purloin'd, my cattle drove,
- Or spoil'd the fruits of Pthia's fertile grove.
- O'er-shadowing mountains, and the sounding tide,
- From Ilion's shore my native realm divide.
- We, that thou might'st, insulter, thou rejoice,
- Here freely came, and freely heard thy voice.

‘ We sail’d, vile wretch ! for injuries not our own :
‘ Ilion must fall for Atreus’ race alone.
‘ Thou reck’st not this : yea, vaunt’st by force to seize
‘ Spoils purchased by my toil, the gift of Greece.
‘ Yet—when our host Troy’s captured cities shared—
‘ Ne’er has my battle-spoil with thine compared.
‘ To toil, to combat, and to conquer, mine—
‘ To grasp and gather up the plunder, thine :—
‘ Yet, when I sought my fleet, worn out with toil,
‘ Tho’ scant, yet dear to me, the hard-earn’d spoil.
‘ But now, far better far, on Pthia’s strand
‘ To moor my vessel in my native land,
‘ Than thus unhonoured stay—thou here remain.
‘ Thou, reft alike of glory as of gain.’—

‘ Fly ’—Agamemnon answer’d,—‘ speed thy flight,
‘ Since such thy wavering mind, avoid my sight.
‘ I press thee not to stay ; on Ilion’s plain
‘ Here, honouring me, the host and Jove remain.
‘ Hence, thou of monarchs most my hate and scorn.
‘ Hence, man of blood, for brawls and slaughter born.
‘ Vaunt not thy might : to thee that might was given :
‘ Ascribe the glory to the King of heaven.
‘ Thou, with thy troop, thy vessels, hence, away—
‘ At Pthia bid thy Myrmidons obey.

‘ Thy flight I reckon not : seek thy native shore :
‘ Rage, if thou wilt, the more—I scorn thee more.
‘ Know, since Apollo claims my great reward,
‘ My bark shall bear the maid, my warriors guard :
‘ And thus, from forth thy tent, in all her charms,
‘ I—I will force Briseïs from thy arms ;
‘ So dread my power, and none hereafter dare
‘ My will oppose, or with their king compare.’

He spake—Achilles flamed—wrath, deep disdain
Swell’d his high heart, and thrill’d in every vein,
In doubt, with sword unsheathed to force his way,
Dash thro’ the warriors, and the tyrant slay,
Or, in stern mastery of his mind, controul
The unsated vengeance of an outraged soul.
In this dread doubt, while now in act display’d
His hand had half-unsheathed the avenging blade,
Pallas, at mandate of the wife of Jove,
Who watch’d the rival chiefs with equal love,
Unseen by all, behind Achilles stood,
Seized his gold locks, and curb’d his madd’ning mood.
He turn’d, and, awe-struck, strait the goddess knew,
As from her eyes the living lightning flew.

‘ Com’st thou, Jove-born, to view the dire disgrace
‘ Heap’d on my head by Atreus’ hateful race ?

‘Thou view’st the offence—now view the vengeance
done,

‘Lo! perish’d in his madness Atreus’ son.’

‘From heaven’—she said—‘so thou Minerva hear—

‘I came to soothe thy wrath—my voice revere.

‘I came at mandate of the wife of Jove,

‘Who balances o’er both her equal love.

‘Sheathe thy brave blade; but, sharper than thy
sword,

‘Fix in his heart the weapon of thy word—

‘Gifts, tenfold gifts, this outrage shall o’erpay:

‘I, Pallas, speak it—hearken—and obey.’

Minerva spake. Pelides thus replied—

‘Thee, Pallas! I obey: deign, goddess! guide.

‘Tho’ outraged, tho’ incensed, I thee revere:

‘The man who hears the gods, the gods will hear.’

He spake, nor disobey’d: but downward press’d

The silver-hilted falchion to its rest,

While Pallas, passing to the gods above,

Clave the light air, and gain’d the abode of Jove.

But Peleus’ son again, with gather’d ire,

Hurl’d on the monarch words of living fire.

‘ Swoln drunkard! dog in eye, but hind in heart,
‘ Who ne’er in war sustain’st a warrior’s part,
‘ Nor join’st our ambush; for alike thy fear
‘ In war and ambush views destruction near.
‘ More safe, ’mid Grecia’s ranks the inglorious toil,
‘ To grasp some murmurer’s unprotected spoil.
‘ Plunderer of slaves, slaves void of soul as sense,
‘ Or Greece had witness’d now thy last offence.
‘ Yet—by this sceptre, which, untimely reft
‘ From its bare trunk upon the mountain left,
‘ Bark’d by the steel, and of its foliage shorn,
‘ Nor bark nor foliage shall again adorn,
‘ But borne by powerful chiefs of high command,
‘ Guardians of law, and judges of the land—
‘ Be witness thou, by this tremendous test
‘ I ratify my word, and steel my breast,
‘ The day shall come, when Greece in dread alarm
‘ Shall lean for succour on Pelides’ arm;
‘ Then, while beneath fierce Hector’s murderous blade
‘ Thy warriors bleed, and claim in vain thy aid,
‘ Rage shall consume thy heart, that madd’ning pride
‘ Dishonouring me, thy bravest chief defied.’

He spake, and hurl’d his sceptre on the ground,
Starr’d with gold studs, that brightly beam’d around.

Atrides flamed : when, silencing their rage,
Melodious Nestor rose, the Pylia sage,
On whose persuasive lip charm'd Grecia hung,
Gathering the honey of his fluent tongue.
Race after race, by fate's relentless doom,
Had, while he lived, twice sunk within the tomb,
Now o'er a third his righteous sceptre reign'd,
And thus his mild reproof their rage restrain'd :

‘ What woe o’er Greece impends !—hear Nestor’s
voice !

‘ How will not Priam and his sons rejoice !
‘ How Troy’s proud race exult ! if, haply heard
‘ In Ilion’s walls a whisper of the word,
‘ That they—whose voice, whose valour all o’erpowers,
‘ Here waste, in war of words, inglorious hours.
‘ When Nestor speaks, calm, younger-born, your rage,
‘ Time ripens wisdom on the lip of age.

‘ Yes—I have communed in the older days,
‘ With chiefs whose glory far your fame outweighs.
‘ They scorn’d me not, those mighty men of yore :
‘ Men—such as Nestor shall behold no more ;
‘ Pirithous, Dryas, leaders of the war,
‘ Exadius and Cæneus, famed afar ;

‘ Fierce Polyphemus, and thy matchless might,
‘ Divine Ægides, like the gods in fight.
‘ Such were the chiefs most brave of mortal birth,
‘ And combating with foes most brave on earth,
‘ Wild brood of mountain Centaurs, host ’gainst host,
‘ Fiercely they fought, and strew’d with death the coast.
‘ I heard their call, and from far Pylos’ strand
‘ Join’d, at their summons, the heroic band,
‘ And fought as best I might ; and who shall dare,
‘ Who now of living men with them compare ?
‘ Yet they obey’d my voice, to me gave way ;
‘ Ye—to obey is better far—obey.
‘ King, great thy power : yet—now the maid release,
‘ Pelides’ just reward, the gift of Greece.—
‘ Nor thou the king resist, the loved of heaven :
‘ Jove ne’er to other king such power has given.
‘ Tho’, goddess-born, in war thou rule alone,
‘ A nation’s mightier arm sustains his throne.—
‘ At Nestor’s prayer, O king ! thy wrath assuage,
‘ Nor Grecia’s pride and tower of strength enrage.’

‘ Wise is thy counsel ’—Atreus’ son replied—
‘ Well thy persuasive voice might Grecia guide.
‘ But this—this man must stretch o’er all his sway,
‘ All must observe his will, his beck obey,

‘ All hang on him ;—such, such o’erweening pride,
‘ Rage as he may, by me shall be defied.
‘ The gods, who to his arm its prowess gave,
‘ Loose they his scornful tongue at will to rave ?’—

Him interrupting, fierce Pelides said,
‘ Be on my willing brow dishonour laid,
‘ If I—whate’er thy wish—whate’er thy will,
‘ Imperious tyrant !—thy command fulfil.—
‘ O’er others rule ; by others be obey’d ;
‘ No more Achilles deigns the Atridæ aid.—
‘ Yet hear ; and in thy heart retain my word ;
‘ ’Gainst thee, nor mortal man, I lift my sword
‘ In woman’s war, since Greece, in heart a slave,
‘ Resumes my recompense, the gift she gave.
‘ What treasures yet within my ship remain,
‘ Thou, from this arm reluctant, ne’er shalt gain.
‘ Try, if thou dare, that Greece be taught to fear
‘ When thy dark blood reeks on Pelides’ spear.’

Thus, from the war of words, the council rose,
And sought awhile within their fleet repose ;
Pelides, to his ships and station’d tent,
Back with his warriors and Patroclus went.
But Atreus’ son the appointed bark prepared,
Twice ten selected oars the labour shared ;

There sent the hecatomb, there led the fair,
And gave the charge to wise Ulysses' care.

Swift o'er the sea they sail'd ; the while their king
Bade all the host their lustral offerings bring.
The lustral rites perform'd, the cleansed host
In the salt wave the impure ablutions tost.
The priests their victims slew ; and streaming gore,
From goats and chosen bullocks, bathed the shore ;
While in dark volumes seen aloft to rise,
Clouds, rich with floating fragrance, veil'd the skies.

But prayer, nor sacrifice, the king assuaged,
Still his chafed spirit 'gainst Pelides raged ;
And by his heralds, prompt to serve his pride,
Imperiously the goddess-born defied.

‘ Talthybius and Eurybates, away !
‘ Teach in his tent Achilles to obey :
‘ Haste—from his camp, in all her blooming charms,
‘ Bear off Briseïs from his longing arms ;
‘ And, if withheld—’twill agonize his pride—
‘ I, with my host, will force away his bride.’

Bow'd by the burden of his harsh command,
Step after step, along the unfruitful strand

Slow on they pass'd, where, camp'd around the bay,
In station'd ranks, Achilles' warriors lay.
There sat the chief, and as the heralds came,
Stern indignation fill'd his eye with flame.
They trembling stood—nor spake, nor question made,
Fear on their tongues its cold obstruction laid.
He felt their mission in his burning breast,
Yet not the less in soothing speech address'd :—
' Hail ! heralds, hail ! draw nigh, your fears remove ;
' Hail, heralds ! messengers of men and Jove !
' You come, reluctant, at the tyrant's call ;
' His the deep guilt, on him the vengeance fall ;
' You for Briseïs come. I yield assent :
' Lead her, Patroclus, from my guardian tent.
' But witness, ye yourselves, before high Jove,
' Before all mortals here, all gods above,
' But chiefly him, that ruthless king, before,
' Witness, if Greece again her waste deplore,
' And, bow'd in hopeless misery, require
' My arm of strength. . . . Infatuate in his ire,
' Fool ! who ne'er knew the intellectual power
' To link the former to the future hour,
' By timely thought to ward impending woe,
' And from the invaded fleet turn back the foe.'

He spoke : nor him Patroclus disobey'd,
But to the heralds led the unwilling maid.
Onward they went, while lingering as she pass'd,
On her loved lord one look Briseïs cast.

They pass'd from sight. Alone, from all apart,
Tears like large life-drops gushing from his heart,
On the drear margin of the sea-beat shore
Achilles sat, and gazed the ocean o'er,
Stretch'd out his arms, and in the void of air
Pour'd to a mother's ear his fervent prayer :

‘ Since thou hast borne me but a day to live,
‘ Jove to thy son should deathless glory give ;
‘ But Jove regards me not, nor deigns to grace.
‘ Else, wherefore shamed by Atreus' haughty race,
‘ Him, who now dares with insolent disdain
‘ My ravish'd bride, the award of Greece, retain ! ’

Him, as he tearful spake, beneath the wave
Fair Thetis heard, within her father's cave ;
Then, like a mist uprose, o'er ocean swept,
Hung on his hand, and soothed him as he wept.
‘ Why grieves my son ? Speak—give me all thy grief !
‘ A mother's sympathy shall yield relief.’

‘ Thou knowest ’—Achilles spake with deep-drawn
groan,

- ‘ Why dwell on deeds to thee already known !
- ‘ Our conquering host Eëtion’s city gain’d,
- ‘ And from his sacred Thebes rich spoils obtain’d ;
- ‘ To each his just allotment : Atreus’ son,
- ‘ His beauteous prize, the fair Chryseïs, won.
- ‘ But Phœbus’ priest, his daughter to release,
- ‘ Time-honour’d Chryses, sought the ships of Greece,
- ‘ With richest ransom came, and suppliant bore
- ‘ Round his gold rod the wreath the priesthood wore,
- ‘ And all the Greeks implored, but honour’d most
- ‘ The Atridæ, leaders of the leagued host.
- ‘ The Greeks consented : all, with willing ear,
- ‘ Bent to receive the gifts, the Priest revere ;
- ‘ All—save Atrides : his imperious mind
- ‘ To insolent repulse harsh menace join’d.
- ‘ Chryses in wrath return’d—him Phœbus heard,
- ‘ And, honouring his prophet, gave the word
- ‘ That barb’d his darts with death :—and corse on corse
- ‘ Fell, as the pest went forth, and swept our force.
- ‘ Then Calchas spake, the Monarch’s guilt’ exposed,
- ‘ And, by Apollo taught, his rage disclosed.
- ‘ Fain had I soothed the god, but instant ire
- ‘ Pour’d in Atrides’ heart consuming fire.

‘ Rage on his lip the opprobrious menace hung,
‘ And his deeds match the malice of his tongue.
‘ The Greeks his captive waft to Chrysa’s shore,
‘ And hecatombs there flame the altars o’er.
‘ But from my tent, now, now his heralds lead
‘ Her whom I loved, my prize by Greece decreed.
‘ Thou—for thou can’st—O goddess-mother, aid !
‘ Go, in his heaven by prayer the god persuade :
‘ There—if thy word, or deeds in kindness done,
‘ E’er touch’d the heart of Jove—aid thou thy son !
‘ Oft have I heard, in my parental hall,
‘ Thee, in thy pride of heart, the day recall,
‘ When thou, amid the immortals, thou alone,
‘ Turn’dst fell destruction from the Thunderer’s throne,
‘ When Juno, Neptune, and Minerva join’d
‘ Jove to o’ermaster, and in fetters bind :
‘ When at thy call the hundred-handed came,
‘ Whom Gods Briareus, men Ægæon, name :
‘ Son stronger than his sire, who throned in pride
‘ Glories exultant by Saturnius’ side.
‘ Him the immortals fear’d, nor longer strove
‘ To chain the might and majesty of Jove.
‘ Go, clasp his knees : recount that day, that deed,
‘ So may the Thunderer Troy in triumph lead,
‘ And slay the Grecians, weltering in their gore
‘ Amid their captured fleet on Phrygia’s shore :

- ‘ So teach, by direful doom, the senseless host
- ‘ To glorify this king—this Argive boast :
- ‘ And him, their dreaded lord—to curse the hour
- ‘ That saw unhonour’d my unrivall’d power.’

Tears gush’d as Thetis spake : ‘ Woe, woe the day
‘ I brought thee forth, to ruthless fate a prey ;
‘ O that without a tear, without a wrong,
‘ Here thou hadst lain in peace thy ships among !
‘ Fleet is thy dream of life, a shadowy show,
‘ Most fleet, yet mournful most of all below.
‘ Sad was the hour,—the roof that saw thee born,
‘ To misery destined from thy natal morn.
‘ Yet—if my prayer can aid thee—mine shall aid,
‘ And at the Thunderer’s throne the god persuade.
‘ Thou here remain : on Greece let loose thy rage :
‘ But go not forth in arms, nor battle wage.
‘ Guest of the blameless Æthiopians, Jove
‘ Went, yestermorn, with all the gods above,
‘ Went, seaward, banqueting, nor leaves the feast
‘ Till the twelfth dawn relumes the empurpled east.
‘ Then to his heaven I speed, and prostrate there
‘ Hang on his knees till Jove vouchsafe my prayer.’

She spake, and left the chief, by passion moved,
Lone and disconsolate for her he loved

Forced from his arms. Meantime Ulysses bore
The hallow'd hecatomb to Chrysa's shore.
In the deep port, untroubled by the gale,
They stow'd within the bark the gather'd sail,
Loosed with its tackle swiftly lower'd the mast,
Row'd to the harbour, and their anchors cast.
Forth came the crew, and pass'd along the main,
Forth led the victims to Apollo's fane ;
Forth came Chryseis, whom to Chryses' arms
The chief restored in all her virgin charms,
And o'er the altar spake, ' From Grecia's king
' To thee, time-honour'd priest, thy child I bring :
' And lo ! the hecatomb, the gift of Greece :
' So may thy god's wide-wasting vengeance cease ! '

He spake : and gave her. Of his child possess'd,
Unwonted joy fill'd all the father's breast.
The ministers meanwhile the victims crown'd,
And ranged Apollo's radiant altar round ;
With cleansing water laved their hands, and bore
The salted meal to strow the offerings o'er :
'Mid these the Priest his arms aloft upraised,
And pouring forth his prayer, sublimely gazed.

' God of the silver bow, whose sovereign sway
' Thy Cilla, Chrysa, Tenedos obey,

‘ If, at my voice erewhile, if, heard my prayer,
‘ Thy arrows fill’d with death the tainted air,
‘ Now hear thy suppliant, grant my sole request,
‘ And from the Grecian host avert the pest!’

Him Phœbus heard : and now when prayer had ceased,
And the salt meal had strown each votive beast,
They backward raised their throats, and slew and flayed,
Sever’d their thighs, and in due order laid,
Doubling the cawl, and o’er them thickly spread
Crude morsels, quivering as the victims bled.
While Chryses fed the flame with cloven wood,
And the burnt offering bathed with vinous flood,
Beside the aged priest a youthful band
Stood, each a five-prong’d flesh-hook in his hand ;
And when the thighs were burnt, and keen desire
Had tried the entrails fuming from the fire,
The rest, minutely sever’d, bit by bit,
They duly fix’d on the revolving spit ;
Then fitly dress’d, and when the toil had ceased,
Served to each guest alike the equal feast.
And now, when thirst and hunger raged no more,
The youths the goblets crown’d high-foaming o’er,
To all administer’d, and gave each guest
From right to left to circle round the rest.

And all that day melodious pæans flow'd,
And choral hymns that glorified the god.
But, when at sunset darkness spread her reign,
They by their cables slept along the main :
And when the rosy-finger'd morn appear'd,
On to the Grecian fleet their galley steer'd.
Apollo's self the breeze consenting gave,
And oped for them the passage o'er the wave.
Aloft the mast was raised, wide spread the sail,
The swelling of the canvass caught the gale,
Around the cleaving keel the billow rung,
And bounding thro' the deep the vessel sprung.
And now, when reach'd their host, along the sand
On high they drew their bark, and fix'd on land :
Huge beams, to prop the weight, beneath it cast,
Then to their fleet and tented stations pass'd.

There, nigh his naval host, in sullen ire,
Achilles fed his soul-consuming fire,
Nor join'd the council's honour'd seat, nor deign'd
To mingle where the warriors glory gain'd,
But, inly pining, from the field afar,
Long'd but for battle, and the shout of war.

'Twas now the morn, the twelfth-revolving light,
When Jove, returning to Olympus' height,

Led on the gods :—then, mindful of her son,
Her way to heaven emerging Thetis won :
There found, apart from all the gods, alone,
Jove on Olympus' hundred-crested throne :
Her left hand clasp'd his knee, her right his beard,
When thus the Nymph heaven's awful Sire revered :—

‘ If e'er by word or deed, paternal Jove !
‘ I won thy favour, deign my suit approve !
‘ Exalt my son, nor let his transient day
‘ Swift as a shade unhonour'd pass away,
‘ Wrong'd by Atrides : he who dares detain
‘ The ravish'd prize by Greece decreed in vain.
‘ Grace him, Olympian Jove ! and greatly crown
‘ Triumphant Troy, and gift with high renown,
‘ Till Greece the glory of my son proclaim,
‘ And added honours swell Pelides' fame.’

She spake : in silence Jove the suppliant heard :
And long unanswer'd her imploring word :
Yet still she clasp'd his knee, his hand still press'd,
And with fresh zeal redoubled her request :
‘ Sire ! grant thy suppliant's prayer : now, Jove, comply ;
‘ Or—for thou canst not dread—at once deny :
‘ So shall I learn that, 'mid heaven's honour'd host,
‘ I, I a goddess, am unhonour'd most.”

Then, deeply grieved, the cloud-compeller spake :
‘ Pernicious deed ! Why Juno’s wrath awake ?
‘ Why rouse again that irritable breast,
‘ Those taunts that ’mid the gods my peace molest ?
‘ Rashly reproaching that my partial power
‘ Aids Ilion’s host in war’s destructive hour.
‘ Hence ! hence !—lest Juno now detect thee here—
‘ Away—thy prayer is granted—disappear :
‘ Go, firm in trust ; I pledge the brow of Jove,
‘ The sign most sacred ’mid the gods above,
‘ This stamp of fate, the irrevocable sign
‘ That perfects all its promises be thine.’

He spake, and fully to confirm his vow,
The sanction gave, and bow’d his awful brow ;
From his immortal head profusely flow’d
The ambrosial locks that waved around the god,
While all Olympus trembled at his nod.

Their conference o’er, from heaven with headlong leap
At once the goddess plunged beneath the deep.
Jove sought his palace : as their sire appear’d,
The gods his might and majesty revered ;
None dared regardless linger on their seat,
But on the king’s advance arose to greet.
Jove on his throne reclined ; when fill’d with scorn,
Not reckless of the meeting of the morn,

That Jove had listen'd to the nymph's request,
Proud Juno, taunting, thus her lord address'd :

‘ What god, deceiver ! now thy counsel shares ?
‘ No more to me great Jove his will declares ;
‘ Thy furtive purpose still from me conceal'd,
‘ Still to thy wife each secret unreveal'd.’

‘ Seek not,’ he cried, ‘ to fathom my design,
‘ Tho’ consort thou of Jove, the attempt decline ;
‘ Yet, if or god or man might rightly share,
‘ Jove would to thee, thee first, his will declare.
‘ But what without the gods I sole intend,
‘ Seek not to know, what none can comprehend.’

He spake. The awful goddess thus replied :
‘ What hast thou said, insulter ! in thy pride ?
‘ Ne’er have I yet inquired, or now inquire :
‘ Shape thy own mood, content thy own desire.
‘ Yet must I deeply fear, that now beguiled,
‘ Jove has submitted to that ocean-child.
‘ This morn, when clasp’d thy knee, thy hand when
 press’d,
‘ I saw thee yielding to her warm request,
‘ To glorify her son, and fill with slain
‘ The Grecian camp, and tinge with blood the main.’

She spake. The cloud-compeller thus replied :

- ‘ What thou suspect’st, it recks not me to hide :
- ‘ Thy rash attempts, that ineffectual prove,
- ‘ Leave thee less lovely, less desired of Jove.
- ‘ Grant all that thou suspect’st—know, such my will ;
- ‘ Peace, and in silence my behest fulfil.
- ‘ Beware ! not all the gods can Jove withstand,
- ‘ If o’er thy brow I raise the almighty hand.’

The goddess felt, and heard Jove’s high controul,
And curb’d, perforce, the swelling of her soul ;
While all the heavenly powers indignant heard
The stern defiance of the almighty word.

Then Vulcan rose, and soothing Juno, strove
To bend her spirit to submit to Jove.

- ‘ Harsh doom, and unendurable, if heaven
- ‘ Thus, for mere mortals, rage, by discord riven !
- ‘ If gods threat gods, and bliss without alloy
- ‘ No more, as once, prolong our festive joy.
- ‘ Let me, tho’ wise herself, a mother warn
- ‘ To yield to Jove, nor heaven’s high sovereign scorn :
- ‘ Lest that once more Saturnius’ vengeful ire
- ‘ Cloud the pure bliss of heaven’s convivial choir.

‘ Reflect—the Thunderer, matchless in his might,
‘ At once could hurl us from the Olympian height ;
‘ But softly soothe the god, and peace once more
‘ Will calm his wrath, and heaven’s pure bliss restore.’

He spake, and in the hands of Juno placed
The nectar-bowl that Jove’s gay banquets graced.
‘ Tho’ grieved,’ he cried, ‘ yet patiently sustain,
‘ Lest I behold thee bruised, and mourn in vain.
‘ What can thy son avail ? the Olympian sire
‘ None can resist, none curb his vengeful ire.
‘ Me too, when erst to rescue thee I strove,
‘ Grasp’d by the heel, Jove hurl’d me from above.
‘ Down, ever down, through all that live-long day,
‘ I fell, and dropt at night on Lemnos’ bay :
‘ There, as I lay half-dead, the Sintians came,
‘ And with kind care refresh’d my bruised frame.’

Fair Juno smiled, and smiling sweetly, graced
The nectar cup her snowy arms embraced.
And still as Vulcan’s hand the goblet crown’d,
And pass’d from right to left the nectar round,
Loud laugh’d the guests, while the officious god,
Administering the wine, unseemly trod.

From morn till night, through that continued feast,
The harping of Apollo never ceased ;
Nor ceased the voice that closed with song the day,
The Muses warbling their alternate lay.

But when the sun had set, each blissful guest
From the late banquet sought his couch of rest ;
Each to his radiant palace went apart,
Divinely wrought by Vulcan's matchless art—
Jove pass'd, where sleep had oft his eyelid closed,
And on her golden throne, nigh Jove, his queen reposed.

THE SECOND BOOK
OF
THE ILIAD.

ARGUMENT.

Jupiter, mindful of his promise to Thétis, sends a deceitful vision to Agamemnon, exhorting him to assemble and lead forth his Forces.—In a public Council he tries the disposition of the Army, and advises them to return to Greece.—Ulysses, by the counsel of Minerva and Nestor, revives the spirit of the Army.—Ulysses chastises the Insolence of Thersites.—The Trojans, by the advice of Iris, arm and prepare for Battle.—The Description and Catalogue of the Land and Sea Forces.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK II.

THE immortal Gods and men all night reposed,
But no sweet sleep Jove's wakeful eyelid closed,
Intent, Achilles to exalt, and slay
The routed Grecians, where their navy lay.
The God long ponder'd, ere the will divine
Bade a false dream mature his deep design :

‘ Fly, baleful Dream ’—he said—‘ ’mid yonder fleet
‘ To Atreus’ son the words of Jove repeat :
‘ Bid him arm all his hosts, now, now destroy,
‘ And share the spoils of wide-extended Troy :
‘ By Juno soothed, no God with God contends,
‘ But dark o’er Ilion direst woe impends.’

Jove spake : the baleful Dream, without delay,
Down to the Grecian navy wing’d his way ;

There in his tent the Son of Atreus found
In soft ambrosial slumber wrapt around,
Stood o'er his brow, and in the shape confess'd
Of Nestor's honour'd form, the King address'd :

‘ Sleep'st thou, O Son of Atreus ! war-renown'd,
‘ Thus in ambrosial slumber lapt around ?
‘ Ill him beseems, the Chief, whose high controul
‘ A kingdom's weight sustains, and guides the whole,
‘ From whom all counsel flows—ill him beseems
‘ To wear out night's long hours in ling'ring dreams.
‘ Monarch, attend !—on mission from above
‘ To thee I come from thy protector, Jove.
‘ His words I speak :—lead forth, without delay,
‘ To war's throng'd field the battle's ranged array ;
‘ Arm all thy hosts ; now capture, now destroy,
‘ And share the spoils of wide-extended Troy.
‘ By Juno soothed, no God with God contends,
‘ While woe, o'er Ilion, wing'd by Jove, impends.
‘ King ! rooted in thy mind my words retain,
‘ Nor, loosed from slumber, deem the vision vain.’

The Vision fled, and left the King alone
Pondering on deeds ne'er destined to be done.
He deem'd, fond man, that day had Ilion gain'd,
Nor knew how dire the doom by Jove ordain'd ;

What toils, what woes o'er either host impend,
Ere the slow war in mutual slaughter end.
From sleep he rose, and closely o'er his breast,
Drew the soft tunic's newly woven vest,
O'er it his ample mantle cast, and bound
The radiant sandals his fair feet around :
Next, as it glitter'd, on his shoulders braced
His battle-sword with silver studs enchased,
Grasp'd the proud sceptre of his sires of yore,
Went forth, and sought the Fleet that lined the shore.

Now, while Aurora, on the Olympian height,
Announced to all the Gods returning light,
The loud-voiced heralds heard their King's command,
And to the council call'd each summon'd band.
The council met, and 'mid the station'd Fleet
At Nestor's ship the chieftains held their seat.

‘ Attend ! ’—the Monarch spake—‘ In dream of night
‘ A heavenly Vision rose before my sight,
‘ In form, size, air, like Nestor's self confess'd,
‘ Stood o'er my brow, and audibly address'd :

‘ Sleep'st thou, O Son of Atreus, war-renown'd,
‘ Thus in ambrosial slumber lapt around !

‘ Ill him beseems, the Chief, whose high controul
‘ A kingdom’s weight sustains, and guides the whole,
‘ From whom all counsel flows—ill him beseems
‘ To wear out night’s long hours in ling’ring dreams.
‘ Monarch, attend !—on mission from above
‘ To thee I come from thy protector, Jove.
‘ His words I speak :—lead forth, without delay,
‘ To war’s throng’d field the battle’s ranged array ;
‘ Arm all thy hosts ; now capture, now destroy,
‘ And share the spoils of wide-extended Troy.
‘ By Juno soothed, no God with God contends,
‘ While woe, o’er Ilion, wing’d by Jove, impends.
‘ King ! rooted in thy mind my words retain.—
‘ He spake, and vanish’d into air again.
‘ I rose : your counsel now your king commands,
‘ How best to arm the Greeks’ confederate bands.
‘ I first will prove them : if my voice prevail,
‘ I bid them backward turn to Greece their sail ;
‘ But ye throughout the host their flight restrain,
‘ And lead the warriors back to war again.’

He spake.—Aged Nestor rose the Chiefs among,
While Wisdom counsell’d from his honour’d tongue :
‘ Hail, Leaders of the Argives ! Princes, hail !
‘ Had other voice rehearsed this wondrous tale,

‘ This form of night, this visionary dream,
‘ None would such words the words of truth esteem.
‘ The King that vision view’d—no more delay—
‘ Haste—arm our host for battle—speed, away.’

He spake, and left the council. At its close
The sceptred leaders from their seats arose :
Each sped to execute the King’s command,
While onward rush’d the people, band on band.

As when the bees’ dense nations rise and rise
From the cleft rock, and cloud with life the skies,
In clusters hang o’er Spring’s unfolding flower,
Sweep to and fro, and wind from bower to bower :
Thus, from their ships and tents, host urging host
To council swarm’d, and darken’d all the coast.
Fame, wing’d by Jove, before the arm’d array
Waved her bright pinions, and illumed their way.
They throng’d—the tumult thicken’d—dire the roar,
Deep groan’d beneath their weight the encumber’d shore,
The while nine loud-voiced heralds forced their way,
Warn’d them to silence, and their kings obey.
Scarce was the clamour hush’d, the tumult quell’d,
And each in order due his station held,
When Agamemnon, rising up, display’d
The sceptre Vulcan’s art divinely made.

Jove first that sceptre sway'd, by Vulcan given ;
Hermes received it from the King of heaven :
From Hermes, Pelops, and from Pelops' hand,
Imperial Atreus, heir of his command :
And when imperial Atreus left the light,
Thyestes held it in his father's right :
His death its power to Agamemnon gave,
Alike to lord it o'er the land and wave ;
And Argos and her isles confess'd its yoke,
When leaning on its strength Atrides spoke :

‘ Hail, ministers of Mars ! Ye Argives, hear !
‘ Stern Jove has link'd my fate to woe severe.
‘ His was the promise when from Greece I came,
‘ To guard me back with spoils of Troy in flame.
‘ The God, now guileful, wills to Greece again
‘ I pass inglorious, half my army slain :
‘ Jove wills, who prostrates temple, town, and tower,
‘ And wrecks the world in wantonness of power.
‘ Oh, be our shame to distant times untold,
‘ Be it unheard that Greece, by me enroll'd,
‘ All Greece, with such,—so scant a foe engaged,
‘ Had ineffectual battle feebly waged !
‘ Yes, let the Greeks and Trojans, hand in hand,
‘ Strike the firm league, and number band with band,

‘ We, ten by ten, our numerous ranks dispose,
‘ They singly, one by one, confront our rows ;
‘ Then many a decad in our crowded line
‘ Would want a Son of Troy to serve his wine :
‘ Such Grecia’s multitudes, that far outswell
‘ Those that within their native Ilion dwell.
‘ Yet leagued from many a city, far and near,
‘ The arm’d associates raise for Troy the spear ;
‘ These are the forces that my power restrain,
‘ Mock all my hopes, and make each effort vain.
‘ Nine years have roll’d :—Lo ! here we droop forlorn,
‘ Our ships all mould’ring, all their cables worn :
‘ Our wives, our children, on their native shore
‘ Waste with vain longing, and our stay deplore ;
‘ While the vast emprise that combined our host
‘ Rests unconsummated—an idle boast.
‘ Now, as I speak, your King’s behest obey :
‘ Now, while a sail can waft us, speed away :
‘ List to the voice that back to Greece recalls,
‘ Nor cast a glance on Troy’s uncaptured walls.’

He spake ; and all who ne’er his counsel heard,
All flew impatient at Atrides’ word.
The hosts rush’d rolling on, as wave on wave,
When o’er the Icarian sea swollen billows rave,

When East and South in adverse fury sweep,
Burst the dark clouds at once, and lash the deep :
Or, as when Zephyrus o'er the harvest blows,
Floats the wide field and rustles all its rows :
Thus the whole host was moved—and loud the roar
As burst the living tempest on the shore.
On as they rush'd, the dust, where'er they pass'd,
Poised o'er their brow the o'ershadowing column cast :
And as their shouts immix'd, each urging each
To drag the gallies, seaward, down the beach,
To clear each trench, and strike the props away,
Wide heaven's rent vaults re-bellow'd back the bray.
Then had the host return'd, and Greece in vain
Led her leagued force to Ilion's fated plain,
And all the war had immaturely closed;
But heaven's indignant Empress interposed :

‘ Hear, Pallas ! sprung from him who reigns above,
‘ Unconquer'd Child of Ægis-bearing Jove !
‘ Shall then, thus fugitive, o'er yonder main
‘ The Grecians to their realm return again,
‘ Round Priam's brow eternal glory weave,
‘ And to proud Troy unrescued Helen leave,
‘ The Argive Helen, for whose matchless charms
‘ Such numbers, far from Greece, have fall'n in arms ?

‘ Speed! by persuasive words each warrior gain,
‘ Nor let a ship steal forth to tempt the main.’

She spake, Minerva heard, and swift as light,
Down darted from Olympus’ topmost height,
Sped to the beach, and there Ulysses found
Lone, motionless ’mid all that moved around;
He scorn’d to touch his ship, but stood apart,
While shame and anger rack’d the Hero’s heart.

Such his deep woe, when Pallas thus address’d;
‘ Thou, whose firm mind no idle fears molest,
‘ Divine Ulysses! shall your host once more
‘ Thus fugitive regain their native shore?
‘ Round Priam’s brow eternal glory weave,
‘ And to proud Troy unrescued Helen leave,
‘ The Argive Helen, for whose heavenly charms
‘ Such numbers, far from Greece, have fall’n in arms.
‘ Speed! by persuasive words each warrior gain,
‘ Nor let a ship steal forth to tempt the main.’

Ulysses heard her voice, the Goddess knew,
Cast his loose mantle off, and onward flew.
His herald, as in haste the Warrior pass’d,
Caught up the flowing mantle backward cast:

His faithful herald, who attendant came,
And traced from Ithaca his path of fame.
The Chief himself, from Agamemnon's hand
Received the immortal sceptre of command,
And, arm'd with its authority, impress'd
A sense of deeper awe on every breast.

Whene'er the Chief a prince or leader found,
Persuasion lent his voice each soothing sound.
' Not like a slave, it fits not thee to fear :
' Stay thou—the rest detain—thyself revere.
' Thou fathom'st not the King—his host he tries,
' Soon shall his wrath the unwary wretch chastise.
' Not all his counsel shared. Thus warn'd, beware !
' Who can the vengeance of a monarch bear ?
' From Jove all honour flows, and gracious Jove
' Honours our sov'reign with a father's love.'

But, if by some low brawler justly moved,
His sceptre smote him, and his threat reproved :
' Attend in silence—so your chiefs obey ;
' Hear those whose stations claim superior sway.
' Thy arm, how feeble !—feebler far thy mind ;
' Nor war nor wisdom count thee 'mid mankind.
' All come not here to arrogate command ;
' Weak is the people's many-sceptred hand.

‘ One monarch ours, to whom by Jove assign’d
‘ Laws and the sceptre to controul mankind.’

Thus wise Ulysses urging on his way
With the King’s sceptre wielded kingly sway ;
While from their ships and tents throng press’d on throng
Tumultuous to the council rush’d along,
Rush’d like the deep when back the surge rebounds,
And the shore shakes, and rock to rock resounds.

They met—all kept their stations, silent all,
Save loud invectives from Thersites’ brawl,
Still jibing, still loquacious, right or wrong,
Still sharp’ning against kings his serpent tongue,
Still prompt if aught unseemly fed the jest
To give the vulgar laugh a keener zest.
Foulest of form the wretch to Ilion came,
One eye was squinting, and one leg was lame ;
The gibbous load that either shoulder press’d
To close contraction pinch’d his pointed breast ;
And on his sharp convexity of head
Stray hairs, like wool, were here and there outspread :
His bitter joy Ulysses to defame,
Or dim the lustre of Pelides’ name.
Now in shrill accents his malicious tongue
Its sharpest venom on Atrides flung,

While all the indignant host, with rage inflamed,
Glow'd, as the loud maligner thus exclaimed :

‘ Whence thy complaint ? What, Atreus’ son, thy will ?
‘ Unnumber’d treasures all thy tents o’erfill.
‘ Selected beauties, each a city’s pride,
‘ We, by our valour, for thy choice provide ;
‘ Yet seek’st thou gold, more gold, those heaps to raise,
‘ That for his ransom’d son the Trojan pays ?
‘ Some, whom this conquering arm shall captive lead,
‘ Or other Argive doom’d for thee to bleed.
‘ Seek’st thou a fresher Fair to yield delight
‘ Hid in thy tent apart from public sight ;
‘ For ill beseems the guardian of our host,
‘ By vile example, to corrupt us most.

‘ O Argive women, Argive men no more :
‘ Let the Fleet speed us to our native shore ;
‘ Leave him, unsated here, tho’ gorged with spoil,
‘ To learn, if gain’d, or not, by Grecian toil.
‘ His was the outrage, he Pelides shamed,
‘ A warrior, far o’er him, for valour famed :
‘ His now the vaunt to guard Briseïs’ charms,
‘ Reft by his rapine from that Hero’s arms :
‘ A Hero—no ! fear chains Achilles’ force,
‘ Or this last deed had closed thy shameful course !’

The scoffer ceased—at once to fury moved,
Ulysses sternly eyed him, and reproved :—
‘ Silence, rash babbler !—eloquent in vain ;
‘ Cease—nor with kings contend alone again.
‘ Thou strive with monarchs !—Thou, of all the host
‘ Who throng’d to Troy, most vile, inglorious most !
‘ No more in council breathe their name, no more
‘ Remind the Grecians of their native shore.
‘ We know not yet our doom, not yet discern
‘ If weal or woe await on our return.
‘ And dar’st thou, wretch ! reproach and gibe thy King,
‘ And taunt that Greece to him her presents bring ?
‘ What, babbler ! are thy gifts, what offerings thine ?
‘ Scoffs that insult, and clamours that malign.
‘ But, mark my word, nor be that warning vain !
‘ If here I find thee, raving thus, again,
‘ Low lie my brow !—May I at once expire !
‘ And loved Telemachus disown his sire !
‘ If stripp’d and scourged, and writhing in thy pain,
‘ I drive thee not back howling to the main.’

He spake, and with his sceptre, as he spoke,
Confirm’d the word by many a painful stroke ;
While the wretch, crouching from the inflicted blow,
Shed scalding tears, and twisted to and fro.

From his swoln back the ensanguined tumors rose,
Down sank Thersites silencing his woes,
Slunk back ashamed, and, shuddering in his fear,
Wiped off, as warm it gush'd, the frequent tear :
The host, tho' grieved, his moan with laughter heard,
While burst from lip to lip their scornful word—

‘ Great deeds, and oft, Laertes’ son has wrought,
‘ To war renown, to council wisdom brought ;
‘ But this far all transcends ; the scoffer’s jest,
‘ And base garrulity, at once repress’d.
‘ No more his insolence shall rashly dare
‘ With monarchs wage the strife of wordy war.’

Thus they : the while, the sceptre in his hand,
Ulysses rose amid the Argive band,
And Pallas, nigh the Chief, in face and form,
Stood, like a herald silencing the storm,
That all, throughout the host, distinctly heard,
Might weigh the wisdom of Ulysses’ word—

‘ Atrides, thee, the Grecian hosts combined
‘ Would fain here brand the basest of mankind :
‘ None heed the promised pledge, the vow they swore,
‘ When first from Greece we camp’d on Ilion’s shore,

‘ That thou, triumphant should thy palace greet,
‘ When Troy’s proud bulwarks fell beneath thy feet.
‘ Now, as weak boys and women wail and weep,
‘ They, for their home perpetual moaning keep.
‘ Yes—I confess, ’tis grievous to retire,
‘ All hope extinct, unfill’d each keen desire.—
‘ E’en the poor mariner at distance grieves,
‘ Who, for a month, brief month, his consort leaves,
‘ When wintry tempests, and the storm-toss’d main,
‘ Far from the expecting port his sail detain.
‘ But now the ninth long year slow rolls around,
‘ Since first we moor’d on Ilion’s hostile ground ;
‘ Then just their grief here idly to remain,
‘ Or void of glory home return again.
‘ Yet—stay the time foretold—yet, yet await,
‘ And learn if Calchas spoke the word of fate.
‘ For well we know—I bid you all attest—
‘ All who not yet in death’s cold slumber rest ;—
‘ When—’twas as yesterday—in Aulis lay
‘ Our fleet, woe-fraught for Ilion’s fated day,
‘ And, round the fountain, on the altars laid,
‘ We to the Gods our solemn offerings paid :
‘ Beneath the beauteous plane-tree, from whose roots
‘ Burst the clear spring that fill’d with life its shoots,
‘ A blood-fleck’d dragon, horrible to sight,
‘ By Jove himself, the Olympian, sent to light,

‘ Forth gliding upward from the altar came,
‘ Roll’d round the tree, and rear’d his crest of flame,
‘ Where on the branch that loftiest soar’d, and made
‘ A sheltering covert of its leafy shade,
‘ Eight plumeless sparrows in their hidden nest,
‘ Couch’d underneath the mother’s brooding breast,
‘ Herself the ninth ; then, while their clamours rung,
‘ And the insatiate dragon gorged her young,
‘ He, as the mother, shrieking o’er him, flew,
‘ Around her wheeling wing his volumes drew—
‘ These, all, thus gorged, the God his power display’d,
‘ And a new wonder of that monster made.
‘ That mighty God was Jove, was Saturn’s son,
‘ Jove fix’d that dragon in eternal stone.
‘ While we the wonder witness’d, and amazed
‘ On monsters mingling with the offerings gazed,
‘ Calchas prophetic spake, Why stand you here ?
‘ Wherefore, Achæans ! silent in your fear ?
‘ From Jove himself, this awful portent came,
‘ Of lingering issue, yet immortal fame.
‘ As that fell dragon seized her young for food,
‘ Herself the ninth, the mother, and her brood,
‘ Thus war shall last while nine long years roll round,
‘ The tenth beholds Troy prostrate on the ground.
‘ The Prophet, thus, deeds yet to come foretold,
‘ And Time now speeds the wonder to unfold :—

‘ Then, here remain, here, all expectant stay
‘ Till Priam’s captured towers our toil repay.’—

He spake : and far around, the echoing fleet,
And the wide shore the applauding shout repeat.
One voice of transport round Ulysses rung,
And Nestor thus unloosed his suasive tongue—

‘ Heavens, like weak boys, in sooth, ye wrangle here,
‘ Reckless of battle, and the hostile spear.
‘ Where now your leagues on earth, your vows to heaven,
‘ Cares, counsels, hand to hand in union given ?
‘ Like smoke evanishing, while thus we stay,
‘ And wear in war of words the time away—
‘ Atrides, thou, as erst, firm empire hold,
‘ And guide the storm of battle uncontroul’d.
‘ Leave them to waste, the few, who meet apart :
‘ Vain is their succour, Argos at their heart :
‘ Who counsel flight, ere yet the issue prove
‘ If true, or false, the omen sent by Jove.
‘ Yes—I proclaim—that sign from Jove was given ;
‘ He lanch’d the omen from consenting heaven :
‘ When, fraught with woe, to Troy we boldly sail’d,
‘ And on the right Jove’s favouring thunder hail’d.
‘ Let none then rave for home, till, Troy possess’d,
‘ He slumber on some Trojan consort’s breast,

‘ And bid the captive, in his arms, repay
‘ The tears and groans of Helen forced away.
‘ Who maddens to return, and grasps the oar,
‘ Death steps between him and his native shore.
‘ King ! judge thyself, nor others’ judgment spurn,
‘ E’en from hoar Nestor’s word some counsel learn.
‘ Divide thy host, be band by band display’d,
‘ Tribe strengthen tribe, and nation nation aid,
‘ So shalt thou learn, if Greece thy word obey,
‘ Who or confronts the foe, or shuns the fray,
‘ So judge each chieftain and his host aright,
‘ When each stands forth in individual might,
‘ So learn if heaven the fall of Ilion stay,
‘ Or, here, faint hearts, and feeble hands delay.’

The King replied, ‘ Thy counsel all excels,
‘ Thou, on whose lip the word of wisdom dwells :
‘ Would that some favouring God to me had given
‘ Ten such advisers, so illumed by heaven ;
‘ Soon then had Troy on earth fall’n lowly down,
‘ By Grecian conquerors captured, sack’d, o’erthrown.
‘ But me, in vain contentions compass’d round,
‘ Jove in the chain of woe has sorely bound.
‘ I, and Achilles, whom I first enraged,
‘ For a fair girl the wordy battle waged ;

‘ But, reconciled once more, that day, that hour
‘ Proud Ilion’s bulwarks fall beneath our power.
‘ Now, each away, where festive joys invite,
‘ There gather up his strength to stand the fight ;
‘ New-edge the pointed lance, new-belt the shield,
‘ Pamper the steed to gain the hard earn’d field ;
‘ New-brace from side to side the battle-car
‘ To bear from morn till eve the weight of war :
‘ Cessation none, no pause, no rest from fight,
‘ Till spread o’er either host one veil of night :
‘ Sweat from each breast down shield and baldrick flow,
‘ Till fail the o’erwearied arm the lance to throw ;
‘ Sweat from each courser’s widely floating mane
‘ Foam on the chariot sweeping o’er the slain.
‘ Be timely warn’d, who lone amid the fleet
‘ Here willing lurks, and fears the foe to meet,
‘ Fierce birds shall plunge their talons in his gore,
‘ And dogs contend his mangled carcass o’er.’—

He spake, one shout burst forth from all the host,
Loud as the sea-surge on a rocky coast,
When the fierce South-wind with wide sweep of waves
Against a mountain headland roars and raves,
While ceaseless billows lash its base below,
And storms eternal circle round its brow.

On forth they rush'd : all scatter'd 'mid the fleet :
Fumed every tent its feasted guest to greet :
Each to his guardian God a victim slew
To shield in battle when the death-shafts flew.
The King prepared for Jove the sacrifice,
A steer, full-flesh'd, five-year'd, of stateliest size ;
Call'd to the feast the leaders of the host,
The time-graced Nestor, and the Cretan boast ;
Each Ajax, Tydeus' son, and sixth and last,
The wise Ulysses to the banquet pass'd :
But Menelaus came unbidden there,
Came, a loved brother's woe to soothe and share.
The Chiefs their cakes uprear'd, and, circling, heard
In silent awe their King's invoking word—

‘ Jove, robed with clouds, dread Thunderer, God
supreme,
‘ Let not this night o’ersade yon solar beam,
‘ Till prone on earth I Priam’s palace cast,
‘ And thro’ his portals spread the fiery blast ;
‘ Till my lance piece-meal rend with deadly wounds
‘ The corselet that the Hectorean breast surrounds,
‘ And his leagued chieftains, gored my spear beneath,
‘ Grind, as they die, the dust with madd’ning teeth.’

He spake—the hallow'd gifts his zeal supplied
The God accepted, but his prayer denied,
Heap'd toil on toil, and ere the contest's close
Increased their sufferings with relentless woes.

Now when their vows and supplications ceased,
And the salt meal had strown each votive beast,
They backward rear'd their throats, and slew, and flay'd,
Severed the thighs, and in their fatness laid,
Doubling the caul, and o'er them thickly spread
Crude morsels quivering as the victim bled :
These, with sere leafless wood they quickly burn'd,
And o'er the flame the spitted entrails turn'd :
And when the thighs were burnt, and keen desire
Had tried the entrails fuming from the fire,
The rest, minutely sever'd, bit by bit,
They duly fix'd on the revolving spit,
Dress'd and withdrew, and as that labour ceased,
To each graced Chieftain spread the equal feast.
Then to the satiate guests the Pylian Sage
Spoke the wise counsel of experienced age—

‘ Hear ! King of Men ! now summon all our force ;
‘ Waste we no more the time in vain discourse :
‘ Achieve Jove's bidding : urge the herald's speed,
‘ From all the fleet the gather'd warriors lead,

‘ While thro’ the host we toil, the ranks array,
‘ And animate each heart to stand the fray.’

They spake—Atrides heard, and gave command,
And bade the heralds summon every band.
They call’d : and onward, as the numbers swarm’d,
The Chieftains, tribe by tribe, the battle form’d.
There rushing o’er the war-resounding field,
In all the terror of her might reveal’d,
Mail’d in her panoply, Jove’s martial Maid,
The shield of immortality display’d ;—
Bright blazed her Ægis, as its orb around
In braid all gold a hundred tassels wound,
All finely wreathed in heaven’s refulgent loom,
And each one, singly, worth a hecatomb.
Thus arm’d, amid the host the Goddess flew,
The eye of battle kindled at the view,
Each heart beat high, each arm felt ten-fold might,
Each nerve new-strung thrill’d vibrating for fight,
And sweeter to their ear the battle-roar
Than winds soft-wooing to their native shore.

As flames on flames spread far and wide their light
From forests blazing on the mountain height,
Thus flash’d the lightning of their arms afar,
And heaven’s bright cope beam’d back the glare of war.

As feath'ry nations, sweeping on amain,
Flights of the long-neck'd swan, and silvery crane,
From Asius' meads, by clear Cayster's spring,
Now here, now there, exultant wind on wing,
In gay contention strive, while long and loud
The champaign rings beneath the plumed cloud :
So from their camp and fleet the innumerable train
Pour'd forth their confluence on Scamander's plain.
Beneath the march of myriads, Earth around
Thunder'd, and rattling war-hoofs rock'd the ground,
In numbers numberless, as leaves and flowers,
That fill the lap of Spring, and robe her bowers.

As in fair Spring-time, when the swain recalls
The lowing cattle to their wonted stalls,
Eve's milking hour from æther downward draws
The flies' wing'd nations swarming o'er the vase ;
Thus Greece pour'd forth her multitudinous throng,
All burning to avenge their country's wrong.

As goat-herds, watchful of their charge at feed,
Part flock from flock commingling in the mead,
Not skilful less, the Chiefs beneath their sway,
Ranged rank by rank, and form'd the war array.
'Mid these, Atrides tower'd, his eye like fire,
His brow like Jove exultant in his ire,

Like Mars his baldrick, and his breadth of breast
Like Neptune rousing ocean from its rest.

As 'mid the herds, a bull of stateliest size
Rears his horn'd forehead, and the field defies,
Thus, on that day, all other Chiefs above
Tower'd Agamemnon, glorified by Jove.

Ye Muses! ye around the Olympian throne,
Ye, who beheld the scene distinctly shown,
While we but catch, from rumour faintly heard,
The passing echo of the distant word,
Record the Grecian Chiefs.—Not mine the boast
To tell each name, and number all the host,
Tho' mine were tenfold mouths, were tenfold tongues,
And voice, that fail'd not, breathed from iron lungs;
If, race of Jove, ye deign not to recall
What the vast force that leagued for Ilion's fall,
Aid, while their separate fleets I now rehearse,
And name each leader in recording verse.

Peneleus, Leïtus, Prothoënor sway'd
The warriors that Bœotia's realm array'd,
With them Arcesilaus and Clonius led
Those that rough Aulis' coast, and Hyrie bred,

Wide Mycalessus, Thespiæ, Græa's shore,
Schoenus, and Scolus, and the mountains hoar
Of ridgy Eteonus : Harma's race,
Leagued with Ilesium, left their native place.
Erythræ, Eleon, Hyle arm'd their powers,
Ocalea's plain, and Medeona's towers.
The sons of Copæ, and Eutresis came,
And Thisbe for her doves renown'd of fame.
These Coronea sends, those Glissa yields,
These left for Ilion Haliartus' fields :
Plataea arm'd her race to gain renown,
These Hypothebæ's stately-structured town,
These, where Onchestus shades great Neptune's shrine,
These, Arne purpled by her pregnant vine.
Mideia these, those Nissa's fruitful land,
And, last, Anthedon sent her distant band.
Full fifty sail, and each to Ilion's plain
Thrice forty warriors wafted o'er the main.

Aspledon's sons, and the Minyeon race
Who left for foreign war their native place,
Ialmen and Ascalaphus the bold,
Both born of Mars, with equal sway controul'd :
Sons of Astyoche, the beauteous maid
In Actor's court by furtive love betray'd,
Where, as the Virgin sought her chamber'd rest,
The God of War by stealth her charms possess'd.

Thrice ten brave ships that moor'd on Ilion's shore
On to their station'd rank the warriors bore.

Epistrophus and Schedius, battle-bred,
Sons of Iphitus the Phocences led.
From Panopo, from Pytho's mountain chain,
Fair Crissa, Daulis, Cyparissus' plain,
Hyampolis, and Anemoria's sons,
Or where the winding of Cephissus runs,
Or where Lilæa views its fountain head,
Twice twenty ships their sails to Ilion spread,
Nigh the Bœotian fleet their Chieftains moor'd,
And station'd on the left their ranks secured.

Ajax the less, in size inferior far
Than his, the Telamonian, Lord of war,
The Locrians ruled: the Chief around him roll'd,
Guard of his breast, the linen's woven fold:
Tho' low his stature, yet no Argive drew
Shafts, that with slaughter barb'd so swiftly flew.
His host, Calliarus and Bessa sent,
Or from Augeia, Scarphe, Cynus went:
From Opus, Thronium, Tarpha, and the plain
Where fierce Boagrius winds his liquid train.
Their ships, twice twenty, bore the Locrian host
From realms opposed to the Eubœan coast.

The Abantes, next, a battle-breathing band,
Who held Eubœa, and the Calchian land,
Eretria, and Cerinthus, sea-beat shore,
And Histiaëa vine-empurpled o'er ;
Styra, Carystus, and the leagued powers
Of Dios girt around with lofty towers,
Chalcodon's son, these brave Elphenor led,
By Mars himself to war and victory bred.
Where'er around their Chief the Abantes drew,
Their long hairs streaming down their shoulders flew :
A race high-skill'd in battle's close career,
To break the breast-plate with portended spear.—
Twice twenty ships, that proudly stemm'd the main,
Bore them exultant to the Phrygian plain.

The Athenian race, whose stately-structured town
Exults in her Erechtheus' high renown,
Earth-born, yet whom the virgin child of Jove
Minerva rear'd with all a mother's love,
And placed where, yearly, hecatombs of slain
Rejoice the Goddess in her gorgeous fane,
That far-famed race, beneath Menestheus sway
The son of Peteus, march'd in firm array :
Menestheus, skill'd above all humankind,
Save the wise Nestor's age-experienced mind,

To range the horsemen on the battle-field,
Or plant the foot behind their brazen shield.
Their navy, fifty sail, far ocean o'er
Bore them rejoicing to the Phrygian shore.

Twelve ships from Salamis with Ajax pass'd,
And nigh the Athenian force their anchors cast.

Tirynth strong-wall'd, and Argos turret-crown'd,
And Asine, and Hermion's bay profound,
The host of Eion, and Trœzena's towers,
And Epidaurus' vine empurpled bowers,
Ægina and Maseta war-array'd,
Achæans all brave Diomed obey'd:
Heroic Diomed, with whom combined
The son of Capaneus his forces join'd:
With them, Euryalus, in arms a god,
Third in command, to battle sternly trod,
But Diomed supreme.—These, ocean o'er
Twice forty sail to fated Ilion bore.

They who Mycenæ's stately city held,
Or dwelt where wealth the pride of Corinth swell'd,
Or where Cleonæ tower'd, or till'd the soil
Where glad Orneia blest the labourer's toil,
Or peopled Aræthyria's lovely plain,
Or Sicyon boasting yet Adrastus' reign,

Proud Gonoessa, Hyperesia's strand,
And rocky Ægium, and Pellene's land,
And spacious Helice, and all the coast
Leagued all their force to swell Atrides' host ;
Most numerous far, far most illustrious train,
O'ershadowing with an hundred sail the main.
There Atreus' son, pre-eminent, alone,
Mail'd in refulgent brass that all outshone,
Proud of the nations that his name adored
Tower'd, glorying, o'er arm'd Hellas' lords, the lord.

From hill-girt Lacedæmon's spacious lands,
Dove-haunted Messa, Phare, Sparta's bands,
Brysia, Augeia, and Amycla's plain,
And Helos' turrets that o'ershade the main,
Laas, and Cetylus, the gather'd host
Of Menelaus sought the Phrygian coast :
In sixty vessels borne apart they arm'd,
One power had leagued them, and one spirit warm'd.
From rank to rank their chief each warrior fired,
In each brave breast his own stern rage inspired,
Firm-fix'd that Troy should Helen's rape atone,
And tear for tear repay, and groan for groan.

From fair Arene, Pylos, and the meads
Where Alpheus' forded stream to Thryus leads,

Or who from well-built Æpy, Helos went,
Amphigeneia, and Cyparissent,
And Dorion, where the Muses met of yore
The far-famed Thamyris whom Thracia bore.
They met the bard when insolent with fame
From far Æchalia's towers the boaster came,—
Came glorying that his song should victory gain
Tho' born of Jove each Muse contest the strain.
They quench'd his orb of sight, his lay repress'd,
And bade on his mute lyre oblivion rest.
In ninety ships to Phrygia's fated coast
Gerenian Nestor led their leagued host.

They, who beneath Cyllene's mountain shade
Held, nigh the Æpytian tomb, Arcadia's glade,
Whose warriors hand to hand inflict the wound,
And they who labour'd the Phenean ground,
Or fed with flocks the Orchomenian vale,
Or on Enispe felt the stormy gale,
Fair Mantinea held, or Tegea's plain,
The Ripian labourer, or the Stratian swain,
Stymphelus, and Parrhasia's gather'd band,
With sceptred Agapenor left their land,
Son of Ancæus, who in sixty sail
Led them undaunted by the stormy gale.

In each throng'd ship the arm'd Arcadians went,
Well skill'd in battle, and on conquest bent ;
But, all unwonted to the ocean wave,
Sail'd in the fleet that Agamemnon gave.

Buprasium's sons, and those that proudly trace
Their origin from Elis' noble race,
Whom Hyrmin held, and Myrsin's furthest bound,
And Petra, and Aleisium, circle round,
Epeians all, alike four chiefs obey'd ;
And every chief alike ten vessels sway'd.
This bore Amphimacus', that Thalpius' name,
Both from a line of fathers known to fame,
This born of Eurytus, and that the son
Of Cteatus from brave Actorion ;
Diores third, in whom his far-famed sire,
Brave Amarynceus, pour'd the heroic fire ;
The fourth, Polyxenus, of form divine,
Agasthen's son, Augeias' royal line.

Dulichium's sons, and those amid the main
In sacred isles that gaze on Elis' plain,
The Echinades, beneath brave Meges moved,
Equestrian Phyleus' son, the Jove-beloved,
Who, 'gainst his sire incensed, Dulichium sought,
And forty well-arm'd barks to Ilion brought.

The Cephallenians, and the warlike brood
Where Ithaca repels the ocean flood,
And Neritus, with wavy forests crown'd,
And the bold race that till'd Crocylia's ground,
And rocky Ægilipa's mountains hoar,
And far Epirus, and the opposed shore,
And Samos, and Zacynthus, all combined,
And moved beneath Ulysses' god-like mind—
Twice six brave barks with crimson-gleaming prows
Firm moor'd within their station's stern repose.

Thoas, Andræmon's son, the Ætolians led,
Whom Olenus, Pylene, Pleuron bred,
And Calydon's bleak mountains, and the land
Where Ocean foams against the Calchian strand :
For Ænus and his race were now no more,
Nor Meleager's hand the sceptre bore.
Hence Thoas ruled the realm, and forty sail
Fraught with his warriors caught the favouring gale.

Skill'd with his lance to turn the battle's course,
Idomeneus array'd the Cretan force :
They who their lineage from Gortyna drew,
Or where Lycastus glitter'd on the view,
Miletus, Lyctus, Cnossus, and the race
That Phæstus here, there Rhytius' walls embrace,

And the brave sons of hundred-citied Crete,
Steer'd 'neath Idomeneus to Troy their fleet,
Or where Meriones, 'mid eighty sail,
Tower'd, like another Mars, in burnish'd mail.

In soul undaunted, and heroic mould,
Alcides' son, Tlepolemus the bold,
Led, in nine barks, from Rhodes' thrice-parted lands,
To Phrygia's crowded coast, his dauntless bands—
Jelyssus, Lindus, white Camirus' towers
Bow'd to his rule, and arm'd their leagued powers.
Him, the fair captive from Selleis' shore,
Astyocheia, to Alcides bore,
When many a city, prone in dust, deplored
The wasteful rage of his resistless sword.
But when her son, in youth's intemperate mood,
Had stain'd his falchion with Licymnius' blood,
His sire's aged uncle, and with hurried sail
Trusted his new-built fleet to dare the gale,
Far from the Herculean race, whose threat'ning ire
Vow'd to avenge the slaughter of their sire,
The wanderer, worn with misery and toil,
Anchor'd at Rhodes, and triply shared the soil,
Where o'er that favour'd isle Jove deign'd preside,
And on his votaries shower'd wealth's golden tide.

Of royal Charops and Aglaia bred,
Nireus from Syma's walls three vessels led :
Nireus the beautiful, more beauteous far,
Save Thetis' son, of all who join'd the war :
Yet weak his arm in fight, and few the host
Who sought beneath that chief the Phrygian coast.

Where Casus, Carpathus their bands array'd,
And Cos, whose sons Eurypylus obey'd,
And where Calydnæ's isles repell'd the main,
Phidippus, Antiphus, held equal reign,
Both born of Thessalus, Alcides' son,
And each with thrice five ships steer'd boldly on.

Now be Pelasgian Argos' numbers sung,
And those from Phthia and Trechina sprung,
Alus, and Alope, and, far renown'd
For female beauty, Hellas' blissful ground,
Achæans, Myrmidons, Hellenes came
In fifty ships to swell Pelides' fame.
But now no more his fame their courage arms,
No more they rush'd 'mid battle's fierce alarms :
He who their bands array'd, to wrath a prey,
Mourn'd in his fleet Briseïs reft away,
His glorious prize, at life's dire hazard gain'd,
When sack'd Lyrnessus his fell rage sustain'd,

When on the walls of Thebes the victor stood,
And the waste city mourn'd her warriors' blood,
And Mynes and Epistrophus the bold,
Evenus' sons, in dust beneath him roll'd.
But now Pelides lay in stern repose,
Ere long to rush resistless on his foes.

O'er Phylace, and those luxuriant bowers
Where Pyrrhasus round Ceres wreathed her flowers,
Itone, rich in flocks, and Antron's shore,
And with thick herbage Pteleus mantled o'er,
While yet alive Protesilaus reign'd,
But Hades now the chief from war detain'd.
Him his fond wife, lone Phylace deplored,
His palace yet half-raised bewail'd her lord :
A Dardan spear had revell'd in his gore,
When the chief foremost leapt on Phrygia's shore :
Him his brave legions mourn'd, who now beneath
Podarces gather'd to avenge his death,
His brother, younger-born, Iphiclus' seed,
Phylacides, whose flocks o'erspread the mead.
In death the elder-born, the braver lay,
Mourn'd by his host beneath another's sway,
Yet him they served, and with twice twenty sail
Stood ranged 'gainst Ilion in revengeful mail.

Who, nigh the lake Bœbeïs, Pheræ own'd,
And Glaphyræ, and Iolcus, turret crown'd,
Arm'd, in eleven ships sail'd bravely on
Beneath Eumelus, loved Admetus' son :
Him famed Alcestis, fairest of the fair,
And loveliest of the race of Pelias, bare.

Thaumacia, and Olizon's rocky coast,
Methone, Melibœa leagu'd their host :
The chief, whose bow the death-wing'd arrow sped,
These in seven gallies Philoctetes led ;
And in each ship, their quivers fill'd with fate,
Skill'd like their chieftain, fifty rowers sate.
But he, their wonted leader, he the while
Lay rack'd with torture in the Lemnian isle,
Left by the Greeks on that unpeopled shore,
All ulcer'd by the Hydra's venom'd gore :
There left to mourn : they too that left shall mourn,
And Greece repentant welcome his return.
Another chieftain now his legions sway'd,
And they that mourn'd his loss that chief obey'd :
Brave Medon led his host undaunted on,
Fair Rhena's and Oileus' spurious son.

From Tricca, and Ithome's mountains hoar,
Æchalia ruled by Eurytus of yore,

Brave Podalirius and Machaon led,
In thirty ships, a host to battle bred,
Asclepius' sons, and each, like him, renown'd
With soothing balms to medicate the wound.

From Ormenus, and Hypereia's fount,
Asterion's towers, and Titan's snowy mount,
Beneath Eurypylus, Evæmon's heir,
A host in forty barks to Troy repair.

Argissa, Orthe, and Gyrtone's powers,
Helone, Oloösso's radiant towers,
Bade their leagued numbers Polypœtes join,
Son of Pirithous, of Saturnian line.
That chief the famed Hippodamia bore
When bold Pirithous bathed his steps in gore,
Drove in full flight the Centaur's shaggy train
From Pelion's brow to far Æthica's plain :
With him, Coronus' son, Leonteus pass'd,
And dared with forty sail the stormy blast.

With twenty ships and two to Phrygia's strand
Guneus led boldly on the Cyphian band,
Peræbi, Enienes, skill'd in fight,
The dwellers of Dodona's ice-ribb'd height,

And they who toil'd where Titaresius' wave
Its constant current to Peneius gave,
Yet ne'er immingles as it wins its way
Where swift Peneius' silver eddies play,
But, branch of Styx that binds the oath of Jove,
Glides smooth as oil that lucid stream above.

Last, Prothous, son of brave Tenthredon, led
Magnesia's warriors from Peneius' bed
And Pelion's wood-crown'd heights : beneath their guide
Twice twenty keels plough'd ocean's foamy tide.

Such were the Danaan chiefs. Now, Muses ! deign
Aid while I dictate, in recording strain,
Whose might excell'd, and whose the steeds of war
That fiercest in mid conflict whirl'd the car.
Eumelus ! thine the famed Pheretian breed,
That fleet as eagles wing their airy speed :
Alike their age, their colour, and their growth,
Alike one equal measure measured both,
Both mares, by Phoebus in Pieria bred,
And both, in war, destruction round them spread.

All, Telamonian Ajax all excell'd,
While stern revenge Pelides' arm withheld,—

He bravest of the brave, and fiercest far
The steeds that wing'd him to victorious war :
But 'mid his fleet, the hero, swoln with ire
Against Atrides, fed the avenging fire.
On the sea-shore, his host in idle play
Wore, as they whirl'd the disk, long hours away,
At some inglorious mark the bowstring drew,
Nor reck'd the dart that unresisted flew.
Each by his car, the war-horse champ'd his food,
Lotus and parsley from the marshy flood.
The chariots from the whirl of war aloof
Slept in the shadow of the tented roof,
While thro' their camp the warriors to and fro
Roam'd, and provoked their chief to front the foe.

While—on they swept, all earth, as wrapt in fire,
Groan'd, as when Jove, the thunderer, girt with ire,
On Arima his flame-wing'd fire-bolt casts,
Where stretch'd Typhœus groans beneath the blasts.
Thus groan'd the earth, and terrible the roar
That burst when rushing myriads shook the shore.

Now, charged by Jove, on baleful message sent,
Fleet as the wind, to Ilion Iris went,
Where all, at reverend Priam's palace gate,
Both age and youth, in solemn council sate ;

There, like Polites, fleetest of the fleet,
Who on Æsytes' tomb had fix'd his seat,
To watch when Greece should step on Ilion's shore,
The messenger of Jove his mandate bore.
' Aged King,' she cried, ' these endless parlies cease !
' Debating still as when Troy slept in peace !
' The battle burns, and terrible in rage
' Greece onward sweeps infuriate to engage.
' Wars I have seen, but ne'er beheld a host
' Such and so vast as now insults our coast.
' Like autumn leaves, or ocean's countless sand,
' Soon round our bulwarks the avengers stand.
' Thou, chiefly, Hector, thou above the rest
' Engrave my word on thy retentive breast.
' Where league for Priam many a various band
' Of language diverse, as of diverse land,
' Let each high chief his separate host array,
' And lead to war with undivided sway.'

Then swift, as Hector conscious of her call
The council closed, all rush'd to battle, all,—
Thro' each wide gate, foot, horse, and chariots flew,
The clamour thicken'd, and confusion grew.

Before the city a sharp-rising mound
Soars from the plain where winds a way around,

Mortals to this the name Bateia gave,
The immortals term it fleet Myrinna's grave.
The Trojans there, in ranged divisions, chose
Their battle field, and bravely faced their foes.

There, by his high-plumed helmet known afar,
Tower'd Hector, marshalling his ranks for war,
While, far outnumbering all, the bravest band
Hail'd, brandishing their spears, his high command.

The brave Æneas, of Anchises bred,
Onward to war the Dardan legions led,
Him to Anchises, in dark Ida's grove,
Match'd to a mortal, bore the Queen of Love :
Like charge, Antenor's sons, both battle-train'd,
Archilochus and Acamas sustain'd.

The host who in Zeleia's walls reside,
And drink at Ida's roots Æsepus' tide,
The Trojan Pandarus led, and 'gainst the foe
Drew, charged with death, Apollo's gifted bow.
Whom Pityeia, Adrasteia bred,
Apæsus' towers, or Terie's mountain head,
Adrastus ruled, and he, who round his breast,
Amphius, girt in war a linen vest,
Sons of Percosian Merops, skill'd o'er all
To warn what future destinies befall,

Yet warn'd his sons in vain : fate o'er them hung,
And death's stretch'd arm o'ershadowing darkness flung.

Percote's, Practius', rich Arisba's hosts,
The league of Sestos and Abydos' coasts,
Asius Hyrtacides in battle sway'd,
Asius, by many a realm and race obey'd,
Whose coursers from Selleïs' water came
And famed Arisba, breathing death and flame.

Hippothous the Pelasgian spearmen led,
Race by the glebe of rich Larissa fed :
Hippothous and Pylæus, each the son
Of Lethus, offspring of Teutamèdon.

O'er all the rapid Hellespont contain'd,
The Thracians, Acamas and Pirous reign'd.

Beneath Euphemus the Ciconians moved,
Son of Trœzenian Ceas, Jove-beloved.

From distant Axius, whose long winding leads
Earth's fairest stream 'mid Amydonian meads,
Pyræchmes bade the Pæons front the foe,
And wing destruction from their crooked bow.

Pylæmens' strength the Paphlagonians sway'd,
Where the wild mules o'er far Enetia stray'd.
Him Sesamus, Cyturus race revered,
Who round Parthenius' flood their mansions rear'd,
The sons whom Cromna and Ægialus bore,
And those from Erythini's mountains hoar.

Epistrophus and Odius led their band,
The Halizonians, from a distant land,
From Alybe's rich mines, where dark and deep
The silver ores in unsumm'd caverns sleep.

Chromis, and Ennomus the augur, led
Their legions leagued from Mysia's fertile bed ;
But vain the augur's science, weak his art,
To shield from death's inevitable dart ;
By stern Æacides' swift javelin slain,
He swell'd the dead where Xanthus meets the main.

Phorcys and brave Ascanius brought their host,
The fierce Ascanians from the Phrygian coast.

Mesthles and Antiphus their forces led
From the far marsh by Gyge's flood o'erspread,
Mæonians all, and those from Tmolus sprung,
Where the mount far and wide its shadow flung.

Nastes the Carians, barbarous-voiced, array'd,
From rich Miletus, Phthira's mountain shade,
Mæander's flowings, and the snow-capp'd height
Where Mycale's bleak ridges tower on sight.
Amphimachus and Nastes led them on,
Each the illustrious Nomion's gallant son.
But, like a girl embellishing her charms,
Amphimachus had trick'd his golden arms.
Fool ! did'st thou deem to turn fell death aside
By idle splendor and unmanly pride ?
No—shed by swift Æacides, thy blood
Shall swell, 'mid many a corse, Scamander's flood,
And Peleus' son triumphantly behold
Thy dark gore issuing from his spoils of gold.

Sarpedon, last, and blameless Glaucus, led
The Lycians from far Xanthus' foamy bed.

THE THIRD BOOK

OF

THE ILIAD.

ARGUMENT.

The Armies meet in battle array.—Paris challenges the bravest of the Grecians.—Retires at the advance of Menelaus.—At the reproaches of Hector, Paris defies Menelaus to single combat.—Helen enumerates to Priam the chief Leaders of the Greeks.—The single combat of Menelaus and Paris.—The latter rescued from death by Venus.—Interview of Paris and Helen.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK III.

Now, either army, train succeeding train,
Beneath its leader, sought the battle-plain.
On as their numbers rush'd, the Trojan host
With shout and clamour fill'd the troubled coast :
Such the shrill clangour when the embodied cranes,
On flight from winter and tempestuous rains,
Cross the far seas, and from the o'ershadowing air
Death and wide waste to pigmy nations bear.
Not thus the Grecians ; they in silence came,
One was their spirit, and their trust the same,
Each in the other fearless to confide,
While man on man, and chief on chief relied.

As when the south-wind far and wide outspreads
Clouds, that roll darkness round the mountain heads ;

When, fear'd by swains, thick mists, more safe than night,
To plunder folds the embolden'd thief invite ;
When earth is veil'd, no form distinctly shown
Beyond the distance of a hurled stone :
Thus, from beneath their footsteps, from afar,
Where'er they sped, fierce rushing on to war,
A dusty column tower'd, and round them cast
Dense gloom as o'er the plain they swiftly pass'd.

Now, front to front, as either army stood,
Young Alexander, beauteous as a god,
Loose from whose shoulders flow'd the leopard's hide,
And bow and falchion swung in graceful pride,
Sprung forth, and challenged, as he waved each spear,
The bravest chief to stand his fierce career.
Him, Menelaus, him at once descried,
On stalking in the madness of his pride :
And as a famish'd lion, gladd'ning o'er
A stag broad-antler'd, or huge mountain boar,
Gorges insatiate, nor foregoes his prey,
Tho' hunters threat, and circling blood-hounds bay :
Thus Menelaus' heart with transport swell'd,
When his keen eye the advancing youth beheld :
Death, death, he deem'd, shall now deform those charms ;
Down leapt, and shook the earth with clang of arms.

Not Paris thus : his heart convulsed with fear,
'Thrill'd as he knew Atrides rushing near :
He dared not look on death, but back withdrew,
Shrunk 'mid his host, and pass'd away from view.

As one, who, in a wood's entangled brake,
Views the roused terror of the uncoiling snake,
Flies back, while all his limbs with horror start,
And the pale cheek betrays the bloodless heart :
Thus Paris fled, and 'mid Troy's sheltering band
Shrunk from the vengeance of Atrides' hand.

Him, Hector thus rebuked, ' Thou, girl in heart,
' Fair but in form, and foul with treacherous art,
' Far better, hadst thou ne'er the light survey'd,
' Ne'er clasp'd a female, by thy guile betray'd,
' Than live defamed, and die without a name—
' A scornful spectacle, and public shame !
' Hark ! how the Greeks deride—how shout in scorn !
' Lo ! whom the Graces with their gifts adorn,
' Sure—unto him a warrior's spirit given,
' By valour to enhance the gift of heaven !
' But—wert thou, dastard ! thus ignobly seen,—
' So woe-begone, so spiritless thy mien,—
' When to far Greece, with Troy's exultant train,
' Thy streamers sweeping in their pride the main,

‘ Thou sail’dst, a stranger’s kindness to repay,
‘ And steal the consort of the brave away ?
‘ Curse to thy sire, thy kingdom, and thy race—
‘ Derision to thy foes—thyself, disgrace—
‘ Hadst thou withstood the Atrides, thou hadst known
‘ How brave the chief, whose bride thou call’st thy own.
‘ Nor thee thy lute, nor beauty had avail’d,
‘ Nor those fair locks, that death in dust had trail’d.
‘ Troy too is vile, or thou, ere this, unwept,
‘ Hadst in thy stony shroud inglorious slept.’

Him Paris answer’d—‘ Not by me unheard
‘ The just reproach of thy indignant word.
‘ Keen as the axe, whose unrelenting sway,
‘ Beneath the experienced ship-wright cuts its way,
‘ Rude labour aids, by subtlety of art,—
‘ Such, Hector, thy indomitable heart.
‘ But not the golden Venus’ gifts reprove,
‘ Scorn not the gifts vouchsafed us from above—
‘ Not the warm wish, the importunate desire,
‘ At will for man celestial gifts acquire.
‘ Yet—wilt thou that I combat—give command,
‘ That here in peace repose each hostile band,
‘ While front to front, in either army’s sight,
‘ I and Atrides meet in mortal fight :

‘ Fair Helen, and her wealth, the victor crown,
‘ Borne home by riches, beauty and renown :
‘ The rest in solemn league firm faith maintain :
‘ So part : the Trojans to Troy’s fertile plain,
‘ The Greeks, to Greece, for coursers famed, repair,
‘ And female beauty, fairest of the fair.’

Glad Hector heard him ; and in swift advance,
Mid’ either army, with uplifted lance,
Stood eminent, and instantly repress’d
The Trojan force, and still’d to peaceful rest :
While ’gainst his brow the Greeks their javelins threw,
And stones and arrowy showers that ceaseless flew.

‘ Cease,’ Agamemnon cried, ‘ repress your rage,
‘ Not with a single foe the battle wage.
‘ ’Tis Hector that restrains the war career :
‘ Stay, Grecians ! his high purpose stilly hear.’
The Greeks obey’d : and, patient to the word,
Each host alike the voice of Hector heard.

‘ Attend, ye Trojans ! ye, arm’d Grecians, hear !
‘ Let each alike the word I speak revere.
‘ His word I speak who first aroused your bands,
‘ And arm’d for mutual death your hostile hands.

- ‘ He wills, that Troy, and all of Grecian birth,
- ‘ Now lay their weapons on their mother earth ;
- ‘ While the fierce rivals, in each army’s sight,
- ‘ Alone for Helen and her treasure fight :
- ‘ Wills, that the victor, in the mortal fray,
- ‘ Fair Helen and her treasures bear away :
- ‘ The rest, hand pledged to hand, with gladden’d heart
- ‘ Each to his separate realm in peace depart.’

He spake : in silence all their rage suppress’d,
When Menelaus thus his host address’d :

- ‘ Hear me :—for most I feel the load of grief :
- ‘ Hear !—so may Greece and Troy yet find relief.
- ‘ Much have ye borne—partakers of my woe—
- ‘ Dire ills from Paris’ guilt that largely flow.
- ‘ Whoe’er of us must perish, let him bleed :
- ‘ It recks me not, so ye in peace recede.—
- ‘ Let Troy two lambs provide—one, black, for earth,
- ‘ The other, for the sun, of milk-white birth.
- ‘ Our’s to the Sire of heaven shall duly fall :
- ‘ So summon Priam to this solemn call :
- ‘ By him the oaths be sanction’d—pride, and scorn,
- ‘ And perjury stain the race of Priam born.
- ‘ It recks not them, the solemn vow to Jove,
- ‘ Unstable youth contemns the powers above :

‘ But age, with forward and reverted eyes,
‘ What best promotes the public weal describes.’

He spake : and all rejoiced : all deem’d that peace
Would from war’s galling yoke each host release—
The horsemen ranged their coursers, left their car,
And freed their limbs, unburden’d of the war,
Laid on the earth their arms, and face to face
Recumbent, left between a narrow space.
Hector two heralds sped to urge the king
The oaths to sanction, and the offerings bring ;
And to the fleet, by Agamemnon sent,
For Grecia’s victim, swift Talthibius went.

Iris, the while, on mission from the skies,
Sought Helen, in Laodice’s disguise,
The fairest daughter of fair Priam’s race,
And blest in Antenorides’ embrace.
The goddess found, beneath her palace roof,
Fair Helen weaving her refulgent woof,
Charged with the fortunes of the changeful field,
Where Greece and Troy immingled, shield with shield,
And as she imaged forth the fate of arms,
Link’d to destructive war her matchless charms.

‘ Haste, loveliest Helen, haste : come forth, behold
‘ The wondrous scene that Troy and Greece unfold !
‘ Hosts, who but now exhaustless in their rage
‘ Provoked the war, and madden’d to engage,
‘ In peace repose, and on a bloodless field,
‘ Lay the long spear, or lean upon the shield ;
‘ The while, for thee, ’mid either host, advance
‘ The rivals, wielding war’s remorseless lance :
‘ Thy love inflames them, and thy matchless charms
‘ Crown with connubial bliss the conqueror’s arms.’

She spake, and sweet desire moved Helen’s mind,
Deep touch’d by all her folly had resign’d,
The Lord whom once her virgin arm caress’d,
The roof that rear’d her, and the hearth that bless’d :
She rose, her snowy veil around her spread,
And tears of tenderness beneath it shed.
Not unattended, where the mourner went
Their steps fair Clymene and Æthra bent ;
Onward they pass’d, and sought the Scæan gate
Where the hoar chiefs in peaceful leisure sate.
The Nymph, here Priam, there Thymœtes found,
Panthous, Clytius, Lampus watch’d around,
Antenor, and Ucalegon the sage,
And Hicetaon wont the war to wage.

Now, freed by time from war's o'erburdening yoke,
Experienced wisdom in their counsels spoke ;
They seem'd like shrill cicadæ that prolong
In summer bowers their sweet and slender song ;
And, as they saw ascending to the tower
Fair Helen graced with beauty's winning power,
Each to the other whisper'd, ' Such, such charms
' Repay the toils of Greece and Troy in arms.
' Such are the beauties that, adored above,
' Lure by celestial grace the gods to love :
' Yet thus—so graced—let Helen sail afar,
' Nor leave to us, and ours, eternal war.'

They spake—when Priam thus the fair address'd :
' Here, my loved child, by me securely rest :
' Hence, thy late lord, thy kindred hence survey,
' And loved associates of thy happier day.
' Not thee I blame, a god alone the cause
' That on my brow the storm of battle draws.
' Now to my search yon chief conspicuous name,
' Mark'd by his port, and stateliness of frame :
' Tho' loftier brows may tower, I ne'er beheld
' Such as in comeliness that form excell'd,
' More graceful none, nor on whose awful crest
' The seal of sov'reignty so deep impress'd.'

Him Helen answer'd, ' Monarch most endear'd,
' Thou by thy child still honour'd, still revered !
' O that kind death from earth had Helen reft,
' Ere, by young Paris won, my realm I left,
' My home, my husband, and my late-born child,
' And those that once on playful Helen smiled.
' But all, from all I fled,—hence ever flow
' Tears from a heart that bleeds with hopeless woe.
' Yet hear what thou requir'st : that port, that air,
' Great Agamemnon, Atreus' son, declare :
' Alike for wisdom as for valour famed,
' And once by shameless Helen brother named.'

Her Priam answer'd, by deep wonder moved :
' Thrice blest Atrides ! honour'd, fear'd, beloved :
' Vast is the lot submitted to thy sway,
' Thou whom wide realms and populous towns obey.
' Fair Phrygia once I view'd, her vine-robed meads,
' Her crowded forces, and the war-train'd steeds,
' When Mygdon, and brave Otreus arm'd their ranks
' That pitch'd their tents along Sangarius' banks,
' While leagued with them—that memorable day—
' Against the Amazons I join'd the fray :
' Vast was that host, yet less their war-leagued train
' Than yon arm'd Greeks now dark'ning all the plain.'

Then, as the king Laertes' son survey'd,
Again to Helen time-graced Priam said :
' Say, who yon chief, in height inferior far
' To Agamemnon leader of the war,
' But ampler-shoulder'd, and of broader breast,
' Yon chief, whose arms on earth now peaceful rest,
' While he himself, amid the ranged rows,
' Passes intent the warriors to dispose,
' And moves, methinks, as stalks with stately pace
' A ram, dense-fleeced amid a snowy race ?'

The fair replied : ' Thou view'st, yon ranks among,
' The sage Ulysses, from Laertes sprung,
' 'Mid Ithaca's bleak mountains born and bred,
' Yet keen in counsel, and of craftiest head.'

Her, sage Antenor answer'd : ' Well, my word
' Bears witness of the truth from Helen heard.
' When here their steps, for thee by Hellas sent,
' Brave Menelaus and Ulysses bent,
' I hail'd them as my guests, and oft my roof
' Bore of their minds and powers decisive proof.
' When 'mid the Sons of Troy the chiefs appear'd,
' A loftier forehead Atreus' son uprear'd :
' Such, when they stood ; but on Ulysses' mien,
' Each on his throne, more awful reverence seen.

‘ The deep debate from Menelaus drew
‘ Words weigh’d by wisdom, words succinct and few,
‘ Few, yet most clear, and tho’ of younger day
‘ No wandering sallies led his youth astray.
‘ But when Ulysses rose, he gazed not round,
‘ But fix’d his eye, that moved not, on the ground :
‘ Still at his side his sceptre downward hung,
‘ Nor with the charm of action graced his tongue :
‘ His posture such, that all had haply thought
‘ That rage or folly had that statue wrought.
‘ But when he gave his voice its force and flow,
‘ Soft fell his words like flakes of feathery snow,
‘ All felt his matchless power, all caught his flame,
‘ Nor paused to wonder at his outward frame.’

Again hoar Priam spake, the while his sight
Rested on Ajax tow’ring in his height :

‘ Say, who yon chief, conspicuous o’er the rest
‘ For stateliness of size, and breadth of breast ?’

‘ Ajax the great ’—the beauteous queen replied,
‘ The bulwark of their host, their battle’s guide—
‘ Lo, there Idomeneus, by Crete adored,
‘ Yon chiefs, the Cretans, gather’d round their lord.
‘ Oft as from Crete he came, and sought to rest,
‘ Him Menelaus hail’d, his household guest.

‘ There too I witness many a chief of fame,
‘ Trace their known features, and could rightly name :
‘ But where—O where, equestrian Castor’s might,
‘ Where Pollux, matchless in the cæstus’ fight !
‘ My brothers they, one mother gave us birth,
‘ One, Lacedæmon’s soil, our native earth :
‘ There they are left, or if to Ilion’s coast
‘ The ships have borne them with the Achæan host,
‘ No, not for me they risk the warrior’s fame,
‘ Gall’d by my guilt, and shamed by Helen’s shame ! ’

She spake : but o’er them rose their much-loved earth,
Where Lacedæmon once had blest their birth.—

Now, to confirm the solemn pledges given,
And ratify the vows address’d to heaven,
The heralds bore the lambs to feed the shrine,
And goatskins charged with consecrated wine.
Idæus self the radiant chalice bore,
And hallow’d goblets bright with golden ore,
And Priam thus address’d : ‘ King ! bow thine ear !
‘ Son of Laomedon, thy herald hear !
‘ Monarch, yon chieftains, and each hostile band,
‘ Both Greek and Trojan, this alike demand,
‘ That thou, O King, descending to yon plain,
‘ Their oaths may sanction, and the league maintain,

‘ While Paris and Atrides, lance ’gainst lance,
‘ Mid either host, to mortal fight advance.
‘ Tis vow’d, that Helen’s wealth and Helen’s charms
‘ Crown the exultant chief’s victorious arms ;
‘ The rest, hand pledged to hand, as heart to heart,
‘ We, to our Troy’s luxuriant glebe, depart ;
‘ They, to their Greece, for coursers famed, repair,
‘ And beauteous women, fairest of the fair.’—

The Monarch, shuddering, heard, yet bade his train
Prepare the car to speed him to the plain.
And seating brave Antenor at his side
Drew back the reins, and deign’d the coursers guide ;
Then pass’d the Scæan gate, and reach’d the place
Where lay, mid either host, a vacant space.
Ulysses met him as he left the car,
And Agamemnon leader of the war.
The heralds brought whate’er could bind the soul,
And sanction earthly vows by heaven’s controul,
And mix’d the wine, and to the monarchs gave
The pure ablution of the lustral wave—
Next, great Atrides, where the dagger play’d
By his war-sword’s vast sheath, drew forth the blade,
Cut from the lamb’s pure front the hallow’d hair,
And bade the heralds to each chieftain bear,

Then, with loud voice, and arms aloft upraised,
On heaven, as rose his prayer, devoutly gazed.

‘ Idæan King, supreme, almighty Jove!—
‘ Sun, that all viewest, around, beneath, above :
‘ Floods, and thou earth, and ye dire fiends below
‘ That rack the perjurer with consuming woe !
‘ Ye, I attest ! hear, dread avengers, hear !
‘ So may each host their faith and vows revere !
‘ If Alexander’s lance his foe o’ercome,
‘ Let Helen and her wealth adorn his home,
‘ While in our fleet we measure back the main,
‘ And to our native realm return again :
‘ If Menelaus win, by Troy restored
‘ Her wealth and Helen hail her former lord :
‘ And Troy such ample compensation pay
‘ That Greece may laud us to her latest day.
‘ But, if or Priam, or his sons, detain
‘ The compensation due, their champion slain,
‘ Here will I wage the war, nor sail away
‘ Till Troy’s exhausted spoils our wrongs repay.’

He spake : and slaughtering, laid upon the ground
The lambs yet warm, and quivering from the wound.
The chiefs from forth the beaker drew the wine,
And with libations hail’d the powers divine :

The while from either host alike was heard,
From Troy and Greece the same consentient word :

‘ Jove, god supreme, and ye, who in yon sky
‘ Avenge the guilt of human perjury,
‘ Whichever host shall first the oath abjure,
‘ On earth their brains, as we this wine, outpour.
‘ So fall their race, and may their wives become
‘ The adulterous dwellers of a foreign home.’

But Jove consented not. Then Priam rose,
And thus pour’d forth the burden of his woes :

‘ Greeks, and ye Trojans, my decision learn :
‘ To Ilion’s breezy height I now return.
‘ A father cannot view before his sight
‘ A son and Menelaus clash in fight.
‘ Jove and the Powers celestial only know
‘ To whose doom’d bosom death directs the blow.’

He spake, and in his car the victims laid,
Nor lingering long that fatal plain survey’d,
But, with Antenor at his side again,
Turn’d to the walls of Troy his guided rein.

Ulysses now, and Hector war-renown'd,
First for the combat measured out the ground ;
Shook in the helm the lots, to mark whom chance
Should foremost call to hurl the impatient lance ;
While, with uplifted hands, each army pray'd,
And one loud voice the wish of all convey'd :

‘ Jove ! God supreme !—Thou Lord of Ida, hear !
‘ Let, truth unveil'd, by thy decree appear ;
‘ Be the dire author of the contest slain,
‘ The rest their solemn league in peace maintain !’

Then Hector backward turn'd, the lots out-threw,
Forth from the casque the fate of Paris flew ;
While either host, in order on the field,
Lay nigh the chariot and recumbent shield.

Now the proud Lord of Helen's peerless charms,
Young Paris, mail'd his limbs in radiant arms.
First, on his leg his greaves the warrior bound,
With clasps of silver brightly starr'd around.
Next, with Lycaon's armour aptly graced,
Firm on his breast his brother's corselet braced ;
His silver-studded sword athwart him slung,
Grasp'd the broad shield that far its shadow flung ;

The helmet clasp'd, where, awful o'er his head,
The crest's wide-waving horsehair terror spread,
And, brandishing the lightning of his spear,
Eyed mail'd Atrides, as the chief drew near.

Now when the chiefs, with eyes that roll'd in flame,
Mid either army's sight, encount'ring came,
The Greeks and Trojans, all in dread amaze,
On their fierce onset riveted their gaze.
Now front to front the advancing rivals stood,
Each brandishing a lance that raged for blood.
First Paris hurl'd his spear: his well-aim'd throw
Struck the boss'd shield that rung beneath the blow,
Smote the brass orb, but, powerless to divide,
The blunted spear-point idly glanced aside.

Atrides next the death-fraught spear essay'd,
Poised, but ere lanch'd, to Jove the avenger pray'd:
' Let the aggressor fall; by thee decreed,
' Let by this arm the base adulterer bleed:
' So guard inviolate thy laws adored,
' The rites that bless the hospitable board;
' That to late time our children's children dread
' The doom that strikes the traitor's faithless head.'

He spake, and forcefully his death-lance cast,
On thro' the shield's broad orb the weapon pass'd,
His well-wrought corselet pierced, his tunic tore,
And from the wounded flank drew forth the gore.
But Paris, side-way, as the weapon flew,
Bent, and from death's o'ershadowing arm withdrew.
Atrides drew his falchion, onward press'd,
Swung it aloft, and smote his helmed crest ;
But, shiver'd by the stroke, the brittle sword
Broke, dropp'd in fragments down, and fail'd its lord ;
Then as to heaven the chief his brow upraised,
And from his eye indignant lightning blazed,
' Thou, balefullest of all the powers above,
' Yes, I had hope,' he cried, ' had trust in Jove,
' To crush the aggressor :—Lo ! my sword in twain—
' And at his heart my death-lance hurl'd in vain !'

He spake, and grasp'd his casque, and dragg'd along
His captive tow'rds the Grecians' shouting throng ;
Dragg'd him, half strangled by the lace that bound
The helmet's clasp his tender neck around.
And now Atrides had his prey detain'd,
And deathless glory from the conquest gain'd,
Had not fair Venus, lighting on that plain,
Guardian of Paris, cut the thong in twain ;

'Twas loosed—the empty casque and sever'd band,
Vain trophies, dangled in the conqueror's hand :
These, whirling round and round in stern disdain,
The hero cast to his Achæan train ;
Then backward rush'd to consummate the blow,
And plunge the death-lance in his prostrate foe.
But Venus from that death her chief withdrew,
And the dense veil of darkness round him threw,
And gently laying in his peaceful bed,
Sweet balms, distilling fragrance, round him shed :
Then Helen sought, who in the turret's height,
With many a Trojan dame, o'erlook'd the fight,
Shook her odorous robe, and seem'd in view
Her who in Sparta once her fleeces drew ;
Now aged, yet faithful found beyond the rest,
And in her likeness thus the Queen address'd :

‘ Haste to the couch where genial love invites,
‘ Where all that breathes of joy each sense delights,
‘ Where, richly robed, refulgent in his charms,
‘ Young Paris woos thee to his longing arms.
‘ Thou would'st not, hanging o'er that blooming boy,
‘ Say that a war-worn chief return'd to Troy,
‘ But a gay youth, who seeks the dancing choirs,
‘ Or newly from the dance to rest retires.’

She spake : and Helen felt her bosom glow,
But as she view'd Dione's neck of snow,
Her eyes' bright glance, and her seductive breast,
The shuddering Fair the Goddess thus address'd :

‘ Why, why again deceive me ? Why once more
‘ Lead to new cities and a stranger shore ?
‘ What other favourite thine ?—Where Helen's home ?
‘ In Phrygia's palace, or Mæonia's dome ?—
‘ What if the conqueror his deep wrong forgive,
‘ And deign beneath his roof this wretch receive,
‘ Com'st thou for this, fraught with pernicious wile,
‘ A goddess thou, a woman to beguile ?
‘ Go to thy Paris, at his call attend,
‘ Nor ere again Jove's mansion reascend ;
‘ For him for ever toil, so Paris deign
‘ Thee as a bride, at least a slave detain.
‘ Him I reject. Mine, just reproof and scorn,
‘ If Helen deign again his couch adorn ;
‘ Each girl of Troy would execrate my name,
‘ And my heart break, now bow'd with grief and
 shame.’

‘ Restrain thy taunts,’ indignant Venus spoke,
‘ No more, rash mortal ! dare my rage provoke,

‘ Lest thou the vengeance of a goddess move,
‘ And feel her hate as boundless as her love ;
‘ Lest my fell wrath more baleful wars inspire,
‘ And Greek and Trojan slake in thee their ire.’

She spake ; and Helen shudder’d and obey’d,
And o’er her drew her veil’s transparent shade ;
Silently went, by none around descried,
And follow’d where the goddess deign’d to guide.

They went, and now beneath her palace roof
Pass’d, where her maidens labouring wove the woof,
Thence the unrivall’d beauty won her way,
Where, in his high-roof’d chamber, Paris lay,
And Venus, leading on the unwilling bride,
Placed her reluctant at her lover’s side ;
There, with cold eye averse, the Jove-born maid
Disdain’d to look on him she dared upbraid.

‘ Thou com’st from war—O, that on yonder plain,
‘ Beneath my former lord, thy corse had lain !
‘ Yet, thou didst boast, thy lance, thy arm, thy might,
‘ Far, far surpassing his, would gain the fight.
‘ Go then—once more provoke him—boldly dare,
‘ Once more, with his, thy arm, thy lance compare.

‘ Yet cease—beware : ’tis Helen warns thee—cease ;
‘ Leave Menelaus in unchallenged peace ;
‘ Or thou, in rashness of thy vain career,
‘ Shalt lie a bleeding corse beneath his spear.’

‘ Wound me no more,’ he cried ; ‘ no more reprove,
‘ Nor with opprobrious taunts my spirit move ;
‘ Atrides conquer’d by Minerva’s power—
‘ I with my gods go forth in happier hour.
‘ Come, loveliest bride ! oh, come in all thy charms,
‘ Haste ! let me clasp thee in my longing arms !
‘ No—not when first my swift-sail’d gallies bore
‘ Thee in proud triumph from the Spartan shore :
‘ Not, when in Cranaë first—O, bliss divine !—
‘ Thy Paris’ melting soul immix’d with thine,
‘ I loved, as now I love ! Intense desire
‘ Thrills in each vein, and fills with living fire !’

He spake, and, clasp’d with glowing ardour, led
Not loth fair Helen to his bridal bed.

Thus they : the while, with lion rage endued,
Him Menelaus thro’ the host pursued—
In vain. Nor Trojans, nor their mix’d allies,
Could point out Paris to his vengeful eyes :

Else, none who witness'd had conceal'd his flight ;
For all deem'd death less loathsome than his sight.

Atrides then exclaim'd, ‘ Hear, Trojans, hear !
‘ Dardans ! and ye allies, to me give ear.
‘ Crown Menelaus’ conquest !—War is o’er ;
‘ Fair Helen and her wealth to him restore :
‘ And such our fine, as glory shall record,
‘ And time to time still dwell on Grecia’s sword !’

Thus spake the king of kings, and loud and long
Consentient plaudits burst from all the Achæan throng.

THE FOURTH BOOK

OF

THE ILIAD.

ARGUMENT.

Juno, in a council of the Gods, prevails on Jupiter to send Minerva to the Trojan Army, to break the Truce.—Minerva persuades Pandarus to aim an arrow at Menelaus.—The Truce is broken.—Agamemnon, band after band, inspects his Forces, and exhorts their Leaders.—The Armies encounter.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK IV.

THE Gods, consulting in the realms above,
Sat on the golden firmament of Jove,
'Mid these fair Hebe minister'd around
The golden cup with nectar richly crown'd.
Each pledged in turn the bowl, and 'mid their joy
The dwellers of Olympus look'd on Troy.
Then, with provoking taunts, Saturnius strove,
By bitter contrast, Juno's wrath to move :

‘ Two powerful goddesses Atrides aid,
‘ The Argive Queen, and Ægis-mailed Maid :
‘ Yet—far from him they feast, and view below
‘ How laughter-loving Venus shields their foe ;
‘ Stands by his side, and now, when death drew near,
‘ Snatch'd from the vengeance of Atrides' spear.

‘ But now,—since Menelaus gains the day,
‘ Let us the fortune of each nation weigh ;
‘ If, by our will, fierce wars the realm divide,
‘ Or ’mid the leagued kingdoms peace reside.
‘ Should all alike consent that battle cease,—
‘ If grateful to each god perpetual peace,—
‘ Troy shall her Priam hail, and back restored
‘ The Argive Helen greet her former lord.’

He spake :—while Juno, and the blue-eyed maid
Low-murmuring, heard what stern Saturnius said,
As side by side they sat, devising woe,
With dire destruction fraught, and Troy’s o’erthrow.
Minerva silence kept, nor ’gainst her sire
Lanch’d the deep wrath that fill’d her soul with fire :
Not thus Heaven’s Queen, nor fear nor awe suppress’d
The impetuous fury boiling in her breast.

‘ What words are thine,’ indignant Juno said,
‘ Why all my efforts unavailing made ?
‘ Why vain my ceaseless toil ? Why tired in vain
‘ My foaming coursers flew from plain to plain,
‘ While gathering hosts on hosts, they pour’d from far
‘ On Priam and his race destructive war ?
‘ Yet—work thy will—but deem not, ruthless Jove,
‘ That all the Gods alike thy deeds approve.’

‘ What ’—Jove replied—‘ what guilt has Priam wrought ?
‘ How have his sons on Troy thy malice brought ?
‘ Why thus incessantly heap woe on woe,
‘ And prone in dust Troy’s stately towers o’erthrow ?
‘ Go—mail’d in fell malignity and hate,
‘ Crush at thy entrance bulwark, wall, and gate,
‘ Gorge Priam living :—so thy wrath assuage—
‘ With all his sons, his Trojans, glut thy rage !
‘ Thus wreak thy vengeance, that no longer Troy
‘ Our strife rekindle, and our bliss destroy—
‘ Yet—mark my word—if my almighty mind
‘ Incline to raze a city from mankind,
‘ Tho’ most that city arrogate thy love,
‘ Restrain not thou my wrath, but yield to Jove :
‘ Yield thou to Jove, as Jove, tho’ disinclined,
‘ The fate of Ilion has to thee resign’d—
‘ For know, beneath the sun and starry heaven,
‘ O’er all the peopled towns to mortals given,
‘ I honour sacred Troy, and chiefly grace
‘ Majestic Priam and his Trojan race.
‘ Libations, hecatombs, there load my shrine,
‘ And feasts, whose fragrance glads the powers divine.’

Jove spake :—and thus the Queen of Heaven replied :
‘ O’er three high-favour’d cities I preside,

‘ Mycene, Argos, Sparta ; these at will
‘ From earth craze, and thy fell wrath fulfill—
‘ Not to redeem them shall I Jove withstand,
‘ Or envy thee the power that arms thy hand :
‘ What would my envy, my restraint avail ?
‘ To thine opposed, my feeble efforts fail.
‘ Yet—not the less I just distinction claim,
‘ A goddess I, the sire of both the same :
‘ My birth was graced all other gods above :
‘ I am the sister, I the wife of Jove ;
‘ Yet—thine to rule :—then thus be peace decreed :
‘ Each to the other’s will, his will concede.
‘ Then, if their contests Jove and Juno close,
‘ What other god our mandate dares oppose ?
‘ Now give Minerva thy supreme command
‘ To pass unseen ’mid either hostile band,
‘ And bid Troy’s perjured race, now foremost, wound
‘ The exulting Grecians, and the truce confound.’

She spake : and Jove, consenting, gave command :
‘ Speed, Pallas ! speed ’mid either hostile band,
‘ And bid Troy’s perjured race, now foremost, wound
‘ The exulting Grecians, and the truce confound.’

Swift at the word of Jove, on instant flight
Minerva darted from the Olympian height.

Bright as a meteor, by the arm of Jove
Lanch'd from the ethereal firmament above,
Dire omen, passing with portentous sweep
O'er gazing armies, or the astonish'd deep,
While flaming in its speed it fires the air,
And scatters sparkles from its blaze of hair.
Not less precipitate, on wing of flame,
'Mid either gazing host Minerva came.
Fear fell around, deep awe each host possess'd,
And one loud voice the general sense express'd :—

‘ Lo ! ’tis decreed—unsparing rage once more
‘ Shall float the field of war with mutual gore,
‘ Or peace more closely bind our vows of love,
‘ As wills the arbiter of battle, Jove.’

Thus they : the while Minerva onward came,
Like brave Laodocus her martial frame,
Pass'd through the ranks, on search from band to band
Where godlike Pandarus had fix'd his stand.
There famed Lycaon's son the goddess found
Amid his gallant host encompass'd round,
The host, who left with him Æsepus' flood,
And with their orb'd bucklers round him stood :
Then—thus address'd—‘ Illustrious warrior ! hear :
‘ Bend to my counsel no reluctant ear !

‘ Dar’st thou, brave chief, from thy unerring string
‘ ‘Gainst Atreus’ vaunting son thy death-shaft wing,
‘ What glory thine from all of Trojan race !
‘ What gifts of Paris would thy valour grace !
‘ Gifts that the measure of thy thoughts exceed,
‘ If by thy might his hated rival bleed.
‘ Yet, ere thou loose the dart, high heaven adore,
‘ And Phœbus, chief, the Lycian God, implore,
‘ And vow, when home return’d, thy firstlings slain,
‘ Thy hecatombs shall feed Zeleia’s fane.’

Thus spake persuasively the blue-eyed Maid,
And thoughtless Pandarus her word obey’d,—
Swift from its case drew forth his polish’d bow,
Form’d of the wanton goat’s broad-horned brow,
Whom once, in ambush as the archer lay,
His shaft arrested on his mountain way,
And pierced beneath the breast, that bathed with gore
The rock whereon he fell, to rise no more.
The horns, that proudly turreted his head,
A wondrous growth of sixteen palms outspread :
The bowman these, terrific to behold,
Had labour’d into shape, and tipp’d with gold.
That bow he strung, and, where he couchant lay,
His warriors closed their shields before his way,

Lest, unawares, a Greek should forward start,
Ere the wing'd shaft reach'd Menelaus' heart.
His quiver's lid he raised, an arrow chose,
Fresh-fledged, and pregnant with severest woes,
Then fix'd it on the cord, and loudly vow'd
His flock's choice firstlings to the Archer God,
Whene'er, from Ilion's wall return'd again,
His voice once more should hail Zeleia's fane.
Now, with the cord at once, he backward drew
The notch that quiver'd ere the arrow flew,
Strain'd to his breast the string, and, ere to part,
Poised on the bow the steel that barb'd the dart;
And when the horns, now near and nearer strain'd,
With all his strength, an ampler arch had gain'd,
Shrill twang'd the bow, the cord, with quivering sound,
Whizz'd, and the shaft flew eager for the wound.

But not, O Menelaus, at that hour
The Gods from thee withdrew their guardian power;
Thee Pallas saved, and on its path of flame
Check'd the fell shaft, and turn'd aside its aim,
Far as a mother drives the winged pest,
That ceaseless hovers o'er her babe at rest:
Then on the belt's gold clasps its flight inclined,
Where o'er his breast the hauberk doubly join'd.

There fell the weapon, yet not there to stay,
But thro' the belt and hauberk wing'd its way,
Then onward, piercing thro' the quilted vest,
That fenced 'mid arrowy showers the hero's breast,
Light raised the surface of his flesh, and drew
The dark blood, issuing where the weapon flew.

As when a Carian, or Mæonian maid,
To deck a steed, in all his pomp array'd,
Stains her pure ivory with purpureal dye,
And guards her treasure from the public eye;
Tho' oft by many a chieftain sought in vain,
Kings may alone that rare possession gain,
Whose value gives the steed augmented grace,
And adds new glory to the royal race;
Thus, the fresh blood, warm-issuing from the vein,
Tinged Menelaus' limbs with crimson stain.

Deep horror seized Atrides, as the blood
Before him, from his brother, freshly flow'd:
Nor could that brother free his soul from fear,
Till from the wound he view'd the barb appear.
Then, warmly clasping his fraternal hand,
Thus spake Atrides 'mid his mournful band:

‘ Has then, loved brother ! has the oath I swore
‘ Thus doom’d thy death on Ilion’s fatal shore ?
‘ Thou, singly arm’d, sole combatant of Greece,
‘ ’Gainst hosts who break their oaths, and wound in peace ?
‘ But not the league, the vow, libation, vain,
‘ Hand pledged to hand, and blood of victims slain—
‘ What tho’ the god may yet the blow delay,
‘ The swift-wing’d bolt but waits the appointed day ;
‘ One sweep of vengeance shall at once destroy
‘ Them, and their wives, and all the race of Troy—
‘ The hour will come, the exterminating time,
‘ The work of vengeance, signal as the crime ;
‘ O’er Ilion hangs the inevitable doom,
‘ The king and nation glut one common tomb.
‘ Behold I not on heaven’s Olympian throne
‘ Jove, in the terror of his might, alone,
‘ The o’ershadowing Ægis shake, and shower in ire,
‘ On that perfidious realm, consuming fire ?
‘ Yet my heart bleeds, if here thy life-day close,
‘ If thou, in death, loved brother, here repose,
‘ And I, to Argos’ throne return’d again,
‘ The galling yoke of infamy sustain.
‘ Home on each heart will rush with thy decease,
‘ The tear that weeps for thee will fall in Greece.
‘ Here we, perforce, must Argive Helen leave,
‘ And round the brow of Priam glory weave,

‘ And, war unclosed, unrecompensed our toil,
‘ Thy bones must moulder in this hostile soil.
‘ Some Trojan then, in insolence of pride,
‘ Will leap upon thy tomb, and thus deride,
‘ So may Atrides satiate all his ire,
‘ So, as in Troy, his high-raised hopes expire,
‘ Who arm’d all Greece, but back to sail again,
‘ With empty ships, and leave a brother slain.
‘ Oh! ere that hour, thou, Earth! beneath me rive!
‘ And in thy depth entomb me, yet alive.’

His brother answer’d: ‘ Thy brave heart resume,
‘ Nor cloud thy host with fear’s o’ershadowing gloom.
‘ Slight is the wound: the ineffectual dart
‘ Has sped in vain, nor reach’d a vital part.
‘ The zone, the hauberk, and steel-band beneath,
‘ Have turn’d aside the arm of instant death.’

Atrides answer’d: ‘ Be it as thy word;
‘ Not, not from thee such solace vainly heard!
‘ Yet—not the less, the leech thy blood shall stay,
‘ And spread the balm that steals the pang away.’

He spake, and straight Talthybius thus address’d:
‘ Haste, herald! speed thee at thy king’s behest.
‘ Haste, and here bring Machaon, leech renown’d,
‘ Bring Æsculapius’ son to search the wound.

‘ ’Tis Hellas’ leader bleeds beneath the dart,
‘ Wing’d by a Trojan’s skill, or Lycian’s art :
‘ Renown to Troy, to Greece unsolaced grief :
‘ Speed, speed : ’tis Menelaus seeks relief.’

He spake : nor him Talthybius disobey’d,
Explored around, and rank by rank survey’d ;
And found Machaon ’mid the shield-arm’d host,
That follow’d their brave chief from Tricca’s coast.

‘ Haste, Asclepiades,’—the herald said,—
‘ Haste, where the king of men demands thy aid,
‘ Calls thee to view, where, wounded by a dart,
‘ Wing’d by a Trojan’s skill, or Lycian’s art,
‘ Renown to Troy, to Greece unsolaced grief,
‘ His brother, Menelaus, seeks relief.’

He spake : the word Machaon’s spirit wrung :
Onward they sped the Achæan ranks among,
And found the chief, where, mourning o’er his wound,
The leaders of the battle girt him round :—
Firm stood the hero, while Machaon’s art
Thro’ the embroider’d belt drew forth the dart,
And, ever as he drew it, watch’d to guide
The shaft’s keen barb, and turn the edge aside ;

‘ Rouse all your fire, be all your might display’d,
‘ Deem not that Jove will fraud and perjury aid.
‘ They who first broke the oaths they loudly swore,
‘ Shall feast the vultures dabbling in their gore,
‘ While their loved wives, and speechless babes, our
 slaves,

‘ With Ilion’s plunder, freight the Grecian waves.’

Whom, backward lingering, stern Atrides view’d,
His bitter indignation thus pursued :

‘ Slaves ! doom’d to arrowy death, why linger here,
‘ Why chain’d to earth by ignominious fear ?
‘ Why, like the fawn, that wearied with the chase,
‘ Droops, all unable to renew the race,
‘ Pants on the spot, with faint and fainter breath,
‘ Why tremble thus, by fear self-doom’d to death ?
‘ What !—wait you here, till Troy’s insulting host
‘ Bathe ’mid her fleet with Hellas’ blood the coast ?
‘ Hope you, thus vile, celestial aid to move,
‘ And win, to shield your fear, the arm of Jove ?’

Thus, in review, intent on praise and blame,
To Crete’s brave bands the son of Atreus came :
There, in the van, Idomeneus survey’d,
While brave Meriones the rear array’d.
The king of men, exulting at the sight,
Thus hail’d the leader, burning for the fight.

‘ Thee, brave Idomeneus, of all our host,
‘ Thy monarch, in the battle, honours most,
‘ Nor less in banquet, when from war released,
‘ The chieftains claim the honorary feast.
‘ Then, while the others share their dole of wine,
‘ Thou drain’st a goblet measureless as mine.
‘ The battle now demands us, war our aim :
‘ Speed—onward : nor forget thy former fame.’

‘ Thou, as of yore’—the Cretan king replied—
‘ Trust on my faith, and in thy friend confide,
‘ I, as of yore, still true to thee remain,
‘ And with this arm my promised pledge sustain.
‘ Go forth—exhort the rest : no more delay :
‘ Urge instant war, and lead thyself the way :
‘ Lead on where death and ruin hover o’er
‘ The race who first their solemn oaths forswore.’

From rank to rank, where’er his charge enjoin’d,
On pass’d the king, exultant in his mind ;
And now each Ajax arm’d for battle found,
’Mid clouds of warriors, thick’ning round and round.
As when a goatherd, from the mountain’s brow,
Beholds a cloud collecting from below,
Roll o’er the ocean, when fierce south-winds sweep,
And dark as midnight tempest up the deep,

In shuddering horror, from the storm-toss'd waves,
He drives his flock beneath the o'erarching caves.
Such were the hosts, who, bold in youthful might,
Round either Ajax throng'd, and claim'd the fight :
Phalanx on phalanx black'ning, shield on shield,
And spear on spear, that bristled all the field.
Fired at the sight, the king his joy confess'd,
And spake the ardour that inflamed his breast.

‘ I urge you not—’tis vain—ye Argive lords !
‘ Vain to such chieftains, spirit-stirring words.
‘ You, you, yourselves, ere yet your hosts engage,
‘ Urge their brave bands more fierce the war to wage.
‘ Oh, that Minerva, and the Olympian sire,
‘ Would in all hearts infuse such quenchless fire !
‘ Then Priam’s Pergamus would quickly fall,
‘ And the Greeks crush to dust her prostrate wall.’

He pass’d : and, ’mid his chiefs encompass’d round,
In act to urge them on, hoar Nestor found :
There Pelagon, Alastor, Chromius stood,
And Bias’ strength, and Hæmon unsubdued.
Horse, chariots, charioteers, his van composed,
His foot, war’s sure defence, the rear-ward closed ;
And, these between, the experienced chieftain drove
The feeble-soul’d, compell’d by force to move.

Each, in his rank, he bade the horsemen stay,
Check the fierce courser, nor confuse the array :
‘ Let none, relying on his skill and might,
‘ Alone, before the rest, provoke the fight ;
‘ Let none, retreating from his station, yield
‘ To Troy’s proud host an unresisted field :
‘ Whoe’er, dismounted, mounts another car,
‘ Let him, with spear portended, wage the war :
‘ Thus the brave race of yore, to battle train’d,
‘ Sack’d prostrate towns, and fame eternal gain’d.’

Thus Nestor, skill’d the war’s whole charge to wield :
And thus the king of men his joy reveal’d,

‘ Oh ! that, hoar Nestor, with thy matchless mind,
‘ Were matchless strength, and power of limb combined !
‘ But time, who weighs us down, on thee has cast
‘ The burden of long years foregone, and pass’d.
‘ Would that another bow’d beneath that load,
‘ And in thy veins youth’s fiery current glow’d !’

He spoke : Gerenian Nestor thus replied :
‘ Fain would I cast the weight of years aside !
‘ Rise in my strength, as when beneath me slain,
‘ Fierce Ereuthalion bit the battle plain !

‘ Heaven yields not all at once—fair then my prime :
‘ My strength now fails beneath the load of time :
‘ Yet—will I mingle where the chariots join,
‘ Yet—meed of age—to urge, to counsel, mine :
‘ While youth, in confidence of youthful might,
‘ Hurls the wing’d lance, and turns the field to flight.’

He spoke : Atrides on rejoicing went,
And his proud step to bold Menestheus bent,
Chief of famed Athens, nigh whose war-train’d race
The wise Ulysses held his station’d place.
The Cephalenians stood their lord around,
Stood, yet unheard the battle’s distant sound.
Scarce foe had rush’d on foe, scarce yet in arms,
The Greek and Trojan swell’d the war’s alarms :
They stood expectant, till in bold advance
Another phalanx first should whirl the lance,
Rush on the Trojans, and the fight provoke.
Thus they ;—and thus in wrath Atrides spoke :

‘ Thou, Peteus’ son, and thou expert in guiles,
‘ Artificer of fraud and gainful wiles,
‘ Why stand you here, appall’d ?—Why this delay ?
‘ Wait you while others lead to war the way ?
‘ But, chiefly, you, in hardihood of might,
‘ Should in the van-ward first provoke the fight :

- ‘ For first you hear my call, invited guests,
‘ And foremost share the honorary feasts.
‘ Then, it delights you,—then it glads your soul
‘ To gorge at will, and drain the o’erflowing bowl.
‘ But now ’twould more rejoice, and feast your sight,
‘ First to behold the warriors clash in fight.’

He spake : and brave Ulysses sternly eyed
The upbraiding king, and thus in wrath replied :

- ‘ What word has scaped thy lip ? Why rashly say
‘ We stand aloof, as fearful of the fray ?
‘ Thou, thou shalt view, if thus thy will incline,
‘ When battle burns, and clashing squadrons join,
‘ The Father of Telemachus withstand,
‘ First in the van of war, Troy’s bravest band.
‘ Rash was thy speech !’—Well-pleased the monarch
heard,

And still’d Ulysses’ wrath with soothing word :

- ‘ Brave warrior ! glory of Laertes’ line !
‘ Nor exhortation, nor reproof be thine :
‘ Thou need’st them not ; too well on me impress’d
‘ Thy noble nature, and confiding breast :
‘ Alike our minds—go forth,—a future day
‘ These words, thus rashly utter’d, shall repay ;

‘ And, if the Gods now grant my fervent prayer,
‘ Such sounds, forgotten, vanish into air.’

He spake : and thence departing, onward stepp’d
Where daring Diomed his station kept :
The chief amid his steeds and chariots stood,
And near him, Sthenelus, Capaneus’ brood—
Him, thus at rest, the king, to anger moved,
In bitterness of language sore reproved.

‘ Why, Son of Tydeus ! trembling, here afar
‘ From proof of battle, scan the ranks of war ?
‘ Not Tydeus wont to gaze, transfix’d with fear,
‘ But foremost met the foe when war drew near.
‘ Such their report, who, witness of his might,
‘ Beheld him labouring ’mid the toils of fight.
‘ Such I ne’er saw him—once, without a host,
‘ The warrior pass’d to Lacedæmon’s coast,
‘ And, as a guest, with Polynices came,
‘ New numbers gathering to enforce his claim,
‘ What time he leagued his congregated powers,
‘ To pitch their tents ’gainst Thebes’ beleaguer’d towers.
‘ And fervently the chief implored our aid,
‘ And Argos hearken’d as the warrior pray’d ;
‘ But Jove forbade : the God dire omens gave,
‘ Disastrous portents, that deterr’d the brave.

‘ They went, and onward march’d, till cross their way
‘ The reedy marshes of Asopus lay.
‘ Thence the Achæan host the hero sent,
‘ And Tydeus, lone, to Thebes on mission went.
‘ He went, and found their chieftains, many a guest,
‘ Where violent Eteocles spread the feast,
‘ Nor, tho’ a stranger, and alone, among
‘ The revel host, fear’d insolence and wrong ;
‘ But challenged all, and all with ease o’ercame,
‘ So Pallas nerved his arm, and steel’d his frame.
‘ But, arm’d for vengeance, fifty warriors lay,
‘ In ambush couch’d on his returning way.
‘ Two chieftains led, this, Mæon, Hæmon’s son,
‘ That, Lycophontes, heir of Autophon.
‘ In vain :—they perish’d, all beneath him slain,
‘ And none, save Mæon, saw their hearth again.
‘ Him Tydeus spared, obedient to the sign
‘ That spake to mortal man the will divine.
‘ Such, Tydeus was ;—his son, far other far,
‘ In speech superior, but less bold in war.’

He spake : but Diomed no word replied,
Felt the king’s deep reproof, and turn’d aside.

But not the son of Capaneus repress’d
The rage swift-rising in his warrior-breast.

‘ Not what thou know’st, conceal :—our actions claim
‘ Glory that far transcends our father’s fame.
‘ Thebes, her seven gates, and War-God’s sacred wall
‘ Fell, when our force inferior urged their fall.
‘ On heaven, and favouring Jove, our trust relied,
‘ Our fathers, in their madness dared, and died.
‘ Thy rash, unjust comparison give o’er :
‘ Whate’er our father’s fame, we challenge more.’

Him stern Tydides eyed : ‘ Cease, cease, my friend,
‘ Check thy bold speech, and to my counsel bend.
‘ I may not blame the chief, whose high controul
‘ Pours his brave spirit in each warrior’s soul.
‘ Him glory waits, his guerdon high renown,
‘ The Trojans captured, and their Troy o’erthrown ;
‘ But if Greece fail, the blame on him shall lie.
‘ Enough :—come forth to conquer or to die.’

Thus spake Tydides : and from forth his car
Sprung in his panoply, bright mail’d for war,
And as his armour rung his breast around,
The bravest of the brave had fear’d that sound.

As when the west winds blow, waves heap’d on
waves
Rush to the sounding shore that widely raves,

At first the billow rises o'er the deep,
Then bursts upon the strand with reeling sweep,
Curves its huge swell, and on the fore-land's brow
Dashes the foaming surge that boils below :
Phalanx on phalanx, thus the martial train
Of Greece flow'd ceaseless to the battle-plain.
Each chief his order gave, sound else, nor word
Amid that moving multitude was heard ;
While as their order'd ranks moved stately on,
Round them the radiance of their armour shone.
As homeward, when the milking hour recalls
Flocks, who by thousands fill the o'ercrowded stalls,
They loudly bleat, responsive to the sound
Of their impatient lambs, that bleat around :
Thus, from the Trojan army, widely spread
Discordant clamours, from confusion bred :
Not one the shout, not one the language heard,
But nations many-tongued mix'd word with word.
These Mars, those Pallas, fired the war to wage,
Flight there, there Terror, there infuriate Rage,
And Discord, sister of the God of War,
Borne side by side, conflicting in his car,
Who, small at first, swells into size, and shrouds
While yet on earth her forehead in the clouds,
And now 'mid either host contention spread,
Ranged through their ranks, and on their death-groans
fed.

Host against host, now nearer and more near
Corselet on corselet clatter'd, spear on spear,
Close and more close the bosses, shield on shield
Clash'd, and wide spread the thunder of the field,
And shouts and groans, the slayer and the slain
Mix'd, as the blood dark-gush'd along the plain.

As when the springs with wintry storms o'erflow,
Two torrents dashing from the mountain brow,
Roar with conflicting floods, that rush between
The rocky windings of the rent ravine,
Afar the shepherd, as the cataract raves,
Hears on the cliff the clashing of the waves :
Thus, as the hosts rush'd onward, rang afar
The bray and thunder of the storm of war.
Foremost, Antilochus, with fatal blow
Struck, mail'd in all his arms, a Phrygian foe,
Proud Echepolus, who, in daring might,
Stalk'd in the van-ward, and provoked the fight.
The Grecian, through his casque's o'er-shadowing cone,
Drove his brass spear, and pierced his frontal bone,
And the mail'd man, at once, beneath the wound
Fell, like a turret, prostrate on the ground.
Him prone on earth, from famed Chalcodon bred,
King Elephenor, who the Abantes led,

Grasp'd by his feet, and backward slowly drew
From the dense shower of darts, that round him flew,
With fell intent, from the defenceless dead,
To rend the armour, while the warrior bled ;
But—brief the toil : while yet the corse he drew,
His flank, unshielded, struck Agenor's view ;
There the swift warrior drove his thirsty spear,
And loosed his spirit in its mid career.
O'er him, more fierce the doubtful battle raged,
The Greeks and Trojans, hand to hand, engaged,
Each on his foe with wolfish fury flew,
Death call'd on death, and warrior warrior slew.
Anthemion's hapless son next strew'd the plain,
At once by Telamonian Ajax slain ;
Ill-fated youth ! the beautiful, the brave,
The Simoïsius named of Simoïs wave.
Him—when her parents from their native Ide
Pass'd to their flocks, that fed on Simoïs' side,
Accompan'ing their steps his mother bore,
Him, hapless babe, on Simoïs' flowery shore.
Ne'er shall he more that mother's love requite,
Her hopes, her fears, all centred in his sight.
Fleet his frail bloom, cut off in vernal year,
Beneath the fatal Telamonian spear.
Fierce Ajax saw him in his bold advance,
Smote his right breast with unresisted lance,

That onward, whizzing, thro' his shoulder pass'd,
And prone on earth the youth expiring cast.
So falls the smooth-rind poplar, largely fed
By waters welling from a marshy bed,
On whose high brow branch'd many a flowery spray,
When the keen axe had cut its stem away,
The stem that, wrought beneath the subtle steel,
Shapes the fine curve, and orbs the chariot wheel,
Thus like the poplar, Simoësius lay
While Ajax fiercely stripp'd his arms away.
Then, aim'd at Ajax, as the hero pass'd,
Bold Antiphus his vengeful javelin cast :
Wide from its aim the erring weapon flew,
But Leucus, dearest to Ulysses slew,
Slew, as he dragg'd the corse, the corse again
Fell as he fell, the slayer on the slain.
Then—while his eye-ball glared with living fire,
And vengeance madden'd with insatiate ire,—
On rush'd Ulysses, and in near advance
Poised, towering in his strength, his ponderous lance,
And gazed around, while as the weapon sped,
The Trojans, struck with terror, backward fled.
But not in vain it flew : the fatal dart
Whizz'd, and Democoon felt death's thrilling smart,
Hoar Priam's spurious son, who left his steeds,
The matchless mares, that famed Abydos breeds.

Full on his front the chief his javelin cast,
The keen-barb'd point through either temple pass'd,
Death closed his eyes, and where the warrior lay,
Rang o'er his fall his armour's brazen bray.
The van of war, and Hector's self retired,
Greece dragg'd the dead, and rush'd, with victory fired,
Rush'd shouting, when far-heard from Ilion's height
Apollo's wrathful voice renew'd the fight :

‘ On, on, ye strike no rock, no iron foe,
‘ Your darts will pierce them, and their blood will flow :
‘ Not now Achilles arms, but, ’mid his host
‘ Feeds sullen wrath, nor deigns to quit the coast.’
Thus spake in wrath the God, while born of Jove,
Tritonian Pallas left the realm above,
Stalk'd thro' the Grecian ranks, confirm'd their might,
And urged the lingerers to renew the fight.
Then fate Diorese seized : a strong-whirl'd stone
Smote his right leg, and crush'd the ankle bone.
Pirous Imbrasides, whose high command,
From Ænos led to war the Thracian band,
Whirl'd that resistless stone, whose fatal stroke
Slacken'd the tendons, and the ankle broke.
Prone in the dust, now passing to the dead,
Diorese to his friends his arms outspread ;

Pirus rush'd on, and ere his friends drew near,
Deep through his navel drove the ruthless spear,
Death veil'd his eyes, while issuing thro' the wound
His entrails gush'd, and smoked along the ground.
But Pyrus, rushing on in rash advance,
Fell by the Ætolian Thoas' fatal lance ;
The weapon, piercing thro' his mailed breast,
Fix'd in his lungs, sank quivering to its rest.
On rush'd the Ætolian chieftain, o'er him stood,
And pluck'd the javelin forth, that reek'd with blood,
Then drew his sword, and, as he gasp'd for breath,
His belly gash'd, and hurl'd his soul to death ;
But fail'd to spoil, so thick the Thracian band
Round him, with spears portended, fix'd their stand,
Made mighty Thoas to their numbers yield,
And, girt with all his glory, quit the field.
Thus, corse by corse on earth throughout that day,
The Thracian chieftain and the Epeian lay,
And warriors stretch'd on warriors bled around,
Fell where they fought, and bathed with gore the
ground.

Ne'er had the chief, who then by Pallas led,
Had pass'd amid the dying and the dead,

While flashing swords in vain before him gleam'd,
And lanch'd in vain the iron tempest stream'd,
That well-fought combat blamed, so thickly slain,
The Greek and Trojan strow'd with death the plain.

THE FIFTH BOOK

OF

THE ILIAD.

ARGUMENT

Diomed, by the aid of Minerva, defeats the Trojans.—He wounds Venus and Mars with his lance, and with a fragment of a rock strikes Æneas to the ground—Tlepolemus slain by Sarpedon.—Mars, returning to Olympus, healed by Pæon, at the command of Jupiter.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK V.

Now Pallas, kindling fierce Tydides' rage,
New-nerved his arm, unequal war to wage,
High o'er the chiefs, to glorify his name,
And gain from all pre-eminence of fame.
Her's was the flame, that from his burnish'd shield,
And helm's proud crest illumined all the field :
Bright as the autumnal star, whose brilliant rays
Shot from the ocean, more intensely blaze—
Such the resplendence, whose celestial light
Flash'd from his shield, and helmet's crested height,
When Pallas to the war her hero led
Where the press thicken'd, and the slaughter spread.

Of fair possessions, and unblemish'd fame,
To Troy, a priest of Vulcan, Dares came,

His sons, Idæus, Phegeus, battle-train'd,
Rush'd, and fell war 'gainst Diomed sustain'd :
These in their chariot drove, but 'Tydeus' son,
Confiding in his strength, stepp'd sternly on.
First, daring Phegeus, as the chief drew near,
Against him darted his long-shadowing spear,
But the sharp weapon, whizzing in the blast,
Innocuous flew, and o'er his shoulder pass'd.
Not such Tydides' lance, its deadly wound
Transfix'd his breast, and dash'd him on the ground.
From his bright car Idæus leapt, nor dared
Wheel round the corse, nor from the spoiler guard,
Nor death had 'scaped, but wrapt in gloom of night
Vulcan withdrew him from Tydides' sight,
Lest of both sons bereft, blow heap'd on blow,
Should plunge his aged priest in hopeless woe—
Then bold Tydides bade his warriors lead
The captured coursers from the blood-stain'd mead.
But when the Trojans Dares' sons beheld,
This stretch'd on earth, and that by fear repell'd,
Dread fell on all : the while the blue-eyed Maid
Grasp'd the stern War God's arm, and swiftly said :

‘ Mars ! grim with blood, Mars, fell destroyer, hear !
‘ Leave we yon hosts, let spear encounter spear,

‘ Jove, or to Troy, or Greece, the glory give,
‘ Shun we his wrath, nor with the Thunderer strive.’

She spake, and from the fight the War-God led,
And peaceful placed him on Scamander’s bed.
Then from the Greeks the Trojan van withdrew,
And each Achæan chief a warrior slew.
Foremost the king of men his javelin whirl’d,
And from his car the bulk of Hodius hurl’d :
Struck as he turn’d to fly : the forceful spear
His spine dividing, staid his fleet career,
Prone, dead at once he fell, and far around
Rang his brass armour as he smote the ground.

Next, Borus’ son, from Tarne’s fertile plain,
Brave Phæstus, by Idomeneus was slain :
Thro’ his right shoulder his long lance afar
Transfix’d him, labouring to remount his car :
He fell, and while his corse yet bleeding lay,
The Cretan followers stripp’d his arms away.

Now Menelaus pierced with sharp-edged dart
Scamandrius, versed in all the hunter’s art.
Him Dian taught to slay the sylvan brood,
All that or range the mount, or haunt the wood :

But not Diana's power the chief avail'd,
And all the cunning of the hunter fail'd.
While yet he fled, the lance Atrides cast
On thro' his breast between each shoulder pass'd :
Prone, dead at once, he fell upon the wound,
And shrilly rang his brazen arms around.

Next, fierce Meriones Phereclus slew,
Whose sire each artful craft divinely knew.
Him Pallas loved, and by the Goddess taught,
His skilful hand the gallant navy wrought,
That wafted Paris to the Spartan shore,
And to himself and Troy destruction bore.
For not the artist's skill possess'd the power
To turn back fate's inevitable hour.
Him as he fled Meriones pursued,
And in his blood his winged lance embrued ;
Behind, beneath the bone, the fatal blow
Smote, nigh the bladder, the defenceless foe.
Fall'n on his knee, loud-groaning as he lay,
The spirit of the warrior pass'd away.

Meges, Antenor's son, Pedæus slew,
Who from unhallow'd love existence drew :
Yet—with her children, him, alike endear'd,

To gratify her lord, Theano rear'd.
Phylides urged his flight, and rushing near,
Drove in his scull the penetrating spear,
Strait thro' the tongue and teeth it cut its way,
And grinding the cold brass, the warrior pass'd from day.

Eurypylus divine Hypsenor slew,
Who his proud lineage from Dolopion drew,
Priest of Scamander, to his realm endear'd,
And scarcely less than God by all revered—
Him, while he turn'd, and fled before his sight,
Evæmon's son, arrested in his flight,
His shoulder struck, and with impatient sword
Smote off the powerless hand, that fail'd its lord :
Down dropp'd the hand, the warm blood bathed the
ground,
And death's dark shadow wrapp'd the chief around.

Thus as they raged, and host immix'd with host,
Thou ne'er hadst known which claim'd Tydides most.
'Mid Troy and Greece, 'mid dying and the dead,
His fury was a flood, that bursts its bed,
Whirls down each bridge, and strows with sweepy force
Dikes, mounds, and buttresses, that cross its course,
And swoln with burden of the autumnal rains,
The purple harvests wastes, and golden plains.

Thus, by the power of Tydeus' son o'erthrown,
Phalanx on phalanx fled from him alone.

Him as keen Pandarus from afar beheld,
And from his onset ranks on ranks repell'd,
Lycaon's son, preventive of the foe,
Strain'd his tough cord, and arch'd the elastic bow,
Smote his right shoulder, and with forceful stroke
The hollow of his armour bruised and broke :
On, thro' the flesh, the arrow, quivering, stood,
And stain'd the hauberk with polluting blood.
Loud shouted Pandarus, ' On, Trojans, on,
' Lash your swift coursers, deem the battle won.
' The bravest Greek, now wounded, flies the plain,
' Nor can my shaft's keen anguish long sustain,
' Or, when from Lycia's realm I proudly trod,
' Vain was the summons of the Archer God.'

The boaster spake : but not his piercing dart
Drain'd the warm current of Tydides' heart.
The chief, retreating from the van of war,
Before his courser stood, and battle-car,
And Sthenelus address'd : ' Haste, faithful friend,
' Draw forth the shaft, and to my aid descend.'

Swift Sthenelus leapt down, his lenient art
Drew from the wound the penetrating dart,
And as he drew it forth, the vital flood
Gush'd from the wound, and stain'd his mail with blood.
Then Diomed exclaim'd, ' Hear, Jove-born maid !
' If, or the sire, or son, ere felt thy aid,
' If, 'mid the burning battle, in thy might
' I fearless rush'd, and turn'd a host to flight,
' Bring to my vengeance, bring that vaunter near,
' Fix him within the hurling of this spear,
' Him, whose wing'd arrow smote me, and whose boast
' Dooms me, ere dead, to Pluto's unsunn'd coast.'

He spake, and as he pray'd, Minerva heard,
And flew from heaven, consenting to his word,
Lighten'd his limbs, thro' all fresh force inspired,
And standing near him, thus the hero fired :

' Go, Diomed, confiding in thy might,
' Rush on the Trojans, and renew the fight :
' Go in celestial strength, go, heir of fame,
' Go in the glory of thy father's name,
' Go, while the darkness from thy sight I turn,
' That thou alike both God and man discern.
' Then, if a Deity thy course oppose,
' Not with a God in daring conflict close,

‘ Save—if thou view Jove’s beauteous child appear,
‘ Rush on, and ’gainst that goddess lanch thy spear.’

She spake, and vanish’d : on Tydides flew
In van of war the slaughter to renew.
Burn’d he before for battle ? tenfold rage
Flamed in each nerve, that quiver’d to engage.
Like a fell lion, whom from far the swain,
While leaping o’er the fence, has gall’d, not slain,
Draws from the wound fresh force, while, scared away,
The shepherd flies, and leaves his flock a prey :
Heaps fall on slaughter’d heaps, till gorged with food
The lion leaps the fold, and seeks the wood :
Thus, ’mid the Trojans, fierce Tydides flew,
And brave Astynous, and Hypenor slew :
This, by his lance transfix’d, in lethal rest
Fell on the plain, the weapon in his breast,
And that, beneath the falchion’s deadly wound,
Severing his shoulder, bit in death the ground.

These, there he left : and, with fresh vigour fraught,
Bold Polyidus, and fierce Abas sought,
Sons of Eurydamas, whose hallow’d age
Could mystic dreams, and fates to come presage,

But when his sons in battle met their doom,
No vision warn'd them of the untimely tomb.
Them the fierce conqueror spoil'd, then onward flew
Where Xanthus and brave Thoon caught his view,
Both Phænops' sons, who knew no other heir,
His wearied age to prop, or treasure share.
Tydides slew them, and to Phænops left
Unsolaced misery, of both sons bereft :
The father's arm shall clasp a son no more,
And aliens share his unbequeathed store.

Echemon, Chromius, in one battle car
Both, sons of Dardan Priam, rush'd to war,
Tydides seized them : and, as wild for food,
Leaps a fierce lion 'mid the horned brood,
And where the bulls and heifers graze around,
Breaks their tough neck, and crushes with the bound,
Thus, both the brothers, at Tydides' blow,
Hurl'd from their chariot, fell in dust below,
Their arms the conqueror spoil'd, and bade his train
Seize their swift steeds, and at the fleet detain.

Him as Anchises' son beheld from far
Rank after rank low-levelling the war,

The Trojan rush'd 'mid spears that cut the wind,
And clashing swords, Lycaon's son to find,
And haply found at length, aloud exclaim'd,
' Where, godlike Pandarus, far and loudly famed,—
' Where Pandarus now thy bow, thy winged dart,
' The unrivall'd glory of the archer's art,
' The vaunt that none in Troy might proudly dare,
' No—nor in Lycia's realm with thee compare?
' Go, raise thy hands in prayer, high Jove invoke,
' Then wing thy shaft, then pierce with deadly stroke
' Yon matchless hero, whose o'erpowering might
' Has slain our chiefs, and turn'd our host to flight:
' But if some god there wars, with Troy enraged,
' Cease, nor with gods be fruitless battle waged.'

' Æneas'—thus Lycaon's son replied—
' Thou leader of the Trojans, prince, and guide,
' Fierce Diomed, I deem, there wastes the field,
' I know his helm's high crest, his radiant shield:
' Such his fierce coursers, such his flaming car:
' He—or a god in arms—leads on the war.
' But—if from Tydeus' son our hosts retire,
' Powers more than mortal feed his quenchless fire.
' Some god in dark impenetrable night
' Stands nigh, and gifts him with supernal might:

‘ The god who turn’d aside the death-wing’d dart,
‘ I fondly hoped had centred in his heart.
‘ When my keen weapon thro’ his corselet flew,
‘ And the warm life-blood from his shoulder drew,
‘ I deem’d him hurl’d to an untimely tomb :
‘ In vain. A god there deals in wrath our doom.
‘ No war-train’d coursers here my will attend,
‘ No ready chariot waits till I ascend :
‘ Yet mine, beneath my sire’s, Lycaon’s roof,
‘ Ten cars, all newly framed, all battle-proof,
‘ Graced with rich coverings, and at every car
‘ Two grain-fed steeds, full pamper’d, neigh for war.
‘ Oft ’neath his stately palace roof, my sire
‘ By strong commands enforced his deep desire :
‘ Bade me, borne on exultant in my car,
‘ Lash my wing’d steeds, and lead the Trojan war.
‘ O ! that his counsel, o’er and o’er renew’d,
‘ Lycaon’s son had ceaselessly pursued !
‘ I disobey’d, and fear’d their wonted food
‘ Would fail in Ilion Lycia’s pamper’d brood.
‘ On foot I march’d, and in o’erweening pride
‘ Dared on my bow, now faithless found, confide.
‘ ’Gainst Menelaus’ strength, Tydides’ force,
‘ I wing’d my arrow’s well-directed course,
‘ The unerring weapon drank their genuine gore,
‘ Yet—the weak flesh-wound but aroused them more.

‘ That ill-starr’d hour regretful I recall,
‘ That loosed my bow from my paternal hall,
‘ When here I march’d, exultant to destroy,
‘ At Hector’s summons, the leagued foes of Troy.
‘ But—oh—if ere return’d from Ilion’s plain
‘ I view my realm, proud dome, and bride again,
‘ Low lay my head beneath the hostile blow,
‘ If fail this hand to break my treacherous bow,
‘ And toss in fragments ’mid the blazing flame,
‘ This witness of my frenzy, pride and shame.’

Æneas then the impatient youth address’d:
‘ Be yet awhile thy rash resolve suppress’d,
‘ Against yon chief, in fury of his course,
‘ First with my fiery steeds essay his force.
‘ No more delay—speed, speed, ascend my car,
‘ Prove what our Trojan steeds, how train’d to war,
‘ How swift to range the field, and to and fro,
‘ Now here, now there, pursue, or fly the foe.
‘ To Troy they bear us, if Saturnius yield
‘ To Tydeus’ son the glory of the field.
‘ Haste—seize the scourge—the embroider’d reins receive,
‘ To thee the coursers, and the car I leave.
‘ Mine to confront him :—or, if thou incline,
‘ Thine be the lance, to guide the coursers mine.’

‘Thine’—Pandarus answer’d—‘thine to guide the car
‘And wheel the coursers ’mid the ranks of war,
‘For swifter, wonted to thy hand, their flight,
‘If forced to fly, we shun Tydides’ might.
‘Guide:—lest thy steeds, should war’s loud shouts
 appal,
‘Stray, vainly wistful of their master’s call:
‘Lest both beneath Tydides’ onset bleed,
‘And his the chariot, and each captured steed.
‘Be thine the charge to urge their wing’d career,
‘Mine to confront the chief, and lanch the spear.’

Thus they: and each ascendant in the car
Against Tydides drove the storm of war.
Beneath their lash the fiery coursers flamed,
When Sthenelus descried, and thus exclaim’d:

‘Friend, loved as life, two chiefs of boundless might
‘Now in fierce onset challenge thee to fight;
‘This—Pandarus, archery-skill’d, whose boastful tongue
‘Vaunts his high birth from great Lycaon sprung:
‘That—the renown’d Æneas, proud to trace
‘His glorious lineage from celestial race.
‘Retreat—the car ascend—restrain thy rage,
‘Nor, in the van, at life’s dread risk, engage.’

Him Tydeus' son rebuked with stern reply :
‘ Vain is the word that counsels me to fly :
‘ I was not born for fear, for war in flight,
‘ Yet glows within my limbs unwearied might.
‘ I will not mount : on foot by Pallas' aid
‘ I dare yon chiefs, and front them undismay'd.
‘ If one, perchance, escape, both, wing'd by fear,
‘ Shall ne'er elude the vengeance of my spear.
‘ But—thou—I charge thee—if by Pallas' power
‘ Both by my lance now meet their fated hour,
‘ I charge thee, here our battle-steeds detain,
‘ And on the car suspend the idle rein :
‘ But seize Æneas' steeds, and forced away,
‘ To Grecia's host the boast of Troy convey.
‘ These are the coursers, from that heavenly breed
‘ Jove gave to Tros, for ravish'd Ganymede :
‘ No brood of earth, but far o'er passing all
‘ Yon golden sun beholds at rise or fall.
‘ Anchises' pregnant mares in stol'n embrace,
‘ Foal'd from Laomedon's ethereal race ;
‘ Six far-famed coursers thence were born and bred,
‘ Four in his royal stables richly fed :
‘ Two, train'd for war, the king Æneas gave—
‘ Seize thou that spoil—so glorify the brave.’

While yet they spoke, the steeds rush'd fiercely on,
And, scornful, thus exclaim'd Lycaon's son.

‘ Stern Tydeus’ son, inflexible in fight,
‘ In vain I pierced thee with my arrowy flight,
‘ And deem’d my shaft had staid thy fierce career :
‘ Now prove how death directs Lycaon’s spear.’—
Then lanch’d it, vibrating, against his foe,
And pierced the shield, that rung beneath the blow ;
And as it struck the mail, that fenced his breast,
Thus with insulting shout his joy express’d :
‘ Thy flank has felt my force, nor long thy breath
‘ Defrauds me of the fame that waits thy death.’

Him, stern Tydides answer’d undismay’d,
‘ Cease, thou hast err’d, by vaunting hope betray’d.
‘ But—both no more shall turn to flight the car :
‘ One, one shall sate with blood the God of War.’

Tydides spake, and with resistless strength
Hurl’d on his front his spear’s far-shadowing length.
The shaft, by Pallas guided on its flight,
Pierced thro’ his nostrils and the orb of sight,
Sever’d his tongue, and, shattering his teeth,
Pass’d, till the point beam’d out the chin beneath ;
Prone from the car dropp’d Pandarus : wide around
Rang his bright armour, clanging on the ground,
Back rear’d the steeds ; and where the warrior lay
Flow’d through the wound his strength and soul away.

Down leapt Æneas, arm'd with shield and lance,
That none to spoil the dead might dare advance,
And, traversing the body round and round,
Raged like a lion with tremendous sound;
And with portended shield and stretch of spear,
Sure death denounced to all who dared draw near.
Tydides saw, and heaved a rock from earth,
Such as not two of our degenerate birth
Could, striving, raise: but his strong arm alone
Swung, as he lifted up the enormous stone,
And hurl'd it on his hip, where rolls the thigh
In the smooth socket's guardian cavity.
It crush'd the socket, and each tendon broke,
Pierced the soft flesh, and rent with rugged stroke.
Æneas on his knee, intensely pain'd,
Sank, and with wide-spread hand his weight sustain'd:
His eyes in darkness swam, and instant death
Had closed—for ever closed—his failing breath,
But Venus, who, in Ida's pasturing grove,
Had borne Æneas to Anchises' love,
Clasp'd with maternal arm, and closely wound
Her mantle's snowy fold her son around:
Celestial woof! of power from earth to hide,
And turn the darts, that thickly shower'd, aside.
Keen Sthenelus, impatient at the view,
Mark'd, as the goddess from the fight withdrew,

And, mindful of Tydides, downward sprung,
And on his vacant seat the reins uphung,
And seized Æneas' steeds, whose sweepy mane,
Toss'd in their terror, stream'd along the plain;
And to his comrade, whose congenial mind
He honour'd most, Deipylus, assign'd;
On charge to guide from Troy, and 'mid their host
Guard where the Grecian navy lined the coast;
Then on his car ascending, onward sped,
Where Tydeus' son pursued, as Venus fled:
Chased her unskill'd in arms the war to wage,
And swell the tumult, when fierce hosts engage.
No stern Bellona, nor of power to wield,
Like Jove-born Pallas, mail'd, the Ægis' shield.
But when Tydides, 'mid the armed throng,
Now reach'd the Goddess, speeding swift along,
He forward sprung, and, in his fierce career,
Wounded her tender hand with ruthless spear;
Pierced the ambrosial veil the Graces wove,
Rased her soft palm, nor spared the Queen of Love.
Forth from the flesh immortal blood-drops flow'd,
'The ichor issuing from a wounded god.
No earthly wine supplies celestial veins;
No earthly food celestial strength sustains:
Hence theirs no mortal blood, no mortal breath,
Nor life that yields to age, disease, and death.

The Goddess from her arms Æneas threw,
And, loudly shrieking, from the throng withdrew.
But Phœbus, in dense clouds, with midnight fraught,
The fainting Trojan from the battle brought,
That not a weapon, where the immortal trod,
Should wound the warrior in the arms of God.

‘Speed!’ Diomed exclaim’d, as Venus fled;
‘Speed in thy terror from war’s blood-stain’d bed!
‘Enough for thee thy frauds—enough to weave
‘Wiles that weak women and fond girls deceive.
‘Fly! lest the whisper of war’s hateful name
‘Blanch thy soft lip, and dye thy cheek with shame.’

He spake; while Iris, as the goddess pass’d,
Swift led her on, with pain and woe o’ercast,
Grieved that the weapon, as her hand it tore,
Had stain’d her ivory flesh with livid gore.

They went, and found where Mars, remote from fight,
Had veil’d his lance and steeds in viewless night.
There, at his knee, the suppliant queen implored
His gold-rein’d coursers from the battle’s lord.

‘Soothe thou my woe, loved brother! aid my flight!
‘Give me thy steeds to gain the Olympian height.

‘ Behold this wound :—Tydides dealt the blow,
‘ Who fain with Jove would combat, foe with foe.’

She spake : nor Mars her fervent prayer denied :
Swift Iris seized the reins, in act to guide :
Beneath her lash the willing coursers flew,
And the pale Goddess to Olympus drew.
There Iris stay’d the car, unyoked each steed,
And largely gave them heaven’s ambrosial feed :
But, at her knee, before Dione’s throne,
The plaintive Goddess made her anguish known ;
While fondly clasp’d to her maternal breast,
She soothed her with soft hand, and thus address’d :—

‘ What god has wrought this deed ? Who, much-
loved child,
‘ Wrong’d thee as one with open guilt defiled ?’

‘ Behold,’ the laughter-loving Queen replied,
‘ This wound inflicted by Tydides’ pride,
‘ When, from the warring hosts, deep-bathed in gore,
‘ This arm—a mother’s arm—Æneas bore.
‘ Not Greece and Troy contend : with frantic rage
‘ The Grecians with the immortals battle wage.’

‘ Wrong’d as thou art, with patience bear the blow,’
Dione cried—‘ and learn to yield to woe.
‘ The gods themselves, while we each other grieve,
‘ Oft from mere mortals bitterest woe receive.
‘ Mars, gall’d by ruthless chains, in evil hour,
‘ Felt Ephialtes’ force, and Otus’ power :
‘ Deep in the prison’s brazen vault inhumed,
‘ Full thirteen moons his failing strength consumed.
‘ There Mars had sunk, in sunless gloom conceal’d,
‘ Had not his step-dame to a god reveal’d,
‘ To Hermes told, who stole him from the tomb,
‘ Gall’d with the chain, and yielding to his doom.
‘ So Juno suffer’d, with keen pangs oppress’d,
‘ The Herculean shaft, thrice-barb’d, within her breast.
‘ So Pluto’s frame gigantic sunk subdued,
‘ Pierced by that mortal, Jove’s Herculean brood,
‘ When, at the portal of hell’s shadowy reign,
‘ His shaft transfix’d him with unsolaced pain.
‘ Then, at Jove’s throne, the god, in grief of heart,
‘ In his dense shoulder show’d the buried dart ;
‘ When Pæon’s skill the assuasive balms applied,
‘ And heal’d the deity that death defied.
‘ Rash, impious mortal ! who dared bend his bow,
‘ And aim against the gods the infuriate blow.
‘ But, against thee, the blue-eyed maid of Jove
‘ The fiery chief to this fell outrage drove ;

‘ Fool ! all unconscious that who wars with God,
‘ Not long shall linger on his earth abode :
‘ Nor on his knee a lisping infant hear
‘ With the new name of father charm his ear.
‘ Let, then, rash Tydeus’ son, though valiant, dread
‘ Lest one more valiant hurl him ’mid the dead :
‘ Lest Ægialea, wise Adrastus’ child,
‘ In trance of fear, ’mid nightly visions wild,
‘ Her maidens rouse, and, starting from her sleep,
‘ With fond regret her long-lost consort weep ;
‘ Him who first clasp’d her in her virgin charms,
‘ The glory of the Greeks, their god in arms.’

She spake, and cleansed the ichor from the vein,
Heal’d her soft hand, and soothed the sense of pain :
The while Minerva and stern Juno view’d,
And with keen taunts Saturnian Jove pursued.

‘ Will, then,’ Minerva said, ‘ Olympian Sire !
‘ The word I speak exasperate thy ire ?
‘ No doubt, while Venus warmly sought to move
‘ Some Argive maid to bless a Trojan’s love,
‘ The goddess stroked the virgin’s cestus band,
‘ And rased with golden clasp her tender hand.’

She spake. The Sire of men and gods above
Soft smiled, and thus address'd the Queen of Love :—

‘ Not thine the charge of war : avoid the fight :
‘ Heart join'd to heart in bridal bliss unite.
‘ Let Mars and Pallas hostile armies lead,
‘ Range the mail'd ranks, and bid the battle bleed.’

Thus they : while Tydeus' son, who fiercer glow'd,
Rush'd on Æneas and the o'ershadowing god.
He fear'd no god ; but on, in mad disdain,
Sprung, resolute, to slay, and strip the slain :
Thrice onward sprung, to drag him from the field ;
Thrice Phœbus o'er him shook his blazing shield,
And with appalling shout his pride subdued,
When, like a god, the chief the assault renew'd.

‘ Be warn'd, Tydides ! yield ; nor rashly dare,
‘ Bold as thou art, thyself with gods compare :
‘ Not such, heaven's race, as thine, whose mortal birth
‘ Mingles its frailty with the dust of earth.’

He spake : and, to avoid Apollo's ire,
Tydides deign'd, though loth, a step retire.
Meanwhile the archer-god Æneas bore,
Where Ilion wont his deity adore.

Latona there, and Dian, soothed his pain,
And to his glory gave the chief again.
But Phœbus form'd a shade whose image bore
The shape and armour that Æneas wore.
Fresh slaughter round that semblance bathed the field,
And corselets clatter'd, and shield clash'd on shield.

Then Phœbus spake. 'Mars! Mars! God grimed
with blood!

' Shall not that mortal yield, by thee subdued?
' Go, drive from war that chief, whose madd'ning ire
' Would fain in battle front the Olympian sire:
' From his fell lance the blood of Venus flow'd:
' On me, on me, he rush'd—in arms a god.'

He spake, and sat on Ilion's topmost tower.
While Mars exhorting, ranged the Trojan power,
Went arm'd like Acamas, revived their rage,
And urged the chiefs more fierce the war to wage.

' How long, ye sons of Priam, chiefs of Troy!
' Shall unresisted Greece your host destroy?
' Till the proud conquerors, round your sacred wall,
' Behold at Ilion's gate her warriors fall.
' The chief, like Hector honour'd, now lies low—
' On—shield Æneas from the spoiling foe.'

He spake—each bosom burn'd ; and highly moved,
Sarpedon thus great Hector's self reproved :

- ' Where, Hector, now thy valour, where thy boast,
- ' Troy to defend with Troy's unaided host ?
- ' Boast that thy kindred, and thyself alone,
- ' Could guard without associates Priam's throne ?
- ' I none perceive : like dogs their fear and flight,
- ' At roaring of the lion ere in sight.
- ' We sole remain. I bear the brunt of war,
- ' I, who here came, from Xanthus' flood afar,
- ' From Lycia came, and when I march'd to Troy,
- ' Left my stored wealth, loved bride, and infant boy ;
- ' Yet thus my Lycians urge, and challenge here
- ' The boldest of your foes to stand my spear.
- ' Not for myself I war, not mine in Troy,
- ' Wealth that a Greek can covet, or destroy.
- ' But thou, thou stand'st aloof ; nor dar'st excite,
- ' The warrior for his wife to front the fight.
- ' Beware, or soon by one vast drag-net swept,
- ' Prey of your foes, at once, of all bereft,
- ' You, and your Ilion fall,—forewarn'd, beware :
- ' Thine, day and night, to think, to urge, to dare,
- ' And woo the chiefs, who led their force from far,
- ' To cease their discord, and unite in war.'

He spake : and Hector, stung with sense of shame,
And fired with ardour of heroic fame,

Equipp'd in all his arms, with thundering sound,
Leap'd from his battle-car, and shook the ground,
And brandishing his spears, as Troy withdrew,
From rank to rank, reanimating flew.
They staid, they turn'd, they rush'd in fierce career,
While Greece stood fix'd in strength, nor felt a fear.

As winds, that sweep the consecrated floor,
Scatter the chaff light-winnow'd o'er and o'er,
When golden Ceres from the garner'd plain,
Parts in the breeze the husk and heavy grain,
And whitens all the barn; thus thickly flew
Clouds of grey dust that hid the Greeks from view,
And upward rolling reach'd the vault of heaven :
Horse, horsemen, chariots, back to battle driven,
Host clash'd on host; while, mail'd in all his might,
Guardian of Troy, Mars hid the war in night,
And traversing the ranks, where'er he strode
Achieved the bidding of the Delian god,
What time he view'd, on watch from Ilion's tower,
Pallas withdraw from Greece her guardian power.
He view'd, and sent Æneas from his shrine,
And pour'd thro' all his limbs fresh force divine.
Æneas join'd his host, and deep their joy,
To view once more the strength and tower of Troy

Alive amid the living, fix'd in heart,
And firm in strength to bear a warrior's part.
Yet none inquired, so fierce the conflict raged,
So Phœbus shouted, and all Troy engaged,
And Mars himself in arms the warriors led,
And discord thunder'd as the carnage spread.—

But either Ajax, and fierce Tydeus' son,
And wise Ulysses urged the Grecians on :
They needed not, so firm their warriors stood,
By Troy's rash force and clamour unsubdued ;
Still in their strength, like clouds that on the crest
Of heaven ascending hills their burden rest,
When Jove keen Boreas fetters, and upbinds
In silent slumber the tumultuous winds—
Winds that, shrill-raging, scatter where they blow
The clouds far off, and clear the mountain brow :
Thus, motionless, when Troy's dense host appear'd,
Greece waited the assault, nor fled, nor fear'd,

Then, traversing his host, Atrides cried,
' Warriors ! be bold,—let each in all confide.
' That warrior lives, who, at another's fame,
' Feels his soul glow, and feeds the heroic flame :
' But they who fly, in flight no safety find,
' And dying leave, in death, disgrace behind.'

He spake—and hurl'd his lance—not vain its flight,
But struck Deiocoon foremost in the fight,
Friend of Æneas, chief to Troy endear'd,
And for brave deeds like Priam's sons revered.
The monarch smote his shield's capacious round,
Thro' belt and buckler wing'd the fatal wound,
His entrails pierced, and, as in death he lay,
Shrill o'er him rang his armour's brazen bray.

Æneas then two chiefs illustrious slew,
Chiefs who their lineage from Diocles drew.
Their sire, far off, of richest wealth possess'd,
In beauteous structured Phera fix'd his rest,
Son of Alpheus, whose famed river leads
Its breadth of water thro' the Pylian meads :
From him, Orsilochus, whose sceptred hand
O'er many a dense-throng'd city held command :
Diocles next, from whom, of martial fame,
Orsilochus, and valiant Crethon came.
In youth's fair prime, 'mid Grecia's gather'd host,
They, gallant warriors, sail'd to Ilion's coast,
Avenging the Atridæ,—sail'd in vain,
They, join'd in death, lay breathless on that plain.

As from their mountain den, in depth of wood,
Where the lone lioness had nursed her brood,

Two youthful lions, when keen famine calls,
Exterminate the folds, and waste the stalls,
Till, by the strength of man's collected power,
They perish in bold youth's untimely hour :
Thus, in their prime, in beauty's loveliest day,
Like prostrate pines on earth, the brothers lay.
Grieved Menelaus view'd, and onward strode,
Brandish'd his spear, and in the van-ward glow'd ;
Mars urged him on, that, madd'ning in his ire,
The chief beneath Æneas might expire.
But, ere the warriors charged, brave Nestor's son
Flew from the ranks, and rush'd impatient on,—
Rush'd in his fear, lest, Menelaus slain,
Vain all their toils, their league of vengeance vain.
The chiefs meanwhile, each with protended spear,
Front fix'd on front, drew nearer and more near ;
Then, prompt to aid, at Menelaus' side,
The son of Nestor, Troy's brave chief defied.

Not then, tho' brave, Æneas dared remain,
Nor such unequal war alone sustain.
The chiefs drew back the dead unspoil'd, and gave
Their train to bear them to a hero's grave ;
While they, themselves, in hardihood of might,
Turn'd, and in war's first ranks renew'd the fight.

There slew Pylæmenes, who led his host,
His shield-arm'd bands from Paphlagonia's coast.
Him, as he tower'd erect, Atrides smote,
And with resistless lance transfix'd his throat.
His charioteer next fell, while turn'd from war
The faithful Mydon sped his flying car.
Him fierce Antilochus, with whirling stone,
Struck on the elbow joint, and crush'd the bone,
From his slack hand, unnerved by piercing pains,
Loose fell on earth his ivory-studded reins :
On rush'd Antilochus, with griding blade,
Deep-gash'd, and in his front the death-wound made.—
Hurl'd headlong from his car, with labouring breath
Gasp'd the prone wretch, and groan'd in pangs of death :
There long fix'd upright stood, so deep the ground,
So dense the bed of sand that closed him round ;
Stood, till out-stretch'd beneath his steeds he lay,
When, seized by Nestor's son, he lash'd from Troy their
way.

Hector beheld those chiefs his host among,
And to confront them, loudly shouting, sprung :
On rush'd the Trojans, by his voice inspired,
By Mars excited, and Bellona fired.
Bellona round her spread war's fell alarm,
Mars poised his spear's vast weight with outstretch'd arm.

And ever, where the hero onward strode,
Around him wheel'd in might the warrior god—
E'en Diomed, astounded at the sight,
First felt a fear, and paused in act to fight.

As when, unwares, a wanderer, onward bent,
Views 'mid a champaign's measureless extent,
Where a prone torrent with continuous sweep,
Foams, as it whirls its deluge to the deep,
And back withdraws: thus, wondering at the view,
Brave Tydeus' son reluctantly withdrew.

‘ Oft have we wonder'd at yon chief,’ he cried,
‘ At Hector's lance, the battle's guard and guide,
‘ Seen evermore, some god descends in power,
‘ Shields him from fate in war's destructive hour;
‘ Lo! now the God of War in mortal form
‘ Turns death aside, and guards him 'mid the storm:
‘ Retire: yet, still retiring, front the foe,
‘ But dare not aim against a god your blow.’

The Trojans now rush'd near, and Hector slew
Two chiefs, whom, leagued in war, one chariot drew,
Anchialus and Mnesthes; this beheld,
The heart of Ajax with compassion swell'd:

Near them he stood, and lanch'd his flaming spear,
And smote Amphiüs in his mid career,
The son of Selagus, whose happier day
Dwelt where his treasured wealth in Pæsus lay.
The warrior came great Ilion's king to save,
But fate there hurl'd him to the untimely grave.
The lance by Telamonian Ajax cast
Thro' his pierced baldrick 'mid his entrails pass'd;
He fell, and while shrill rung his armour's bray,
And Ajax rush'd to bear the spoil away,
Dense showers of darts, and lances thickly flung,
On his broad shield war's iron tempest hung.
But with his heel firm planted on the breast,
He pluck'd the weapon from its buried rest,
Yet fail'd to spoil his arms, so densely shower'd
The barbed storm that nigh his strength o'erpower'd.
Nor slight his fear that, thus encompass'd round,
Their weapons weight should bow him to the ground.
Then first the great, the glorious, girt with foes,
Sternly withdrew, nor dared a host oppose.

Thus, as the warriors labour'd, onward came,
Front threat'ning front, two chiefs of mighty name.
Fate urged Tlepolemus, whose spirit glow'd
To match Sarpedon scarcely less than god:

And as each stood, in act his power to prove,
The son and grandson of the cloud-robed Jove,
'What forced,' the Grecian spake, 'thee, Lycia's
lord,

'Here, new to war, and shuddering at the sword?
'False was the rumour, that thou, base on earth,
'Claim'st from the Ægis-bearing god thy birth:
'Thou, thus inferior to the former race,
'Who sprung from the Saturnian Jove's embrace;
'Such as the Herculean strength, my glorious sire,
'In heart a lion, and in force a fire,
'Whom for Laomedon's famed steeds, of yore,
'Six ships alone, with few associates bore;
'Yet he, at pleasure, with that scanty host,
'Razed perjured Troy, and ravaged all her coast.
'But vile thou art; and now, thy warriors slain,
'Dream not thy aid can Ilion's fate detain.
'No,—were thy force far greater, hear thy fate:—
'Thou, ^{hurl'd} by me, shalt pass hell's gloomy gate.'

Then thus Sarpedon:—'Yes, I freely own,
'Troy by her monarch's madness was o'erthrown.
'He dared by keen reproach that chief chastise,
'Nor gave the Herculean strength the far-sought prize.
'But, boaster! hear what now my words proclaim:—
'Death, by thy fall, shall glorify my name:

‘ While, by this spear, thy soul, untimely hurl’d,
‘ Now swift descends to Pluto’s viewless world.’

He spake, and poised his lance :—at once forth flew
The encountering spears which each fierce warrior threw.
Sarpedon’s smote his neck, on, through it pass’d,
And o’er his closing eye-lid darkness cast :
While his keen foeman’s lance with fury thrown,
Pierced his right thigh, and inly grazed the bone.
But Jove, regardful of Sarpedon’s breath,
Turn’d from his son aside the dart of death.

Now from the thick’ning battle’s rush and roar,
His faithful comrades brave Sarpedon bore,
Rack’d with dire pain, while furrowing up the ground,
The barb’d lance quivering thrill’d within the wound,
By none observed ; for, prompt to save their chief,
None paused to draw the dart and yield relief.

Now, by his followers, from Troy’s hostile force
‘Tlepolemus was borne a breathless corse—
Ulysses saw, fresh fury at the sight
Steel’d his stern spirit, and new-nerved his might,
In doubt, Sarpedon keenlier to pursue,
Or, bathed in Lycian blood, the fight renew :

But fate opposed, nor to Ulysses gave
The power to hurl Sarpedon to his grave—
While thus he waver'd, 'gainst the Lycian band
Fierce Pallas urged the hero's vengeful hand,
Then Coëranus, Alastor, Chromius bled,
Alcander, Halius, Noëmon swell'd the dead,
And more had perish'd ; but keen Hector view'd
The Lycian leaders by his arm subdued,
And onward rush'd, sheathed in refulgent mail,
Terror of Greece, their bravest to assail,
Sarpedon joyful view'd, and thus address'd,
To Ilion's godlike chief, his sad request :

‘ Leave me not, Son of Priam, thus to lie,
‘ Let me not, here, despoil'd by Grecians, die.
‘ Aid, that in Ilion's sacred walls, in peace,
‘ My life beneath a friendly roof may cease :
‘ For ne'er shall I return to Lycia's plain,
‘ Greet my loved wife, and infant boy again.’

Him Hector answer'd not, but forward flew
With keener rage the conflict to pursue—
Fired with fresh ardour, from Troy's shouting plain,
To chase the Greeks and triumph o'er the slain :
Then his brave friends Sarpedon bore, and laid
Where Jove's luxuriant beech-tree spread its shade :

There his loved Pelagon, with lenient art,
From the deep wound drew forth the ashen dart.
He swoon'd, and while his eye-ball swam in death,
The North's reviving gale recall'd his breath.
The Greeks, meanwhile, from Mars' and Hector's ire
Disdain'd to fly, and to their fleet retire,
Nor dared advance, the god of war their foe,
But—in ranged order—back retreated slow.

As the press thicken'd, and the slaughter grew,
Whom first, whom last, fell Mars and Hector slew !
Here Teuthras, there Orestes steed-renown'd,
Ænomaus, Trechus, Helenus felt the wound,
Oresbius last, who once, on wealth intent,
O'er his heap'd stores in Hyle's treasures bent,
By clear Cephisus' lake, whose banks around
The rich Bœotians till'd their peopled ground.
Stern Juno view'd, and, Greek on Greek o'erthrown,
Thus to Minerva spake in wrathful tone :—

‘ Invincible !—Jove-born !—how vain our word,
‘ Our treacherous promise by Atrides heard,
‘ That Troy laid waste, and Priam's children slain,
‘ The king should hail exulting Greece again—
‘ Rise ! Yield no more, that Mars thus fiercely rage,
‘ Let strength meet strength, and god with god en-
gage.’—

Nor Pallas stay'd—Then Juno arm'd for war
The gold-rein'd steeds that wing'd her heavenly car.
On to the iron axle Hebe placed
Wheels, whose brass orbs eight radiant spokes embraced.
The fellys brass, and wondrous to behold
The curvature imperishable gold :
The naves were silver, and the chariot play'd
On braces wreathed with gold and silver braid :
Two rings in front, and, far outstretch'd before,
The pole was fashion'd of the silver ore,
At whose extremity the golden yoke
And collar-reins of gold, fresh wonder woke.
Juno herself led forth the steeds, whose breath
Roll'd from each wide-stretch'd nostril war and death.

But the stern daughter of all-mighty Jove
Cast off the veil her hand had finely wove,
Whose spreading folds around her widely flow'd
On the starr'd pavement of the Olympian god.
Then mail'd for ruthless battle, firmly braced
The corselet that the cloud-compeller graced.
The snake-fringed Ægis round her shoulder drew,
Where Terror, wreathed throughout, came forth to view,
There Strife, there Fortitude, ne'er known to yield,
There merciless Pursuit, that wastes the field,

And Jove's dire omen nameless horrors spread,
The appalling monster, the Gorgonian head—
Then braced her casque, all gold, whose four-coned
height

Spreads o'er an hundred hosts, o'er-shadowing night.
Thus, in her terror mail'd, the goddess leapt
In her bright car, whence flame-wing'd lightrings swept :
And grasp'd the spear, whose ponderous beam o'erturns
Mail'd ranks of heroes, when her fury burns.

Fierce Juno lash'd the steeds : with brazen roar
Heaven's gates, self-moved, wide oped their course before,
Gates, at whose threshold, on perpetual guard
The Hours, commission'd, keep due watch and ward,
O'er heaven's vast expanse and the Olympian height
To spread the darkness, or extend the light.
Thro' these they wheel'd, and found apart, alone,
Jove on Olympus' many-crested throne.
There Juno stay'd, and, questioning, address'd
The God of Gods, and thus her rage express'd :

‘ View'st thou not, wrathful, yon atrocious deeds,
‘ What and how vast a host 'neath Mavors bleeds ?
‘ Lo ! as he wastes at will, the archer God
‘ And Venus gladden in their still abode,
‘ And urge him, while I grieve, yon host among,
‘ Confounding, in his madness, right and wrong.

‘ And wilt thou view enraged, if Juno’s might
‘ Drive, pierced with wounds, this maniac back from
fight ?’

‘ Go,’ Jove replied,—‘ bid Pallas Mars engage,
‘ And turn, as wont, to bitter woe his rage.’

Nor Juno disobey’d : each fiery steed,
Lash’d by the Goddess, stretch’d his utmost speed.
Not loth, they flew, and onward pass’d between
Heaven’s star-paved concave, and man’s low terrene :
And far as, gazing from a mountain’s brow,
The watchman’s eye o’erlooks the main below,
Not less, at every bound, the measured space
Swept by the coursers of ethereal race.
But Juno, when they reach’d the Trojan plain,
Where Simoïs and Scamander join their train,
Unyoked the steeds, and darkness o’er them spread,
While Simoïs nurtured their ambrosial bed.

Swift as the dove on wing, the Jove-born maid
And Juno flew, the Argive host to aid ;
And when they came where round Tydides stood,
A band, most brave, most numerous, bathed in blood,
Like widely-wasting lions, grim with gore,
Or stubborn fierceness of the mountain boar,

There Juno stay'd, and, veil'd in mortal form,
Like Stentor, heard amid the battle-storm,
Loud as his voice of brass, whose strength out-rung
The shouts of fifty mortals, loosed her tongue :—

‘ Fair but in form alone—shame, Argives ! shame !
‘ Ye whose vile deeds disgrace the warrior’s name.
‘ None, when Pelides arm’d, dared front his power ;
‘ None pass’d the gates of Ilion’s guarded tower :
‘ Now, far from Troy, unseen his lightning lance,
‘ They urge the war, and to your fleet advance.’

She spake, and Grecia’s Sons thus highly wrought :
While Pallas passing on Tydides sought.
Him, by his steeds and car, the Goddess found,
Intent to cool the arrow’s painful wound.
Large sweat-drops, as he toil’d, the sweat-drops chased
Beneath the baldric that the buckler braced ;
While with tired hand he raised the belt, and strove
The clotted blood beneath it to remove :
Him, half-exhausted, on his chariot yoke,
The Goddess, as she lean’d, thus sternly spoke :—

‘ Thou Tydeus’ Son ?—Son ! how unlike his sire !
‘ Though low his stature, yet his heart was fire :

‘ E’en when my word forbade him to engage,
‘ And check’d awhile his soul’s o’erflowing rage :
‘ When from the Greeks apart on mission sent,
‘ ‘Mid Thebes’ throng’d guests, the warrior lonely went;
‘ E’en when I bade him join in peace the feast,
‘ Not then the spirit of the warrior ceased.
‘ He all their youths defied, and all subdued,
‘ While o’er him, I, his guardian Goddess, stood.
‘ I too stand nigh, and guard thee, and command—
‘ Rush forth, and turn to flight Troy’s vaunting band,
‘ Or now thou faint’st, worn out with labours pass’d,
‘ Or Fear her fetters has around thee cast.
‘ Hence—or no more be Tydeus’ offspring named,
‘ Wise Æneus’ son in war supremely famed.’

Tydidēs answered : ‘ Goddess ! that disguise
‘ Conceals thee not, O Jove-born ! from these eyes :
‘ Hence, not unwillingly my lips impart
‘ Words that lay bare to thee my inmost heart.
‘ Fear, nor reluctance, my raised arm restrains :
‘ Thine, Pallas ! thy command my fury chains.
‘ To me thy sacred charge was strictly given
‘ Not to confront in arms the powers of heaven :
‘ But if fair Venus dared to war advance,
‘ To pierce the Goddess with permitted lance.

‘ Hence—tho’ reluctant, I awhile retreat,
‘ And round me bid the gather’d warriors meet :
‘ For lo ! I view, in panoply of might,
‘ The God of Battle marshalling the fight.’

‘ Dear to my soul,’ the blue-eyed Virgin cried,
‘ Thou, in whose fortitude I dare confide,
‘ Henceforth, this Mars, nor other godhead fear :
‘ I guard thy course, I guide thy war-career.
‘ On, on ! and first impel thy swift-wing’d car
‘ Against this Mars, this thunderbolt of war !
‘ This pest, this fiery maniac, changing still
‘ His restless mutability of will :
‘ Who now to me and Jove’s high consort swore,
‘ Troy to assail, and Grecia’s ranks restore ;
‘ Yet, of his word regardless, unconceal’d
‘ Stalks in Troy’s van, and turns the Grecian field.’

She spake, and, downward leading from the car,
Bade Sthenelus on foot renew the war,
Sprung in his seat, and with resistless rage
Glow’d at ‘Tydides’ side the war to wage.
The beechen axle groan’d beneath the load
Of Grecia’s leader and the mailed God,

While Pallas seized the reins, and lash'd each steed,
And whirl'd on Mars the thunder of their speed.
That time the God Ochesius' son had slain,
Huge Periphas, who led the Ætolian train.
Then mail'd Minerva, to elude his sight
Braced on the helm of Hades, and of Night.
As Mars Tydides view'd, in stern disdain
He left Ochesius bleeding on the plain,
Left where he slew, and furiously impell'd,
Full on his foe his course directly held.
As front to front they rush'd, the God of War
First o'er the yoke, and reins that guide the car,
Lanch'd his spear's brazen burden, at one blow
To close the fight, and crush his mortal foe.
But Pallas from the car the death-shaft drew,
And turn'd aside the lance that vainly flew.
Then, as fierce Diomed the God assail'd,
Not him the spear's destructive fury fail'd,
For Pallas drove it with unerring hand
Deep in his groin beneath the cincture band.
It pierced, and rent the mangled flesh apart,
As, backward pluck'd, stern Pallas wrench'd the dart.
Loud roar'd the God, loud as the thundering bray
When shouting armies clash in war-array :
Fear fell on either host, and earth around
Shook, as the immortal bellow'd o'er the wound.

As when thick vapour from the weight of clouds
Spreads, where the o'erheated air the horizon shrouds,
Thus brazen Mars, before Tydides' sight,
Rose in dark mist, and sought the ethereal height :
Swiftly he gain'd the sky, and groan on groan
Burst, as he sat beside the Olympian throne,
Fresh from the wound the immortal blood display'd,
And thus, reproaching Jove, indignant said :

‘ View’st thou such impious deeds, immortal Sire !
‘ Nor feel’st thy bosom burn with vengeful ire ?
‘ Dire are our wrongs, when gods with gods engage,
‘ And for the sons of earth keen conflicts wage.
‘ Thou, Jove, the cause,—from thee the fury sprung
‘ Who scatters discord heaven’s high powers among.
‘ The Olympian dwellers, all, thy will obey,
‘ All, save this pest, adore thy sov’reign sway.
‘ But her, thy words, thy actions ne’er reprove :
‘ All, all permitted to this child of Jove.
‘ This pest Tydides urged, when, mad with rage,
‘ The mortal dared with gods fierce battle wage :
‘ Dared, foremost, front to front, pierce Venus’ hand,
‘ Then, rushing like a god—me—me withstand !
‘ There, had I fail’d to fly, I long had lain
‘ Batter’d and bruised on that death-cumber’d plain,

‘ And, if alive, and fated not to die,
‘ A God had mourn’d his immortality.’

Him sternly eyeing, Jove in rage replied :

‘ Here, murmur not, vile waverer, at my side.
‘ Thee most I hate—thou stern, relentless power,
‘ Thou, whose fierce heart fell strife and war devour.
‘ Thy mother—whom my threats can scarcely bind—
‘ Cursed thee, at birth, with her unyielding mind.
‘ Yet—tho’ thy wounds from her contrivance flow,
‘ Thou shalt not linger thus, worn out with woe,
‘ For still thou art Jove’s son, my heaven-born race,
‘ And she, who bore thee, bore from Jove’s embrace,
‘ Or thou, long since, were other god thy sire,
‘ Wretch ! hadst beneath the Titans howl’d in fire.’

Jove spake, and gave command that Pæon’s art
Should heal the wound, and soothe its thrilling smart :
And the assuasive balm, by Pæon spread,
Soon heal’d the God, not destined to the dead.
And as the fig’s sharp juice within the vase,
The milk swift-whirl’d to due consistence draws,
Not with less swiftness Pæon’s skilful hand
Soothed the pang’d God, and heal’d at Jove’s command :
And Hebe laved, and robed in bright attire
Mars, throned in glory by his heavenly Sire :—

The while, Minerva and the Queen of Jove
Return'd exultant to the realms above,
Proud of their triumph, that, compell'd to yield,
The God of War had fled the battle field.

THE SIXTH BOOK

OF

THE ILIAD.

ARGUMENT.

The battle continues.—The Greeks victorious.—Hector, by the advice of Helenus, returns to Ilion, and persuades Hecuba to lead a solemn procession of the Matrons to the Temple of Minerva.—The interview of Glaucus and Diomedes.—Hector's conference with Paris and Helen.—The meeting of Hector and Andromache.—Hector returns with Paris to battle.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK VI.

THE Gods now gone, o'er Greeks and Trojans slain
The fate of battle waver'd on the plain,
Lance clash'd on lance, and death defaced the scene,
Scamander's flow, and Simoïs' course between.

First, Telamonian Ajax, tower of might,
Broke Troy's dense ranks, and beam'd on Grecia light :
First breathless stretch'd Eusorus' son on earth,
The Thracians' bravest chief, of giant birth,
Huge Acamas, on whose dark-shadowing crest
The lightning of his lance its stroke impress'd,
Transfix'd his frontal bone, and downward hurl'd
His soul to Hades and the viewless world.

Then 'neath Tydides, rich Axylus falls,
Who dwelt nigh proud Arisba's stately walls,
And with kind hand distributing his store,
Flung wide to all his hospitable door.
But now no grateful guest preserved his breath,
None, his kind host preventing, snatch'd from death.
There, dead he lay,—and prostrate, side by side,
His faithful charioteer, Calesius, died.

Euryalus, Opheltius, Dresus slew ;
Then on the brother-warriors fiercely flew,
Those whom the Naiad Abarbarea bore,
Where young Bucolion fed his fleecy store,
Son of Laomedon, his elder born,
Yet furtive love conceal'd his native morn.
That shepherd swain the enamour'd nymph caress'd,
And his the twins she nurtured at her breast :
Now, beautiful in death, their bodies lay,
While the stern conqueror pluck'd their arms away.
Fierce Polypœtes, far-renown'd in fight,
Hurl'd down Astyalus to endless night :
Nor vain Ulysses' lance, that death-wing'd flew,
And the Percosian chief Pidytes slew.
Teucer, Aretaon smote ; and darkly flow'd,
Down Nestor's son's bright lance, Ablerus' blood.

There, hapless Elatus, untimely slain
By stern Atrides, lay on Phrygia's plain,
Lay, far from Pedasus, his native towers,
That crown'd the banks where Satnio fed her bowers.
Swift Phylacus in vain from Leitus fled,
And by Eurypylus Melanthius bled.
But Menelaus, 'mid the battle's strife,
Had seized Adrastus gasping yet for life ;
Whose coursers, furious with the din of war,
Against a tamarisk had crush'd his car,
Shatter'd the pole, and, madd'ning in their speed,
To Ilion rush'd with many a frantic steed,
And nigh his chariot wheels had downward, prone
On earth, Adrastus in their terror thrown ;
O'er him the victor stood, and stretch'd the shade
Of his poised lance, while thus the captive pray'd :

‘ Spare me, Atrides, and large gifts receive,
‘ All that a father for a son can give.
‘ His gold, his brass, his finely-temper'd steel,
‘ The countless stores his treasury vaults conceal,
‘ My sire will freely pour before thy feet,
‘ If heard his son breathes captive in thy fleet.’

He spake : and while half-yielding to his prayer
The chief inclined, and paused, in act to spare,

Fierce Agamemnon, shouting as he came,
Before him rush'd, and lanch'd his words of flame :

‘ Thou, woman-hearted, thou a Trojan spare !
‘ Does thy wrong'd hearth, thy honour bid forbear ?
‘ None shall escape this arm, none fly his doom,
‘ No, not the child yet quick'ning in the womb.
‘ All, all at once with Ilion's towers o'erthrown,
‘ Shall die untomb'd, and pass from earth unknown.’

Then Menelaus, mutable in mind,
To firmer purpose all his soul inclined,
Thrust back the suppliant, while Atrides' spear
Transfix'd his flank, and closed his fleet career ;
And, as the youth, supine beneath him lay,
Stood on his breast, and pluck'd his lance away.

Then, Nestor loud exclaim'd : ‘ Brave Argives ! hear,
‘ Friends, ministers of Mars, my voice revere !
‘ Let none relax, none cease the heroic toil,
‘ None linger to amass a larger spoil.
‘ Slay we unwearied : then, o'er all the plain,
‘ Range each at pleasure, and despoil the slain.’

His word inflamed them : then, the Trojan powers
Had, fearful, fled, and enter'd Ilion's towers,

But Priam's son, whose prescient lore excell'd
Troy's auguring priests, the shameful flight repell'd ;
The king-born Helenus their fear repress'd,
And Hector and Æneas thus address'd :

‘ Ye ! who o’er Troy’s and Lycia’s host preside,
‘ In council govern, and in battle guide,
‘ Yon fugitives arrest, their flight restrain,
‘ And ranged before the gates the ranks detain,
‘ Lest in their wives’ soft arms the cowards fall,
‘ And Grecia’s shout shake Ilion’s captured wall.
‘ But, when your glowing ardour has impress’d
‘ A kindred spirit in each warrior’s breast,
‘ We, such the dreadful need, will here remain,
‘ And, war-worn as we are, the foe detain.
‘ But thou, brave Hector, to our mother speed,
‘ Bid her the matrons to the temple lead,
‘ Where in the citadel’s high dome divine
‘ Minerva guards her consecrated shrine :
‘ Bid her unlock her treasury’s sacred door,
‘ Her fullest veil of finest woof explore,
‘ To Pallas offer, on the goddess call,
‘ And robe her knees with that surpassing pall ;
‘ And vow twelve bulls, all yearlings, all unbroke,
‘ Shall, hallow’d victims, on her altar smoke.

‘ If the consenting goddess, at her prayer,
‘ Troy, and our wives, and speechless infants spare,
‘ And from the walls of Ilion turn afar
‘ The fury of Tydides, lord of war,
‘ Whom, bravest of the brave, our warriors fear
‘ More than the terror of Achilles’ spear;
‘ Stern tho’ that goddess-born, Tydides’ ire
‘ Flames with unequall’d force and quenchless fire.’

Hector obey’d, and swiftly from his car
Leapt on the ground in panoply of war,
And vibrating his spears, where’er he flew,
Bade the embolden’d host the fight renew.

They turn’d; and, as they fronted undismay’d,
The Greeks at once their course of slaughter staid;
Staid, for they deem’d, when Troy renew’d the fight,
A god had fill’d them with celestial might.

Then Hector to his battle loud exclaim’d:—
‘ Brave Trojans! Ye allies! far-call’d, far-famed,
‘ Be men: your ancient fortitude recall:
‘ Stand, while I speed to Ilion’s sacred wall,
‘ There bid our wives adore the powers divine,
‘ And load with hecatombs each fragrant shrine.’

Thus Hector spake, and from their firm array
To Ilion's sacred city bent his way ;
Around him, passing from the battle-field,
Cast the circumference of his bossy shield,
Whose sable border, as he forward sprung,
Clash'd on his neck, and on his ankles rung.

Now Glaucus' spirit and Tydides' rage
Rush'd in the van infuriate to engage ;
But ere they clash'd in arms, stroke threat'ning stroke,
Foremost the son of Tydeus silence broke :—

‘ Who art thou, bravest Chief? now first beheld ;
‘ Thou by no son of mortal mould excell'd ;
‘ Thou whose stern confidence, thus rashly shown,
‘ The vengeance of my spear confronts alone.
‘ Ill-fated are the sires whose offspring dare
‘ The measure of their force with mine compare.
‘ But, if descending from Jove's bright abode,
‘ Thou tread'st on earth, I strive not 'gainst a god.
‘ Lycurgus, Dryas' son, of mortal birth,
‘ Who warr'd against the gods, soon pass'd from earth.
‘ Madman ! who chased through Nyssa's sacred grove
‘ Those who o'er Bacchus hung with nurturing love.
‘ They, all at once, each thyrsus on the ground
‘ Cast, as Lycurgus' ox-goad dealt the wound.

‘ Nor less alarm’d, the God, with headlong leap,
‘ Fled from his rage, and plunged beneath the deep,
‘ Where in her bosom Thetis shelter gave,
‘ And hid his terror in her inmost cave.
‘ But the dire hate of heaven, and vengeful Jove,
‘ Doom’d him in sightless wretchedness to rove—
‘ Not long: so swift the stroke of vengeance burst
‘ On his proud brow, by men and gods accursed.
‘ If then a god thou art, I shun thy might:
‘ If mortal, now come forth to mortal fight.
‘ Come; and if aught of earth sustain thy breath,
‘ This arm now hurls thee to the gates of death.’

He spake; and Glaucus answer’d:—‘ Why inquire
‘ Whence, from what race I sprung, and who my sire?
‘ Men, like the leaves that flourish and decay,
‘ Race after race, come forth, and die away.
‘ Autumnal gales here strow with leaves the plain,
‘ There Spring’s soft breath new-robes the branch again.
‘ Not otherwise mankind comes forth, and dies,
‘ And a succeeding race the past supplies.
‘ But, since thy wish, brave Chief! my lineage hear,
‘ The far-famed race that distant realms revere.
‘ In Argos’ depth proud Ephyra towers, of old
‘ By sway of craftiest Sisyphus control’d,

‘ Sire of brave Glaucus, from whose blest embrace
‘ The famed Bellerophon derived his race :
‘ He, in whose favour’d birth the Gods combined
‘ All grace of person and all gifts of mind.
‘ Yet him, stern Prætus, to whose high command
‘ Jove gave the sceptre of the Argive land,
‘ Drove, through fell malice, in disastrous hour,
‘ Far from his native seat, from Ephyræ’s tower.
‘ Fain had Anteia, madden’d by his charms,
‘ Clasp’d the fair youth in her adult’rous arms ;
‘ But, tho’ by all that tempts the heart, assail’d,
‘ Bellerophon’s chaste mind o’er all prevail’d.
‘ Scorn’d by the youth, Anteia sought her lord,
‘ And fired to vengeance by her fraudulent word :—
‘ Die—or Bellerophon, the tempter, slay,
‘ Who fain had lured me from thine arms away.—
‘ Rage seized his soul, yet his reluctant mind
‘ Dared not the murder by her guile design’d ;
‘ But bade the youth to Lycia’s realm repair,
‘ And death’s seal’d letters in his tablet bear,
‘ And there, presenting to Anteia’s sire,
‘ Beneath the father’s righteous rage expire.
‘ The youth, unconscious of that fell intent—
‘ The Gods his guides—to Lycia safely went ;
‘ Reach’d the fair realm where silver Xanthus flow’d,
‘ And revell’d in the monarch’s glad abode.

‘ Nine days entire the banquet hail’d its guest,
‘ And nine selected bullocks graced the feast ;
‘ The tenth, the King the tablet’s fold unseal’d,
‘ And ponder’d on the horror it reveal’d ;—
‘ Then bade the youth the desperate conflict wage,
‘ And slay the roused Chimæra in her rage :
‘ No brood of earth, but of celestial kind,
‘ A lion front, a serpent train behind ;
‘ In midst a she-goat, whose pestiferous breath
‘ Wide spread, thro’ flakes of fire, consuming death.
‘ He went, and slew the pest by heavenly aid,
‘ And the just Gods his trust in heaven repaid.
‘ Again he bade the youth in daring fight
‘ Engage the Solymi’s unequall’d might :
‘ Again he warr’d, again the victory gain’d
‘ O’er Amazons with blood of man distain’d.
‘ The King, in rage, impatient for his prey,
‘ Set death’s dark snares on his returning way.
‘ His chosen youths in ambush on the plain
‘ Couch’d, but none homeward back return’d again.
‘ By such clear signs, such gifts divinely given,
‘ The King confess’d him born a son of heaven ;
‘ Gave him his daughter’s charms his heart to gain,
‘ And half the sceptre of his wide domain.
‘ Nor less the Lycians gave : their richest fields—
‘ All that the vine or golden harvest yields.

‘ Hippolochus, Isander, bless’d their love,
‘ And fair Laodameia, spoused of Jove :
‘ From Jove’s embrace divine Sarpedon sprung,
‘ Hail’d like a god earth’s mortal sons among.
‘ But when Bellerophon, for crimes unknown,
‘ Roam’d, scorn’d of heaven, the Aleian wastes, alone,
‘ And far from man, and friendship’s kind relief,
‘ Consumed his heart in hopelessness of grief,
‘ Mars slew Isander, as in daring fight
‘ He met the Solymi’s unequall’d might ;
‘ And gold-rein’d Dian, from the light of day
‘ Untimely reft the spouse of Jove away :
‘ Hence sprung my race ;—Hippolochus, my sire,
‘ Bade me for Ilion fame in arms acquire ;
‘ Far o’er the rest surpassing glory gain,
‘ Ancestral honours by my own sustain ;
‘ Proud Lycia’s fame with added fame adorn :
‘ Such sires I boast :—for glory Glaucus born.’

He spake : and Diomed rejoiced to hear ;
And answering, fix’d in earth his battle-spear :

‘ Hail, my ancestral guest :—as friends we meet ;
‘ So wont Bellerophon and Æneus greet.
‘ Twice ten whole days, by social pleasure chain’d,
‘ Æneus the good Bellerophon detain’d ;

‘ And each, at parting, gave a gift to prove
‘ In other times their interchange of love :
‘ Ceneus, a belt, where purple broidery glow’d :
‘ His guest, a massive bowl, all gold, bestow’d.
‘ I left that goblet in my guarded dome,
‘ When glory beckon’d each brave chief from home.
‘ But Tydeus I ne’er view’d—Thebes saw his death,
‘ While yet, a cradled child, I drew my breath.
‘ Hence thou in Argos art my bidden guest,
‘ And I, if e’er in Lycia, claim thy feast.
‘ Let us, the while, each other’s spears decline
‘ In single combat, or in serried line.
‘ Of Troy, and Troy’s allies, enough remains,
‘ What a god gives me, or my swiftness gains.
‘ Thou, where thou canst, of Greece fell vengeance take,
‘ Enough remains thy thirst of blood to slake.
‘ Now, be our arms exchanged—so pledge, so prove
‘ Our friendship rooted in ancestral love.’

They spake, and, from their cars down-springing,
join’d

Hand pledged to hand, as heart with heart combined :
Then, as his barter’d gift the Lycian brought,
’Twas Jove himself confused his errant thought,
Made him in blind exchange his arms resign,
His gold for brass, the hundred beeves for nine.

When Hector, now no more by war delay'd,
Had gain'd the Scæan gate and beechen shade,
Troy's wives, Troy's daughters, girt him, throng on
throng,
Sire, Husband, Brother, trembling on their tongue.
He view'd, and, pitying, bade them heaven implore
To ward the woe dark-gathering, more and more.

But when the Hero came where, broadly-based,
Majestic porticos the palace graced ;
Where fifty chambers, all of polish'd stone,
Each join'd to each, in beauteous order shone ;
Where the brave race that Priam's wedlock bless'd
Each with his beauteous wife found peaceful rest ;
And 'neath the opposed roofs, one after one,
Twelve chambers of his daughters beam'd in stone ;
Where, in the circuit of that court enclosed,
With their chaste wives, their wedded lords reposed ;
There his kind mother, passing on her way,
Where fair Laodice's bright chamber lay,
Met her brave son, and, clasping to her breast,
Hung on his hand, and fondly thus address'd :—

‘ Why has my Hector left the field of fight ?
‘ Has Greece around these walls worn down thy might ?

‘ Or art thou come with wistful heart once more
‘ Jove on Troy’s sacred summit to adore ?
‘ Stay till I bring thee here delightful wine,
‘ To hail great Jove and all the powers divine ;
‘ Wine, to war’s wearied Chief refreshing found,
‘ Such as thou art—sole guard of all around.’

‘ Not now—thou most revered ’—the chief replied—
‘ Not now, for me, the nectar bowl provide,
‘ Lest my strength melt away, dissolved by wine,
‘ And these uncleansed hands profane the shrine.
‘ Not so the votaries to the gods repair,
‘ And stretch their blood-stain’d arms to Jove in prayer.
‘ But thou call forth the matrons, lead the train,
‘ And with rich incense greet Minerva’s fane,
‘ And spread the veil most prized of all thy store,
‘ The finest, fullest web her knees before,
‘ And vow twelve bulls, all yearlings, all unbroke,
‘ Shall, hallow’d victims, on her altar smoke,
‘ If the consenting goddess, at thy prayer,
‘ Troy, and her wives, and speechless infants spare,
‘ And from the walls of Ilion turn afar
‘ The fury of Tydides, lord of war—
‘ So hail the goddess : while my course I bend,
‘ To learn if Paris at my call attend.

‘ O, that now earth would cleave, and close his tomb !
‘ So dreadful o’er us lowers the impending doom ;
‘ So on his brow, to Troy, her king, and race,
‘ Great Jove has grav’d a curse and deep disgrace.
‘ Yet might I see him to the earth descend,
‘ That sight would all my soul’s deep woe suspend.’

He spake, the Queen return’d, and bade her train
Call forth the matrons to Minerva’s fane,
Then to her fragrant wardrobe bent her way,
Where her rich veils in beauteous order lay :
Webs by Sidonian virgins finely wrought,
From Sidon’s woofs, by youthful Paris brought,
When o’er the boundless main the adulterer led
Fair Helen from her home and nuptial bed.
From these she chose the fullest, fairest far,
With broidery bright, and blazing as a star,
Drew forth the radiant veil long hid from day,
Then led the matrons on their solemn way.

Now, when they came, where, based on Ilion’s height,
Minerva’s stately temple soar’d in sight,
The fair Theano, brave Antenor’s bride,
O’er Pallas’ fane selected to preside,
The portal to their entrance widely flung,
While to their cries the dome responsive rung :

Each hand was raised, each voice bade Pallas hail,
When fair Theano took the radiant veil,
Spread on Minerva's knees, devoutly pray'd,
And, supplicating, thus implored her aid :

‘ Supreme of Goddesses ! Troy's guardian, hear !
‘ Break into shivers, break Tydides' spear,
‘ Prone strike him lifeless, let the slaughterer fall
‘ Beneath our sight, before the Scæan wall.
‘ Twelve yearling beeves, whose neck ne'er felt the yoke,
‘ Now, hallow'd victims, on thy altar smoke,
‘ So thou consent, and at thy votaries' prayer,
‘ Troy, and her wives, and helpless infants spare.’

But Pallas heard not, as Theano pray'd,
Nor listen'd to the vows the matrons made.
Hector, meantime, impatient of delay,
To Alexander's palace sped his way,
Plann'd by his taste, and by his wealth array'd,
Where all their art Troy's craftiest sons display'd.
Nigh Priam's site, and Hector's proudly based,
Dome, chamber, hall, that stately fabric graced.
There, Hector, entering, poised with easy hand
A lance, whose length eleven cubits spann'd ;
Bright its brass point, and brightly round it roll'd
The ring that clasp'd the shaft with rim of gold.

He found the youth, where, far from war's alarms,
He polish'd o'er and o'er his brilliant arms,
Gave his bright shield, and breast-plate, brighter glow,
And smooth'd the graceful curve that shaped his bow ;
While Argive Helen her train'd handmaids taught
To weave the image by her fancy wrought.
Hector beheld, and by just anger moved,
With words of bitter taunt the chief reproved :

‘ Why here thus brood—to sullen wrath a prey !
‘ The Greeks round Ilion’s walls her guardians slay.
‘ Greece, for thy guilt, devoted Troy o’erturns,
‘ For thee the warrior bleeds, the battle burns.
‘ Come forth, lest Ilion in her dust entomb’d,
‘ Fall by exterminating fire consumed.’

‘ Since not unjustly,’—Paris, answering, said—
‘ Thy bitter words a brother thus upbraid ;
‘ Learn, not indulging woe, nor feeding rage,
‘ I stay, while Troy and Greece fell conflict wage :
‘ Learn, that my bride’s soft prayer would fain persuade
‘ Her Paris, nothing loth, the fight to aid :
‘ For wavering victory wanders to and fro,
‘ And oft uplifting, wreathes the prostrate brow.
‘ Wait, while my arms I brace : or, thou precede :
‘ Not long thy forward step shall vainly lead.’

Hector replied not, when, with heaving breast
And soothing speech, him Helen thus address'd :—

‘ My brother!—hear me, Ilion’s curse and scorn!—
‘ O that the hour, which saw my natal morn,
‘ Had seen me whirling in the tempest’s blast,
‘ On the wide ocean or bleak mountain cast,
‘ That I had perish’d there, without a name,
‘ Ere witness’d deeds that brand my front with shame!
‘ But—since the gods thus doom’d it, O that heaven
‘ Had to these arms a braver chieftain given;
‘ One who had heart to feel, and shame to hear
‘ The killing words that thrill his soul with fear.
‘ But Paris, now, and aye, to reason blind,
‘ Must reap the harvest of a wavering mind.
‘ Yet, here, my brother, on this couch repose,
‘ Here loose awhile the yoke of galling woes:
‘ Woes that on thee the crime of Helen draws,
‘ And Paris, traitor to Jove’s holiest laws;
‘ We, whose recorded guilt all men among
‘ Shall pass from age to age in deathless song’—

‘ Kind as thou art,’ illustrious Hector said,
‘ Urge not my stay: nor temptingly persuade.

‘ Onward I speed to front the desperate fight,
‘ And succour Troy that claims her Hector’s might.
‘ Thou Paris urge ;—Let Paris rouse to fame,
‘ And join me, while these walls my presence claim.
‘ Home now I haste, revisiting in Troy
‘ My wife, my household, and my infant boy,
‘ Whom—now foredoom’d to bleed on Phrygia’s shore,
‘ Haply their Hector shall behold no more.’

Thus Hector said, nor longer there remain’d,
But with swift foot his stately palace gain’d :
Yet—haply—found not there, more loved than life,
Her, whom alone he sought, his beauteous wife.
She, with her babe and nurse, that mournful hour,
Watch’d, steep’d in tears, on Ilion’s topmost tower.
Then, at the threshold, hastening to depart,
‘ Where’—Hector cried !—‘ the wife of Hector’s heart ?
‘ Sought she some sister’s anguish to restrain,
‘ Or join’d the matrons at Minerva’s fane ?’

‘ None dares’—the guardian of his house replied—
‘ None dares, thus charged, the truth from Hector
hide.
‘ Not now a sister’s anguish to restrain,
‘ Nor with the matrons at Minerva’s fane,

‘ But, when ’twas widely bruited Troy had fled,
‘ And Grecia to these walls the battle led,
‘ Thy wife, where Ilion’s tower o’erlooks the fight,
‘ With her loved child and nurse flew wild with fright.’

Swift at the word, impatient of delay
Thro’ Troy’s proud streets the chief retraced his way :
And now arrived, where to the battle-plain
The Scæan gate recall’d his step again,
His rich-dower’d consort—from Eëtion sprung,
Who erst held sway Cilicia’s sons among,
And from far Thebes, and Hypoplacia’s grove,
Led the fair virgin to her Hector’s love,
Before him came, and, with her, came the maid
On whose fond breast their child was softly laid,
Their only child, and lovelier in their sight,
And fairer far than Hesper’s golden light.
From famed Scamander Hector named his boy,
But proudly call’d Astyanax by Troy,
In honour of his sire, whose single power
So oft had turn’d the host from Ilion’s tower.
But now the father, bending o’er his child,
Eyed him in silent joy, and sweetly smiled,
The while Andromache, dissolved in tears,
Hung on his hand, and pour’d forth all her fears :

‘ Too rash, thy boldness will thyself destroy :
‘ Thou dost not feel compassion for thy boy,
‘ Nor me, thy widow soon—the united force
‘ Of Greece will triumph o’er thy prostrate corse.
‘ Ah ! reft of thee, be mine the wish’d-for doom
‘ To lie insensate in the untimely tomb !
‘ Ah ! reft of thee, no hope, no solace mine,
‘ But grief slow wearing out life’s long decline.
‘ No mother waits me, no consoling sire,
‘ The hapless victim of Achilles’ ire.
‘ Ere from the sack of Thebes the chief withdrew,
‘ His ruthless rage my sire, Eëtion, slew,
‘ Yet fear’d to spoil, but honouring, on the pyre,
‘ Him, with his arms, consign’d to feed the fire ;
‘ Then heap’d on high the earth, whose funeral mound
‘ With planted elms the Jove-born Oreads crown’d.
‘ They, too, in one fleet day all breathless laid,
‘ Seven brothers sunk at once in Hades’ shade.
‘ These, ’mid their cattle, on the pasturing mead
‘ Achilles’ fury doom’d at once to bleed.
‘ And here the conqueror, ’mid his plunder’d store,
‘ From Hypoplacia’s groves my mother bore ;
‘ Then, richly ransom’d, back restored again,
‘ Too soon to perish, by Diana slain.
‘ Yet thou, my Hector ! thou art all, alone,
‘ Sire, mother, brethren, husband, all in one.

‘ In pity guard this tower, here shield thy life,
‘ Leave not an orphan child, a widow’d wife.
‘ There, by the fig-tree plant thy war array,
‘ Where, easiest of ascent, to Troy the way.
‘ Thrice have the boldest chiefs that spot assail’d,
‘ And thrice the efforts of the boldest fail’d :
‘ The Atridæ, either Ajax, ‘Tydeus’ son,
‘ And Crete’s fierce king there led their warriors on,
‘ Whether by seer forewarn’d, or martial art
‘ There mark’d out Ilion’s vulnerable part.’

‘ What moves thee, moves my mind,’ brave Hector
said,

‘ Yet Troy’s upbraiding scorn I deeply dread,
‘ If, like a slave, where chiefs with chiefs engage,
‘ The warrior Hector fears the war to wage.
‘ Not thus my heart inclines. Far rather far,
‘ First of Troy’s sons, I lead the van of war,
‘ Firm-fix’d, not Priam’s dignity alone
‘ And glory to uphold, but guard my own.
‘ I know the day draws nigh when Troy shall fall,
‘ When Priam and his nation perish, all ;
‘ Yet, less—forebodings of Troy’s ruined state,
‘ Of Hecuba’s and Priam’s hapless fate,
‘ Less grieve me, and that all the heroic band,
‘ My brethren, bathe with blood their native land,—

‘ Than thoughts of thee in tears, to Greece a prey,
‘ Dragg’d by the grasp of war in chains away,—
‘ Of thee a slave, beneath an Argive roof,
‘ Labouring reluctant the allotted woof,
‘ Or doom’d to draw from Hypereia’s cave,
‘ Or from Messeis’ fount, the measured wave :
‘ A voice will then be heard that thou must hear,—
‘ Seest thou yon captive, pouring tear on tear ;
‘ Lo ! Hector’s wife, the hero bravest far
‘ When Troy and Greece round Ilion clash’d in war—
‘ Then thou with keener anguish wilt deplore
‘ Him whose cold arm can free his wife no more.
‘ But, first, may earth o’er me her mound uprear,
‘ Ere I thy shriek when dragg’d to slavery hear.’

He spake, and stretch’d his arms, and onward press’d
To clasp his child, and fold him to his breast ;
The while the child, on whose o’erdazzled sight
The helm’s bright splendour flash’d too fierce a light,
And the thick horse-hair, as it wavy play’d
From the high helmet, cast its sweeping shade,
Scared at his father’s sight, bent back distress’d,
And shrieking, sunk upon his nurse’s breast.
The child’s vain fear their bitter woe beguiled,
And o’er the boy each parent sweetly smiled.

And Hector now the glittering helm unbraced,
And gently on the ground its terrouer placed,
Then kiss'd, and dandling with his infant play'd,
And to the gods and Jove devoutly pray'd :

‘ Jove ! and ye gods, vouchsafe that Hector’s boy,
‘ Another Hector, all surpass in Troy,
‘ Like me in strength pre-eminently tower,
‘ And guard the nation with his father’s power !
‘ Heard be a voice, where’er the warrior bends,—
‘ Behold the chieftain who his sire transcends :—
‘ And grant, that home returning, charged with spoil,
‘ His mother’s smile repay the hero’s toil.’

He spake, and gave, now soothed from vain alarms,
The lovely infant to his mother’s arms,
And the fond mother, as she laid to rest
The lovely infant on her fragrant breast,
Smiled in her tears, while Hector, as they fell,
Kiss’d her pale cheek, and soothed with fond farewell.

‘ Grieve not, my love, untimely ; ere the hour
‘ By fate predestined, dread no hostile power ;
‘ But—at the time ordain’d, the base, the brave,
‘ All pass alike within the allotted grave.

‘ Now, home retire ; thy charge, beneath our roof,
‘ To ply the distaff, and to weave the woof :
‘ To task thy maids, and guide their labour, thine ;
‘ The charge of war is man’s, and, chiefly, mine.’

He spake : then raised from earth, and firmly press’d
On his brave brow the helmet’s wavy crest.
She homeward went, and slow and sadly pass’d,
Oft turn’d, and turning wept, with woe o’ercast.
And now beneath her Hector’s proud abode,
Tears of deep grief from all around her flow’d,
One woe in all, while all alike deplored
In his own home, as dead, their living lord,
Who ne’er, they deem’d, escaped the battle-plain,
Would look on his loved wife and home again.

Nor Paris linger’d ; but in mail array’d,
Whose brilliant light the warrior’s pride display’d,
Rush’d thro’ the street.—As when a stall-fed steed,
Swift, as he snaps the cord, from bondage freed,
Strikes with resounding hoof the earth, and flies
Where spread before him the wide champaign lies ;
Seeks the remember’d haunts, on fire to lave
His glowing limbs, and dash amid the wave,
High rears his crest, and tossing in disdain,
Wide forer his shoulders spreads the stream of mane ;

And fierce in beauty, graceful in his speed,
Flies 'mid the steeds that wanton o'er the mead :
Not otherwise, from Troy's embattled height,
In pride of youth, in power of mailed might,
Exulting, on, impatient of delay,
Bright as the sun, young Paris sped his way
And Hector found, where tears of anguish fell,
When his loved consort heard his last farewell.

‘ Forgive,’ the youth exclaim’d, ‘ if, here detain’d,
‘ My loitering foot thy ardour has restrain’d.’

‘ All’—Hector answer’d—‘ All, who rightly deem,
‘ Thy dauntless heart and daring deeds esteem.
‘ Yet—tho’ thus brave, to indolence resign’d,
‘ Thou oft hast wilfully the war declined,
‘ And oft I mourn, when Ilion’s harass’d race,
‘ Doom’d for thy frenzy, heap on thee disgrace.
‘ But haste : these complaints shall cease, if favouring Jove
‘ Grant that our goblets hail the gods above,
‘ When Freedom o’er our hearth shall pledge the host
‘ Whose valour chased the Greeks from Phrygia’s
coast.’

THE SEVENTH BOOK

OF

THE ILIAD.

ARGUMENT.

The battle continues.—Hector challenges to single combat the bravest of the Greeks.—His combat with Ajax.—The armies agree on a truce, in order to bury the slain.—The Grecians defend their tents and ships by a fosse and embattled wall.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK VII.

THUS, breathing war, in mailed pride elate,
The brothers issued thro' the Scæan gate ;
And as, when heaven vouchsafes a favouring gale,
That woos the mariner to loose the sail,
When, 'mid the deep, long-labouring at the oar,
The exhausted crew their drooping strength deplore :
Not otherwise, sore harass'd and assail'd,
Troy's wearied warriors their arrival hail'd.
Menesthius first the rage of Paris felt,
Son of Areithous, who in Arne dwelt,
Sprung from the king whose club turn'd death aside,
And fair Philomeduse, his beauteous bride.
Beneath the helm, the lance by Hector cast,
Thro' brave Eioneus' neck resistless pass'd.
The Lycian chieftain, who his lineage drew
From famed Hippolochus, Iphinous slew ;

His shoulder pierced, and as the warrior leapt
On his fleet coursers, from the living swept.

But, from her heavenly throne when Pallas view'd
Beneath the sons of Troy her Greeks subdued,
The Goddess downward, from the Olympian height,
To consecrated Ilion wing'd her flight ;
By Phœbus not unseen, whose guardian power
O'er Troy held watch on Ilion's topmost tower :
Down flew the God, and by the beechen shade,
Thus, as they met, address'd the blue-eyed Maid :—

‘ Wherefore, again, dread progeny of Jove !
‘ Thou, in thy fury, rushest from above ?
‘ Must wavering victory on thy Greeks alight,
‘ And Troy's fell slaughter feast thy gladden'd sight ?
‘ Yet—wilt thou hear my voice—far better far,
‘ This day, at least, to silence death and war :
‘ Let war hereafter rage, till hopeless woe
‘ Glut thine and Juno's hate with Troy's o'erthrow.’

‘ I yield,’ Minerva spake, ‘ to thy request ;
‘ On like intent I left heaven's blissful rest :
‘ But how the violence of war compose,
‘ Calm the fell rage, and soothe such ruthless foes ?’

The son of Jove, Apollo, thus replied :

‘ Excite we Hector, swell his martial pride,
‘ His challenge shall provoke to single fight,
‘ All Greece defied—the mightiest of her might :
‘ Indignant Greece his challenge shall embrace,
‘ And Hector view his rival face to face.’

Thus they : and Priam’s son, with prescient mind,
Sage Helenus, the heavenly will divined,
And thus to Hector spake : ‘ Thou, wise as Jove,
‘ Hear the suggestion of fraternal love :
‘ Bid cease the war, and ’mid each army’s sight
‘ Challenge the bravest foe to single fight ;—
‘ Death shall not seize thee : thus, distinctly heard,
‘ Spake to my soul the God’s unchanging word.’

He spake : and Hector’s heart exultant glow’d ;
Lone, mid each host the stately hero strode,
Grasp’d in the midst his lance, his bands repress’d,
And Ilion’s battle sat in peaceful rest.
Then Agamemnon bade the host of Greece
Lie on their arms, and pause in transient peace.
The while, Apollo and the blue-eyed Maid
Their forms celestial in fierce birds array’d ;
Like vultures on the beech’s topmost height,
Hung o’er the war-throng’d plain with grim delight.

Wide gleam'd the dense-ranged hosts,—lance, helm,
and shield,

Rose horrent, bristling up the iron field :

And, as a shiver from the rising West

Comes dark'ning up the ocean's ruffled breast,

Thus, as each battle in its order lay,

A shudder rustled o'er the arm'd array :

Hector, in midst, proclaim'd—‘ Ye hosts, attend,

‘ The violence of war awhile suspend ;

‘ Jove sanctions not our league ; his ruthless doom

‘ Wills, that fresh misery should each host consume,

‘ Till Ilion fall, or vainly 'mid her fleet,

‘ From Troy's pursuing conquerors, Greece retreat.

‘ The bravest chiefs of Greece before me stand—

‘ The bravest chief of Greece I now demand.

‘ Let him, whose spirit burns for war, appear,

‘ And, thus defied, confront the Hectorean spear.

‘ My word I pledge : thou, Jove ! our words attest,—

‘ If Grecia's pointed lance pierce Hector's breast,

‘ Let the proud victor to his navy bear,

‘ Spoil of triumphant war, these arms I wear ;

‘ But yield my corse, that round their champion's
pyre

‘ Troy and the Trojan dames may feed the fire.

‘ But, if I conquer—if Apollo yield

‘ To Hector's lance the glory of the field,

‘ Mine be the spoil—the meed of victory mine,
‘ The trophy to suspend o’er Phœbus’ shrine.
‘ Then, as the mariner, in future time,
‘ Nigh yon broad ocean, points the mound sublime,
‘ His voice shall say—Yon tomb that towers on sight,
‘ Marks where a chief of old dared Hector’s might,
‘ And nobly died :—then ne’er shall Hector’s name
‘ Sink in the silence of forgotten fame.’

He spake : throughout the host none made reply :
Afraid to combat, yet ashamed to fly.
At length, indignant, Menelaus rose,
And, scornful, thus pour’d forth his bosom’d woes :—

‘ Ye women-hearted ! men alone in name ;
‘ O dire disgrace ; inexpiable shame !
‘ If none advance, by Hector thus defied ;
‘ No Grecian warrior feel a warrior’s pride !
‘ Ye, dust of earth, ye dew-drops of the morn,
‘ Fall in your fear, proud Ilion’s laugh and scorn :
‘ I will confront him, and Almighty Jove
‘ Send down at will the victory from above !’

He spake, and grasp’d his arms : and thee, that day,
Too daring chief, had hurl’d to death a prey ;

Seen thee, beneath great Hector's mightier hand,
Slain and despoil'd on Phrygia's hostile strand;
But Hellas' kings thy rash resolve withstood,
And staid the chief, too prodigal of blood;
And by fraternal love Atrides moved,
Hung on his hand, and kindly thus reproved:—

‘ Stay, tho’ reluctant, nor thus, rashly blind,
‘ Yield to the impulse of a raging mind :
‘ Seek not that matchless foe, nor poise thy spear
‘ Against that arm which fills our host with fear.
‘ Pelides’ self, whose strength o’erpowers thy might,
‘ Not without terror fronts the Hectorean fight.
‘ Now ’mid the ranks retire, resume thy seat,
‘ Greece shall a champion arm this chief to meet :
‘ And this stern hero, inexhaust in ire,
‘ Shall bend his knee, and needful rest require,
‘ If flight can save him, when the hostile spear
‘ Quails his brave heart, and turns his war career.’

Such words, so utter'd, potent to persuade,
The indignant spirit of the chief allay'd.
His followers joy'd, his corselet's weight unbound,
While Nestor spake the Argives gather'd round.

‘ O ye celestial Powers ! what depth of woe
‘ Will from this day the Achæan realms o’erflow ?
‘ How will hoar Peleus, whose experienced sway
‘ And wisdom bid his Myrmidons obey,—
‘ How will he deeply groan, whose wistful ear
‘ Ceased not the history of our force to hear,
‘ And still inquiring, gloried when I told
‘ Of the brave race of Sires renown’d of old !—
‘ What shame will mingle with the indignant tear,
‘ Heard, that all Hellas fled the Hectorean spear.
‘ How will his hands be raised, how pour’d his prayer,
‘ In Hades to entomb his deep despair !
‘ Jove, Pallas, Phœbus ! O again restore,
‘ Give me again my strength in days of yore,
‘ When by swift Celadon’s ensanguined coast
‘ The Pylian army, and the Arcadian host,
‘ Nigh Jordan met, and as they clash’d in arms
‘ The Pheian bulwarks shook with war-alarms.
‘ There, in the van-ward Ereuthalion raged,
‘ And in Areithous’ arms the battle waged.
‘ Divine Areithous, whom, in war far-famed,
‘ Men and robed damsels Corynetes named :
‘ For not his dart, nor lance that wounds afar,
‘ But mace of iron crush’d the ranks of war.
‘ Yet—where no iron mace the chief could save,
‘ And the wing’d spear the sudden death-wound gave,

‘ Him, in a narrow pass, Lycurgus slew,
‘ And from his corse the gift of Mars withdrew.
‘ Such were the arms, that now, by age oppress’d,
‘ Lycurgus braced on Ereuthalion’s breast.
‘ Thus arm’d, the chief stepp’d forth : all heard his boast,
‘ His proud defiance of our challenged host.
‘ Deep terrour fell on all : none dared appear :
‘ None : till I rose in youth’s audacious year,
‘ I, latest born, and in life’s prime and pride,
‘ Fronted the chief, who on his strength relied.
‘ We fought : Minerva’s aid my courage crown’d,
‘ The burly champion, staggering, felt the wound,
‘ Fell at my feet in all his pride of strength,
‘ And here and there stretch’d his gigantic length.
‘ O that youth’s dauntless force were mine again,
‘ To front that Trojan on the challenged plain !
‘ But ye, the prime and glory of our host,
‘ Shrink back, and tremble at the Hectorean boast.’

Then, ere yet silenced Nestor’s scornful tongue,
Nine heroes, leaders of the host, upsprung,
Foremost, the king of kings, then Tydeus’ son,
Then either Ajax came undaunted on,
Then bold Idomeneus, and, robed with might,
Meriones, like Mars in van of fight,

Next, fierce Eurypylus, his soul on flame,
Then bold Andræmon's heir, young Thoas, came,
Nor fail'd Ulysses—one resolve in all,
To answer with their lives proud Hector's call.

Girt with the heroes, Nestor proudly cried :
' Now favouring fortune shall the lot decide.
' He whom chance calls,—if scaped the Hectorean
lance,—
' Shall Grecia's glory and his own advance.'

He spake : each mark'd his lot, and hid from view
In the deep helm of Agamemnon threw.

Meantime, the people prayed, their hands upraised,
And, invoking heaven, sublimely gazed :

' Jove ! be, by Ajax, or great Tydeus' son,
' Or rich Mycene's king, the honour won.'

And Nestor shook the helm : out foremost came
The wish'd-for lot that honour'd Ajax's name—
The herald to the host the sign display'd,
Then to each chief from right to left convey'd :
They knew it not : but when to Ajax shown,
By him, the mark he made, at once was known.

His arm outstretch'd betray'd his keen desire,
And seized the lot that fed the heroic fire ;
Then, at his feet, cast proudly on the ground,
And thus exultant spake the warriors round :

‘ Mine, mine the lot : I feel my spirit glow :
‘ This lance shall lay the haughty Hector low.
‘ Ye ! while I arm, to Jove your hands uprear :
‘ Pray—yet in silence, lest a Trojan hear—
‘ In silence !—no—aloud—no hostile force
‘ Shall turn back Ajax from his forward course.
‘ I am not new to battle, rude in arms :
‘ I march'd to manhood amid war's alarms ;
‘ A hero train'd me, and my natal morn
‘ Beheld at Salamis a hero born.’

He spake—to Jove the host their prayer preferr'd,
And one, the voice of all, by all was heard :

‘ Jove ! thou who reign'st from Ida, God supreme !
‘ Great victory and renown on Ajax beam,
‘ Or, if thou watch o'er Hector's glory, deign
‘ That either chief like strength and fame obtain.’

Ajax, the while, in burnish'd arms array'd,
The splendour of his panoply display'd,—

And, issuing to the challenged combat, glow'd
As, mail'd in might, goes forth the exultant god,
When, 'mid the press of war, at Jove's command
Mars stalks in blood, and prostrates band on band :
Thus, Telamonian Ajax, Hellas' tower,
In fullness of the glory of his power,
High strode, and shook the earth at each advance,
And, grimly smiling, waved his length of lance.
Greece joyful view'd, while that tremendous sight
All Troy appall'd, and shook her sons with fright.
E'en Hector felt his wavering heart-pulse beat,
Fear'd, yet disdain'd ignobly to retreat,
And shrink behind the host, who lately heard
His daring challenge, and defying word.

Ajax drew near, and like a turret bore
His shield, with seven bull-hides thick-coated o'er,
The work of Tychius, who in Hyla bred,
His matchless skill o'er earth's wide limits spread.
Seven folds of mightiest bulls the buckler made,
A plate of solid brass its orb o'erlaid :
The hero bore its weight before his breast,
Stood nigh, and, threat'ning Hector, thus address'd :

' Hector, thou, sole with sole, shalt clearly know
' What chieftains Greece sends forth to quell her foe,

‘ Tho’ the war-breaker, tho’ the lion-heart,
‘ The Son of Peleus, brood from all apart,
‘ Brood in his fleet, nor deign the battle wage,
‘ But ’gainst Atrides feed revengeful rage :
‘ Yet men, like me, not few, thy force defy :
‘ No more ; begin the fight, o’ercome, or die.’

Brave Hector answer’d :—‘ Chief, of birth divine,
‘ Glory of Telamon’s heroic line,
‘ Thou here confront’st no stripling rude in arms,
‘ No feeble woman scared at war-alarms ;
‘ This arm, long wont, can render blow for blow,
‘ This eye has seen the field with blood o’erflow.
‘ I know to right and left to ward, and wield
‘ The untired burden of the battle shield :
‘ On foot to time the measured march of war,
‘ Vault on the steeds, and wind at will the car ;
‘ Yet would I not, by subtlety of art,
‘ Against an Ajax speed an ambush’d dart ;
‘ But here, in sight of all, in open space,
‘ Hector confronts thy prowess, face to face.’

He spoke : and, raised aloft, his javelin whirl’d,
And on the hero’s breast its burden hurl’d ;
It smote the massive shield, and, forceful cast,
Thro’ the brass orb and hides six-folded pass’d,

There hung.—Then Ajax, with gigantic strength,
'Gainst Hector lanch'd his spear's dark-shadowing length,
On thro' his shield it flew, not there to rest,
But pierced the brazen plate that mail'd his breast,
And now, while nigh his flank, the impatient dart,
That rent his tunic, long'd to touch his heart,
From its full force the inclining chief withdrew,
And turn'd aside the death that met his view.
They pluck'd their lances forth, and rush'd in rage
In closer contest, maddening to engage,
Fierce as the infuriate boar, or wild for food
The lion roaring for the feast of blood.
First Hector smote the boss: its brass unbroke
Turn'd, blunting, back, the ineffectual stroke.
But Ajax upward sprung, and dealt the blow,
That pierced the buckler, and confused his foe,
Cut, on its glancing flight, his neck, and drew
The blood that from the wound dark-welling flew.
Hector stepp'd back, unyielding, and where lay
A stone, black, rough, immense, athwart his way,
Grasp'd with strong hand, and heaving from the field,
Lanch'd its destruction on the seven-fold shield;
Struck on the central boss that far around
Spread the vibrations of its brazen sound.
Then Ajax, straining each swoln muscle, whirl'd
A rock's huge fragment, and on Hector hurl'd,

Shatter'd the hero's shield, his knees unstrung,
And him on earth upon his buckler flung.
But Phœbus raised him—and, as sank the day,
Their falchions, hand to hand, had closed the fray,
Had not the heralds, to whose office given
High charge administ'ring 'twixt earth and heaven,
The heralds, by each host alike revered,
Talthybius and Idæus interfered,
And mid the chiefs their hallow'd sceptres held,
While thus Idæus' word their rage repell'd :

‘ Cease, sons beloved, the strife of arms give o'er,
‘ Cease, dear alike to Jove : contend no more.
‘ All know, all praise your powers :—Yet, quit the field :
‘ Night comes, to Night's advance, brave warriors,
yield.’

Ajax replied :—‘ Bid Hector speak that word,
‘ First from his lip the voice of peace be heard.
‘ His challenge all provoked.—Bid Hector say,
‘ Cease we the fight, then Ajax will obey.’

‘ Ajax, since heaven to thee,’ brave Hector cried—
‘ Gave courage, strength, and wisdom, war to guide ;
‘ Since, in thy grasp, that lance, more powerful far
‘ Than all the Greeks, can break the ranks of war :

‘ Yet, hero ! not the less relax thy might,
‘ And cease, at least this day, from further fight.
‘ Another day, as fate decides the doom,
‘ Our contest ends in victory or the tomb.
‘ The hour of rest now bids us quit the field,
‘ Night warns us back, to night’s kind warning yield—
‘ So shalt thou gladden all the Grecian fleet,
‘ And thee, thy friends and joyful comrades greet.
‘ I, too, thro’ Priam’s Troy shall spread delight,
‘ Men and robed matrons welcoming my sight,
‘ All who now suppliant in the hallow’d dome
‘ The gods invoke, and call their Hector home :—
‘ Yet, let great gifts the mutual awe reveal,
‘ That for each other’s fame high warriors feel :
‘ That Troy and Greece to future times record,
‘ How Friendship sheathed, when Glory drew, the
 sword.’

He spake : and gave a silver-handled blade,
Bright-sheathed, and baldrick with gemm’d stars inlaid.
And Ajax gave, as foe to generous foe,
A baldric radiant with purpureal glow.
Each went his way. This sought his Greeks again :
That, back returning, pass’d o’er Ilion’s plain.
And Ilion triumph’d, as her people view’d
Their chief alive, by Ajax unsubdued,

And wonder'd, as they led, in trance of joy,
Him, safe, unhoped for, thro' exulting Troy.

But the arm'd Greeks, exultant in his might,
Led Ajax glorying from victorious fight,
Led to Atrides' tent, whose solemn feast
To Jove Saturnian, graced his honour'd guest.
A chosen bull, five year'd, they slew, they flay'd,
Carved, and minutely quartering, piece-meal laid,
Then fitly roasting, from the spits withdrew,
And spread—when ceased that toil—the feast to view.
There, as the banquet each brave chief regaled,
Nor ought of wine, and equal viands fail'd,
The king of men exulted to assign
Entire to Ajax the allotted chine.
But when the banquet ceased, their ardour o'er,
And thirst and hunger satiate craved no more,
The sage, whose wisdom oft avail'd the rest,
Aged Nestor, thus the listening chiefs address'd :

‘ Atrides, and ye lords of Hellas’ host,
‘ Lo! how our warriors strow with death the coast,
‘ Their blood empurples swoln Scamander’s flow,
‘ And Fate resistless sends their souls below :
‘ Then, be it ours, next morn, from dawn of light
‘ To leave, unvex’d with war, the field of fight,

‘ But with our mules and oxen wheel away
‘ Corse heap’d on corse, and nigh the fleet convey ;
‘ There burn the dead, whose bones, at our return,
‘ Shall greet the child who clasps his father’s urn.
‘ And be it ours to pile their pyre around
‘ Earth cast on earth, to all one funeral mound ;
‘ And nigh it build huge towers to awe our foes,
‘ Fence to our fleet, and to our tents repose :
‘ Thro’ whose firm structured gates, in war-array,
‘ Our cars may wheel along the equestrian way :
‘ There delve, without, a circling fosse profound,
‘ To shield from horse and foot the guarded ground,
‘ That never Troy, in battle’s fiercest hour,
‘ Dare pass that fosse profound, and storm the tower.’

He spake, and all approved—But stern debate
Confused the council that in Ilion sate,
At Priam’s gate, on Troy’s embattled crest,
Where wise Antenor thus the chiefs address’d :

‘ Ye Trojans, Dardans, and ye leagued allies,
‘ Hear what my spirit prompts, my words advise :
‘ Now let the Atridæ, now, without delay,
‘ Bear Helen, and her wealth, from Troy away.
‘ Hope we, thus perjured, to withstand the foe ?
‘ Restore her or await severer woe.’

He spake : and Helen's youthful consort rose,
And dared, with scornful words, the chief oppose :
' Ill suits my ear thy speech—Far other word
' Be from Antenor's lip more grateful heard.
' Speak'st thou deliberate thus ?—such senseless sounds
' Betray that heaven thy erring mind confounds.
' The host shall hear my word—I, never more,
' Hear, all, my word, my beauteous bride restore.
' Wish they for wealth ? let Greece her wealth regain :
' Yea—more—the treasures that my stores contain.'

He spake, when skill'd their passions to compose,
A god in wisdom, reverend Priam rose :
' Ye Trojans, Dardans, and ye leagued allies,
' Hear what my spirit prompts, my words advise :
' Now feast, as wont, your hosts : yet strictly guard
' Each his allotted post, there watch and ward :
' At dawn, Idæus to the station'd bay
' And Hellas' fleet shall pass in peace his way,
' And to the leaders of the Greeks propose
' The terms of Paris, author of our woes ;
' And say, let war awhile suspend its ire,
' That each may burn the dead, and raise their pyre.
' Then war, perpetual war, till fate decide,
' And heaven to conquest either battle guide.'

At dawn, Idæus reach'd the fleet, and found
The council gather'd Agamemnon round.

‘ Atridæ ! and ye chiefs,’ he cried, ‘ give ear !
‘ In me the voice of Troy and Priam hear.
‘ O may they favour find, the terms I bear,
‘ The terms of Paris, author of the war :
‘ The wealth that once his fleet to Ilion bore,—
‘ Would death had seized him ere yet reach'd our
 shore !—
‘ All, all he wills, that Greece once more regain,
‘ And added treasures that his stores contain.
‘ But, tho’ by Troy sore urged, the youth no more
‘ Will Menelaus’ beauteous bride restore.
‘ This too consent, that war suspend its ire,
‘ That each may burn the dead, and raise their pyre.
‘ Then war, perpetual war, till fate decide,
‘ And heaven to conquest either battle guide.’

They heard, and stilly sat, none silence broke,
Till thus at last the son of Tydeus spoke :

‘ Let none his wealth receive,’ the hero cried,
‘ No, nor, were such the terms, that faithless bride ;
‘ A child might tell their doom : proud Ilion’s fall :
‘ And call down ruin on her tottering wall.’

A shout of transport burst from every breast,
And thus their king the voice of all express'd :

‘ Herald, be that thy answer : thou hast heard,
‘ And Agamemnon ratifies the word.
‘ But, to collect the dead, to feed the flame,
‘ I envy not that tribute due to fame.
‘ Haste, soothe the warrior with his last reward,
‘ And Jove, who hears my word, its sanction guard.’

He spake, and raised to heaven his sceptred hand.
Then swift Idæus left the ocean strand, .
And Ilion sought, where yet the council sate,
And waited from his lips the word of fate.—
He came, and at his word, all onward sped,
These, to collect the wood ; those, bear the dead.
Like labour Hellas urged. All left the main :
And these, the wood collected ; those, the slain.

When first from ocean’s softly flowing bed,
The sun had o’er the meads bright lustre shed,
The Greeks and Trojans mingled on the plain,
Where scarce the mourners recognised the slain,
While from their wounds they cleansed the blood of war,
And, weeping o’er their bodies, piled the car.

Priam forbade lament : no word betray'd
Their grief who on the pyre the bodies laid :
And when the flame had all to ashes burn'd,
To Ilion's sacred walls her sons return'd.—
Not otherwise the Greeks : the secret tear
Flow'd as they heap'd the bodies on the bier :
And when the flame had all consumed, again
Pass'd to their stations, near the sounding main.
Ere dawn of day, while night's pale shadow spread,
A chosen band of Grecians girt the dead,
There the vast mound upraised, one tomb for all,
And nigh that mound built up a massive wall,
And girt its crest with many a lofty tower,
Guard of their camp and fleet in adverse hour :
And with strong gates secured, to close, or yield
Free passage when the war-car claim'd the field,
And by it delved a fosse, large, broad, profound,
And fenced with bristling palisades the ground.

Thus Hellas labour'd, while the gods above,
Throned in the starry realm of thund'ring Jove,
Look'd down, and, wondering, on the structure gazed,
When thus his voice indignant Neptune raised :

‘ And breathes there yet on earth's wide-peopled
space,
‘ One who, henceforth, will hail our heavenly race ?

‘ View’st thou yon wall that guards the fleet around ?
‘ View’st thou the breadth of yon vast fosse profound ?
‘ While on our altars none have offerings laid,
‘ No votive hecatombs implored our aid.
‘ Far as the light spreads forth from east to west,
‘ On man’s amazing work shall glory rest,
‘ While mine and Phœbus’ walls sink down unknown,
‘ All that gods labour’d for Laomedon.’

‘ What hast thou utter’d ? ’—Jove indignant spake—
‘ Thou whose vast strength can earth’s foundations
 shake—
‘ Such feebleness of fear, so weak a word,
‘ Heaven from some meaner god had haply heard.
‘ Far as the light spreads out from east to west,
‘ Neptune, on thee shall endless glory rest.
‘ Arise, and when the Grecian host once more
‘ From Ilion sail, and greet their native shore,
‘ Break down the wall, and with resistless sweep
‘ Whelm it beneath the unfathomable deep :
‘ Then all that spacious coast with sand o’erlay :
‘ So shall proud Hellas’ labour pass away.’

While thus they spake, at setting of the sun
Greece sought repose, her work of wonder done.

They slew the bullocks, and the feast prepared,
And in their separate tents the banquet shared.
Meanwhile, ships charged with wine, from Lemnos
 fraught,

To Phrygia's shore their grateful burden brought,
Sent by Euneus, Jason's blooming heir,
Whom chaste Hypsipyle to Jason bare.
His fleet, apart, for their peculiar store
A thousand measures to the Atridæ bore,
The rest Greece purchased, and, exchanging, gave
Brass and bright steel, the hide, the bull, the slave.
All night Greece revell'd : and, all night, at Troy,
Her sons, and their allies, dissolved in joy.
But—all that night, Jove, meditating woe,
Rock'd with presaging thunder earth below.
Fear blanch'd each cheek, and from each trembling hand
The goblet fell, and bathed with wine the land :
None drank—none dared—till poured to highest Jove.—
Then sleep shed down her blessing from above.

THE EIGHTH BOOK

OF

THE ILIAD.

ARGUMENT.

Jupiter, in the council of the gods, forbids them to aid either host.—The battle continues.—Nestor defended by Diomed.—Hector slaughters the Greeks.—Juno and Pallas arm for battle, but are restrained by the menace of Jupiter.—Hector ceases from battle at the approach of night.—The Trojan forces repose by their fires on the field of battle.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK VIII.

MORN, golden robed, had earth illumed, when Jove
Convened in council all the powers above,
And on Olympus' many-mountain'd crest
The attentive synod of the Gods address'd :

‘ Hear, all ye gods ! ye, every goddess, hear
‘ The word I speak, and what Jove speaks revere.
‘ Let none—’tis vain—the will of Jove withstand,
‘ But all approve, so perfect my command.
‘ Whoe’er, apart, what god may dare descend,
‘ And heavenly aid to Greek or Trojan lend,
‘ Shall by unseemly wounds, on his return,
‘ The force and fury of my vengeance learn.
‘ Or I will hurl him to Tartarean hell,
‘ Down the far depth, where night and horror dwell.

‘ The abyss, that underneath dark Hades lies,
‘ Far as yon earth below the ethereal skies ;
‘ Profoundest gulf of ever-during woes,
‘ Where iron gates the brazen floor inclose—
‘ There shall he know how far all gods above
‘ The unimaginable might of Jove.
‘ Gods! all your powers concentrate : try the proof :
‘ Loose a gold chain from yon celestial roof,
‘ There, all, in counterpoise, all heavenly birth
‘ Strive from my throne to draw me down to earth.
‘ Vain toil—while I at once lift up each god,
‘ With all the world of waves, and man’s abode :
‘ Then round the Olympian crest the chain enwreath,
‘ Centre of all, above, around, beneath,
‘ Where all, sublimely poised, at rest remains,
‘ While Jove’s omnipotence the whole sustains.’

He spake : the heavenly powers in silence heard,
And struck with terror, wonder’d at his word.
At length Minerva spake : ‘ Sire ! mightiest Jove !
‘ The Gods all know thy power, all power above :
‘ Yet bitterly we mourn for Grecia’s host,
‘ Thus doom’d to perish on a foreign coast.
‘ Yet—not the less—if thus thy will ordain,
‘ The heavenly powers from earthly wars refrain.

‘ Yet let our wisdom some relief inspire,
‘ Lest all should perish in thy ruthless ire.’

‘ Fear not,’ Saturnius said, and kindly smiled,
‘ Stern tho’ my word, Jove fain would please his child.’
He spake, and strait his brass-hoof’d coursers join’d,
Whose golden manes wide floated on the wind ;
His limbs with gold enrobed, and graceful held
The golden scourge, whose touch their speed impell’d.
Thro’ the pure air, the chariot, as it flew
Mid earth and starry heaven, Saturnius drew ;
To Ida came, where many a gushing fount
Nurtures the beasts that thickly haunt the mount :
To Gargarus came, on whose high crest adored,
His altar flamed before the Olympian lord.
The god there staid his car, his yoke unbound,
And thickly pour’d the veil of darkness round,
And, in his might exultant, from its brow,
Gazed on the Grecian fleet and Troy below.

Greece, in her tents, meantime, the banquet shared,
Then issuing forth in arms, for fight prepared.
Alike the Trojans arm’d, tho’ fewer far,
Yet firm in spirit, and resolved on war,
Steel’d by necessity, each risk’d his life,
And rush’d on death to shield his child and wife.

Thro' each wide-open'd gate, steeds, chariots flew,
Troop urged on troop, on uproar uproar grew ;
The encount'ring battles clash'd, in mid career
Corselet on corselet clatter'd, spear on spear,—
Close and more close, the bosses, shield on shield
Clang'd, and wide spread the thunder of the field :
And groans and shouts from slayers and the slain
Mix'd, as their blood dark gush'd o'er all the plain.
Thro' all the morn, and while yet day increased,
Nor rage of war nor mutual slaughter ceased ;
But when the sun had heaven's high summit gain'd,
Jove the gold balance of the sky sustain'd,
In either scale the fate of battle laid, .
And poised the beam, and o'er each army weigh'd ;
And as he raised his outstretch'd arm elate,
Beneath it saw on earth the Grecian fate,
And Troy's opposed scale sublimely rise,
And in its swift ascension reach the skies.
Then Ida reel'd, as Jove, loud thund'ring, flung
His flame-wing'd bolts the Achæan host among :
The host beheld, and, wither'd at the sight,
On all amazement fell, and pale affright—
Idomeneus first fled the battle plain,
Nor Atreus' son, nor Ajax dared remain,
Nestor alone involuntary staid,
By his gored courser's waning strength delay'd,

Whom, on his forelock, on that vital part,
Fair Helen's mate had struck with deadly dart.
High rear'd the steed, and agonized with pain,
The barbed weapon whizzing in his brain,
Writh'd round the steel, and madden'd by the stroke,
Appall'd his comrades, struggling with the yoke.
Then while hoar Nestor, with reposeless sword,
Labour'd to cut in twain the encumb'ring cord,
'Mid the dense press of war each fiery steed
Bore Hector near and nearer in his speed—
Then, Nestor there had died; but Tydeus' son
Perceived the warrior rushing fiercely on,
And with loud shout, in horror at the view,
Rebuked Ulysses as the chief withdrew :

' Why flies Laertes' son ? Ulysses ! stay—
' Why, like yon dastards, turn from war away ?
' Beware—behind thee flies the whizzing spear :
' Stay—Nestor shield from Hector's fierce career.'

He spake : yet not the less Ulysses sped,
And to the Grecian fleet for shelter fled—
Ulysses fled, but 'Tydeus' dauntless son
Rush'd to the van, unaided, and alone,
Before aged Nestor's coursers, undismay'd,
Stood in his strength, and to the warrior said :

‘ Veteran! these champions in their youthful rage
‘ Too fiercely press, and tire the arm of age :
‘ Faint is thy charioteer, thy steeds o’erspent,
‘ Here, at my side, on vengeful slaughter bent,
‘ Ascend, and mark how disciplined to war
‘ The Trojan steeds wheel to and fro the car,
‘ How prompt to fly, how panting to pursue,
‘ These, whose wing’d swiftness famed Æneas drew.
‘ Thine, let thy servants guard : we, these excite,
‘ And prove their mettle on Troy’s gather’d might :
‘ So shall this Hector learn, what dreadful rage
‘ Maddens this lance that quivers to engage.’

Nestor obey’d—then Sthenelus the bold
And brave Eurymedon his steeds controll’d ;
But, side by side, in Diomedes’ car,
Each aiding each, the chieftains rush’d on war.
Hoar Nestor seized the reins, and lash’d the steeds,
Where Hector’s arm achieved unrivall’d deeds.
Now, front to front opposed, on near advance
Stern Tydeus’ son against him hurl’d the lance :
It fail’d, yet failing, not ignobly flew,
But the brave son of famed Thebæus slew,
Smote on the breast, and fell’d the faithful guide
That held the reins, and bled at Hector’s side :

Down prone he fell, and, while expiring lay,
The steeds in horror started back away.
Grieved Hector view'd, and tho' at heart distress'd,
Left his pale corse in unavenged rest :
Left him, intent to seek another guide
To rein the steeds, and stem the ensanguin'd tide :
Nor wanted long, but seated in his car
Bade Archeptolemus confront the war.
Then—direst deeds—then slaughter uncontroll'd
Had chased the Trojans, penn'd in Ilion's fold,
But Jove the thunders round Tydides whirl'd,
And at his courser's foot a firebolt hurl'd.
Scared at the lightning's blaze, the sulphur's smoke,
The steeds prone fell, appall'd, beneath the yoke,
And Nestor, shuddering, while all ether flamed,
Cast from his grasp the reins, and thus exclaim'd :

‘ Turn back the steeds, Tydides ! fly the field ;
‘ Not now Jove deigns to us the victory yield.
‘ This day the god gives Hector high renown,
‘ The god, tomorrow, shall the Grecian crown :
‘ None, the most fear'd on earth, can Jove withstand,
‘ Or wrest the thunder from the Almighty hand.’

‘ Just thy advice,’ brave Tydeus’ son replied,
‘ The words that wisdom prompts, thy counsel guide,

‘ But this afflicts my soul, lest Hector boast,
‘ And bruit the insult ’mid his shouting host,
‘ That, scared by him, Tydides fled the fight :
‘ Yawn earth, and hide me first in viewless night !’

‘ What !’ the hoar Sage replied, ‘ What futile word !
‘ From Tydeus’ dauntless son has Nestor heard !
‘ Thou term’d, by Hector, base ! by him dismay’d !
‘ How shall such boast the sons of Troy persuade ?
‘ How, in such boast, the Dardan widows trust,
‘ Whose youthful lords thy spear has hurl’d in dust ?’

He spake : and where the Greeks, in wild dismay,
Fled, drove his steeds, and turn’d from war away—
Their flight, when Hector and the Trojans view’d,
The dart-storm, wing’d with death, their course pursued,
And Hector loud exclaim’d, ‘ Thee, Hellas’ host,
‘ Thee, once, of all her warriors honour’d most,
‘ The seat of glory at the banquet thine,
‘ Thine, the choice viands, and the o’erflowing wine :
‘ Henceforth, thy portion, shame.—Go, girl at heart,
‘ No more, weak woman, mock the warrior’s part.
‘ Ere thou our consorts seize, or scale our walls,
‘ Thy blood’s last drop from Hector’s javelin falls.’

He spake : Tydides paused : his spirit rose,
In doubt the Hectorean prowess to oppose :
Thrice paused, and thrice from Ida's topmost brow,
Jove lanch'd the bolt that rock'd the world below,
While, by the omen, more and more inflamed,
Fierce Hector, conscious of the god, exclaim'd :

‘ On Trojans, Lycians, Dardans, warriors bold,
‘ Go in your strength, in fury uncontroll'd :
‘ I know that omen : its auspicious flame
‘ To Hector bodes renown, to Hellas shame.
‘ Fools ! who yon walls, contemptible and vain,
‘ Have idly rear'd, my inroad to restrain.
‘ Fools ! they shall view my coursers, wild with war,
‘ Wing o'er their deep-delved fosse the Hectorean car.
‘ Ye, on their navy, when I loose my ire,
‘ Toss brand on brand, and thicken fire on fire ;
‘ Thus will I burn their fleet, and 'neath its fume
‘ The warriors and their ships at once consume.’

Then, his fierce steeds exhorting, thus exclaim'd :
‘ Xanthus, and thou Podargus, battle-famed,
‘ Æthon, and Lampus, wing your speed, away,
‘ Now, Hector's nurture, now, his wife's repay,
‘ Andromache of famed Eëtion's line,
‘ Who oft has steep'd your grain in temper'd wine,

- ‘ And slaked your thirst, ere I, her youthful lord,
‘ Shared the late banquet, and my strength restored.
‘ Away! pursue—o’ertake—outstrip the field:
‘ Give to my capture the Nestorean shield,
‘ Whose fame strikes heaven, while men amazed behold,
‘ Its handles, and its orb, all massive gold.
‘ Give me from Tydeus’ son to rend the spoil,
‘ The hauberk, wonder of Vulcanian toil.
‘ These trophies mine, this night yon dastard host
‘ Shall, cowering in their navy, fly the coast.’

Thus Hector, rashly boasting, loud exclaim’d:
But Jove’s stern wife, with boundless wrath enflamed,
Shook her firm throne, whence all Olympus reel’d,
And thus to Ocean’s God her rage reveal’d:

- ‘ Thou! who canst shake the world, her rocks o’er-
throw,
‘ Swells not thy heart with grief at Hellas’ woe!
‘ Thine are her costliest gifts, her victims thine,
‘ Where Helice and Ægæ load thy shrine.
‘ Aid then her sons; and if alike one mind
‘ Possess’d each favouring god to Greece inclined,
‘ Troy should retreat, and Jove, on Ida’s throne,
‘ In solitude and silence mourn alone.’

The Ocean God indignantly replied :

‘ What hast thou said ? whom, rash in speech, defied ?
‘ Not, all confederate, all the powers above
‘ Could war with one far mightier, mightiest Jove.’

While the gods communed, all the space that lay
Between the fosse, the rampart, and the bay,
Was choked with steeds and men, that, wild with
dread,

Rush’d from the battle, and confusedly fled.

While, like the War-God, fierce and fiercer drove
Hector, resistless in the strength of Jove.

And now his blazing brand the fleet had fired,
Had not fierce Juno Atreus’ son inspired,
And urged him labouring, as his host withdrew,
To rouse their courage, and the war renew.

Swift to the tents and ships the chieftain pass’d,
And, as his robe purpureal caught the blast,
Tower’d on Ulysses’ prow, and stood between
The circling fleet, by all distinctly seen :

Thence, pour’d aloud the spirit-stirring sound,
Heard audibly by all at either bound,
Where, guard of all, here Ajax’ tents arose,
And there Pelides camp’d in stern repose.

Thus his loud voice exclaim'd: ' Shame, Argives,
shame,

- ' In outward form alone ye challenge fame.
- ' Where the vain boasts, when erst, by Lemnos' wave,
- ' Ye hail'd yourselves the bravest of the brave,
- ' When gorged with bulls, in insolence of soul,
- ' Ye drain'd 'mid banquet vaunts the o'erflowing bowl?
- ' What then the vaunt of all, the loud-tongued boast,
- ' That every Greek should face in arms a host.
- ' Now foil'd by one alone, whose blood-red hand,
- ' Yon Hector's, brandishes the flaming brand.
- ' Jove! hast thou e'er, in fullness of his might,
- ' So hurl'd a monarch from his tow'ring height?
- ' Yet ne'er, when here I sail'd in evil hour,
- ' I pass'd thy shrines unfed, unhail'd thy power:
- ' My flame of sacrifice high-soar'd from all,
- ' Nor less I coveted than Ilion's fall.
- ' Now with my sole sad wish at least comply,
- ' Let us, at least, from Troy's stern vengeance fly,
- ' Nor grant that Hector, and the sons of Troy,
- ' The flower of Hellas' host at will destroy.'

Jove heard, and to their king's deep anguish gave
His nation rescued from the untimely grave:
Bade, sign infallible! his eagle bear,
Grasp'd in its claws, a fawn aloft in air,

And cast it on the altar from above,
Where Greece adored the Panomphæan Jove.

But when the Greeks Jove's sacred bird beheld,
Fresh courage braced them, and to war impell'd.
Amid the press of warriors sweeping on,
Rush'd foremost to the conflict Tydeus' son.
None, o'er the fosse, before him, whirl'd his car,
None, front to front, before him met the war :
He, first, Phradmondes Agelaus slew,
As, from his onset turn'd, his steeds withdrew :
They fled : on, on behind, Tydides press'd,
Drove thro' his back the lance, and clave his breast :
Down from his car he fell, and harsh the sound
Rung as his armour rattling smote the ground.
Then the Atridæ their swift course pursued,
Then either Ajax with fierce strength endued,
Then Crete's bold king, while lashing on his steeds,
Another Mars Meriones succeeds,
Then bold Eurypylus, and ninth and last,
Teucer, his bow-string backward straining, pass'd.
He, underneath the Telamonian shield,
When Ajax raised its burden, watch'd the field,
Then wing'd his shaft, and, while with less'ning breath
Some victim struggled in the arms of death,

E'en as a child that seeks his mother, pass'd
Where Ajax his huge orb before him cast.
Who first beneath that blameless chieftain bled ?
Orsilochus first number'd with the dead :
Then Melanippus' spirit pass'd away,
Hamopaon, Chromius, Dætor, Ormen lay,
And god-like Lycophontes : wound on wound,
Each on the other writhing, bit the ground.
Then Agamemnon, who had proudly view'd
The Trojan phalanx by his shafts subdued,
Drew nigh, and thus exultantly exclaim'd :
' Friend Teucer, Telamonian chief far-famed,
' So wing thy shafts, and beam on Hellas light,
' So, by such deeds, a father's love requite,
' Who, underneath his roof, tho' base thy birth,
' Rear'd thee, an infant, in his native earth :
' Thus give thy sire, far off, augmented fame,
' And higher raise the Telamonian name.
' Friend ! hear my word, that shall not fruitless prove :
' By Pallas' aid, by Ægis-bearing Jove,
' If Ilion fall beneath me—next to mine,
' Greece shall to thee the conqueror's meed assign.
' Wilt thou a tripod ? thine the spoil decreed :
' Wilt thou a car with each war-breathing steed ?
' Or if, by beauty tempted, proudly bear
' From Troy's bright dames the fairest of the fair ?'

Him Teucer answer'd: ' Wherefore thus excite
' A warrior ardent to provoke the fight ?
' Ne'er, while these limbs their wonted force retain,
' Ne'er from the battle Teucer shall refrain.
' Since back we turn'd the foe, their flight pursued,
' My well-aim'd arrows have their strength subdued :
' Eight darts my bow has wing'd, and every dart
' Has drunk the life-blood of some youthful heart ;
' But this fell hound, thus raging in his ire,
' Yet waits the weapon, and shall now expire.'

Thus Teucer spake ; and, with fresh hope inflamed,
'Gainst Hector's breast another arrow aim'd :
It fail'd ; but fix'd in Priam's son, the dart
Buried its death-barb in Gorgythion's heart ;
Him from Æsymba brought, the god-like fair,
Castianira, to great Priam bare.
Now, as a garden-poppy charged with seed,
Droops, when the vernal shower has drench'd the mead ;
Thus, by the helmet's heavy weight oppress'd
Low bow'd his brow, and lay upon his breast.
Once more impatient Teucer strain'd his bow,
And loosed the shaft to lay great Hector low :
Once more it fail'd ; Apollo, as it flew,
Aside from Hector's brow the shaft withdrew :

But lodged its vengeance in the warrior's breast,
Where Archeptolemus had onward press'd :
Down prone he fell, and as on earth he lay,
The steeds in wildering terror turn'd away.
Grief came o'er Hector, of that chief bereft,
Yet there, tho' loth, his corse the hero left,
And call'd on brave Cebriones to guide
And guard his steeds 'mid battle's gory tide :
But Troy's fierce leader from his radiant car
Sprung, and with shout terrific rush'd on war,
Grasp'd a huge stone, and, furious to engage,
'Gainst Teucer flew, to wreak in death his rage.
But the brave chieftain, from its dread repose,
An arrow fledged with swift destruction chose ;
And, as he kept the advancing foe in view,
And, quivering on the cord, the death-shaft drew,
And now had loosed it, when, by Hector thrown,
The rock's rough fragment crash'd his shoulder bone ;
Crash'd where the yielding clavicle divides
The neck and breast, and chiefly death resides ;
It snapp'd the cord, and fell'd him kneeling low,
Where the numb'd hand had dropp'd on earth the bow.
But Ajax, mindful of his brother, sped,
And o'er him stretch'd the shield that darkness spread,
Till brave Mecisteus and Alastor bore
The chief, deep-groaning, to their station'd shore.

The while the Trojans, in the might of Jove,
Back to their deep-delved fosse the Achæans drove,
And in their van, resistless in his ire,
First Hector rush'd, and roll'd his orbs of fire.

As when the unwearied blood-hound, stain'd with gore,
Pursues a lion, or a mountain boar,
Hangs on his flank, and marks with wary eye
When the fierce beast, back-glancing, scorns to fly,—
Thus Hector follow'd, nor e'er ceased to slay
The foe that hindmost linger'd on his way.
But o'er their piles and fosse confusedly fled,
When rush'd the Greeks, and left on earth their dead,
They 'mid the ships their routed battle staid,
And each in fear invoked the other's aid,
Raised their clasp'd hands, and pour'd in deep despair
To each celestial power the voice of prayer.
Then to and fro, fierce-lashing on amain
His fiery steeds thro' slayers and the slain,
Grim as the god of battle, Hector rode,
And roll'd his gorgon orbs, that glared on blood.

But heaven's high Queen compassionate beheld,
And breathed the vengeance that her bosom swell'd:—

‘ Shall we no longer now, O Jove-born Maid !
‘ Now, in their last despair, the Grecians aid ?
‘ Behold how, hurl’d to everlasting night,
‘ They fall beneath that Hector’s single might ;
‘ All ’neath the son of Priam—all expire,
‘ While death on death but swells unsated ire.’

‘ He, too,’ Minerva said, ‘ ere now, had lain
‘ Cold on his native earth, by Grecians slain,
‘ Had not, in madd’ning mood, the Olympian Sire
‘ Withstood implacably my urged desire ;
‘ Reckless how oft, by toils on toils o’erdone,
‘ I from Eurystheus’ yoke relieved his son ;
‘ When, while to heaven the o’erwearied sufferer pray’d,
‘ Jove sent me down the Herculean strength to aid.
‘ O had I this foreknown, from hell’s descent,
‘ When to drag forth its dog that hero went,
‘ Ne’er had the Herculean foot, returning, fled
‘ The Stygian pool that stagnates round the dead.
‘ But Jove now loathes me, and that nymph has graced,
‘ That wily Thetis, who his knee embraced,
‘ Stroked with soft hand his beard, and suppliant pray’d
‘ To gift Achilles with supernal aid.
‘ But come it will, another day, when Jove
‘ Once more will greet me with a father’s love.

‘ Now the fleet coursers to thy car array,
‘ And to the Olympian palace wing my way ;
‘ There will I mail my strength, thence, arm’d, descend
‘ Where in their fury clashing hosts contend :
‘ Then view, advancing ’mid the ranks of fight,
‘ If Priam’s son will gladden at our sight.
‘ Yes, gorged ’mid Grecia’s fleet, gaunt birds of prey
‘ And dogs shall rend the flesh of Troy away.’

She said : and Juno, as the goddess spoke,
Prepared her gold-rein’d steeds to bear the yoke.
Meantime the daughter of the Olympian God
Reach’d her eternal father’s high abode,
Loosed the embroider’d robe her labour wove,
And floated with its flow the hall of Jove :
Then girding on the terrour of her might,
Mail’d in Jove’s corselet, steel’d her breast for fight ;
Stepp’d forth, and mounting the refulgent car,
Grasp’d the huge lance that breaks the strength of war,
And prostrates, in the fierceness of her ire,
Heroic ranks, who ’neath her feet expire.
Then Juno lash’d the steeds, that, swiftly driven,
Rush’d where before them oped the gates of heaven
Self-moved, on sounding hinges, where the Hours
Held watch, entrusted with alternate powers,

O'er heaven's vast concave, and the Olympian height,
To roll away the clouds, or close the light.
Thro' these the goddess, on the ethereal road,
Lash'd the wing'd steeds that flew beneath the goad.
Jove view'd indignant, and from Ida's crest
The golden winged Iris thus address'd:—

‘ Speed, Iris! fly: turn, turn them from my way;
‘ Ill shall we meet, and wage the unequal fray.
‘ My word is consummation—’tis decreed—
‘ Bid them speed back, or lameness strikes the steed;
‘ And I will crush their car, and, headlong thrown,
‘ Hurl them beneath its wreck to writhe and groan:
‘ Nor shall ten long long years the scars remove,
‘ The brand inflicted by the bolt of Jove.
‘ So shall Minerva, when she dares her sire,
‘ Feel what the force of his resistless ire.
‘ But less my wrath with Juno—less her blame;
‘ She but withstands, as wont, whate’er my aim.’

Jove spake: and Iris on the tempest's flight,
Sped to Olympus from the Idæan height,
And at its utmost gate, preventive, staid
The rushing car, and Jove's behest obey'd:

‘ Stay ! What your aim ? ’tis frenzy fires your course ;
‘ Jove wills not that you aid the Argive force.
‘ I speak his menace—If you dare the deed,
‘ Lameness beneath the yoke shall strike the steed.
‘ The god will crush your car, and headlong thrown,
‘ Hurl you beneath its wreck to writhe and groan.
‘ Nor shall ten long long years the scar remove,
‘ The branding of the thunderbolt of Jove.
‘ So shall Minerva, warring ’gainst her sire,
‘ Be taught the force of Jove’s resistless ire—
‘ But less his wrath with Juno, less her blame,
‘ Who still, as wont, withstands, whate’er his aim.
‘ But thou, devoid of reverence, shame, and fear,
‘ Beware, nor lift ’gainst Jove thy ponderous spear.’

She spake, and fled : nor Juno disobey’d,
But, mindful, thus address’d the blue eyed Maid :

‘ Hear, Jove-born, hear ! our vain attempt give o’er :
‘ For earth’s low race contend with Jove no more.
‘ This mortal lives, that dies, to each his lot :
‘ The bale or bliss of earth imports us not.
‘ Let Jove—’tis just—whate’er his sov’reign will,
‘ As Troy or Greece incline him, all fulfil.’

She spake, and backward turn'd—And lo! the Hours
Loosed her bright steeds 'mid heaven's ethereal bowers,
Led them, and bound to their ambrosial stalls,
And placed the car 'gainst heaven's refulgent walls:
While either goddess, on her throne of gold,
Sat 'mid the gods, nor dared her grief unfold—
Now to Olympus' brow, from Ida's grove,
The eternal sire his fleet-wing'd chariot drove;
There the earth-shaking god the yoke unbraced,
And the veil'd car within its station placed.
But Jove himself sat on his golden seat,
And all Olympus reel'd beneath his feet.
Apart, Minerva and his Queen reposed,
Nor greeting gave him, nor their lips unclosed—
Jove, conscious of their silence, thus express'd,
In taunting words, the scorn that swell'd his breast:

- ‘ Why droop ye thus? Whence Juno's secret groan?
‘ Why grieves Minerva on her golden throne?
‘ Not long ye toil'd the glorious war to wage,
‘ And slake in Trojan blood celestial rage.
‘ Know, while this arm has strength, this sceptre sway,
‘ Not all the leagued gods can bar my way—
‘ But—terror fill'd your breast, your arm enchain'd,
‘ Ere you beheld the field with death distain'd.

‘ Hear—had you dared—by all my voice be heard—
‘ Sure consummation waits upon my word—
‘ Ye never more, your limbs by thunder riven,
‘ Had in your car regain’d the realm of heaven.’

He spake—deep-groan’d the Queen, and Jove-born
Maid,

Who, weaving woe to Troy, perforce obey’d.—
Minerva silent sat, nor breathed the ire
That inly flamed against her god and sire.
But Juno scorn’d to curb her madd’ning breast,
And thus her bitterness of wrath express’d :

‘ What hast thou said, dire god ?—thy power we own :
‘ Thou in omnipotence rulest all, alone,
‘ Yet we may mourn o’er Greece, beneath thy hate
‘ Doom’d to exhaust the bitterest dregs of fate.
‘ But tho’ no more, if such thy stern command,
‘ We break the battle with celestial hand,
‘ Let us, at least, some kind advice supply,
‘ Lest, in thy wrath consumed, all hopeless die.’

‘ At morn’—the god replied—‘ at dawn of light,
‘ Juno shall see, if grateful to her sight,
‘ Jove in the fullness of his power confound
‘ The Argive host, and strew with death the ground.

‘ Nor shall proud Hector e’er from war retire,
‘ Till quenchless vengeance rouse Pelides’ ire,
‘ That day, in desperate streights, force urging force,
‘ When armies clash around Patroclus’ corse—
‘ Tho,’ where Iäpetus and Saturn reign,
‘ Thou seek the boundaries of the earth and main,
‘ Where none enjoy the sun-beams, none inhale
‘ The breath of being from the vital gale,
‘ But midnight darkness, and the depth profound
‘ Of Tartarus gather all their horrors round;
‘ There, shouldst thou wrathful stray, unpitied groan,
‘ And on thy heart’s fell malice feed, alone.’

She answer’d not—Meanwhile the light of day,
Beneath the depth of ocean, died away :
And night, o’er genial earth the veil outspread,
Which, loathed by conquering Troy, deep darkness shed :
But hail’d, thrice hail’d by Greece, the favouring gloom
Which saved her warriors from impending doom.

That time to council Hector call’d his host,
Where whirl’d the flood at distance from the coast,
And fresh the night-air breathed, and free the plain
From bleeding foes by mutual slaughter slain.
The chieftains left their cars, and silent heard
Their leader, loved of Jove, their Hector’s word—

He, 'mid the chiefs, with arm of untired strength,
Firm grasp'd his lance, eleven cubits' length,
Its point of burnish'd brass before him gleam'd,
And round the shaft a golden circle beam'd.
On this the hero leant—' Ye Trojans! hear!
' Dardans, and brave allies, incline your ear.
' Yes—I had hope, that we, yon Argives slain,
' Their fleet in flames, had back return'd again:
' But night has interven'd, and saved the host,
' And their ships station'd on the sea-beat coast.
' Now rest awhile, and, yielding to the night,
' Prepare the banquet, and recruit your might.
' Here fix your cars, unyoke the o'erwearied steed,
' And, largely pampering, for fresh battle feed.
' Speed, bring from Troy fat beeves and chosen sheep,
' And wine in flowing bowls, your cares to steep,
' And piles of wood collect, that all the night
' Shall flame, till morn unbars the gates of light.
' So shall our army fires on fires upraise,
' And heaven's high concave redden with the blaze;
' Nor Greece, now routed from the battle plain,
' Seize on her ships, and cross once more the main.
' Let none without a scar his deck ascend,
' But 'neath his roof the wounds of battle tend.
' Haste!—As each leaps on board, wing the swift spear.
' Arrest the dastard in his fleet career:

‘ So Greece shall dread, nor e’er her sons again
‘ Heap war’s dire woes on Phrygia’s distant plain—
‘ And bid the heralds, loved of Jove, require
‘ Each blooming boy and hoary-headed sire,
‘ All, in their station, thro’ night’s sleepless hours,
‘ To keep strict watch on Ilion’s guarded towers ;
‘ And let the females, in their households, raise,
‘ Each wakeful o’er her hearth, the undying blaze :
‘ All strictly watch, lest Troy, devoid of aid,
‘ Fall, if the ambush’d foe her walls invade—
‘ So pass the night : and what the morn demands
‘ My voice shall proffer to our marshall’d bands.
‘ Yet—nor my prayer shall fail, nor trust in Jove,
‘ Nor firm reliance on each god above ;
‘ Yes, I shall backward drive this wolfish host,
‘ Forced by stern fates on Phrygia’s hostile coast.
‘ Watch we ourselves this night ; at dawn of day
‘ On to their navy force in arms your way :
‘ Then shall I view if backward to their wall
‘ Tydides from the ships my course recall,
‘ Or borne by me in triumph from the slain,
‘ His armour stains with blood my native plain.
‘ The morn shall witness, if on my advance
‘ The chief withstand the terrour of this lance.
‘ No—the new sun shall view his mortal wound,
‘ And many a warrior stretch’d his corse around.

‘ So might I ceaseless live, so ne’er wax old,
‘ While o’er me years on years had vainly roll’d,
‘ Adored like Phœbus, and like Pallas hail’d,
‘ As comes that day by Hellas’ host bewail’d.’

The Trojans shouted, and from every car
Loosed the steeds foaming with the toil of war ;
And each in station’d ranks along the ground
Their coursers ranged, and by their chariots bound.
Thus they—while some from Ilion’s hoarded store,
Bread, and rich wine, choice sheep, and oxen bore :
Some gather’d wood, and some, o’er victims slain,
With sacrificial fires fill’d all the plain,
Whence by the winds in cloudy columns driven,
The fragrance of that field steam’d up to heaven,
Yet—unaccepted : so celestial hate
Hung dark o’er Ilion, and presaged her fate.

But Troy elate, in orderly array,
All night around her numerous watch-fires lay,—
As when in heaven the stars at night’s still noon,
Beam in their brightness round the full-orb’d moon,
When sleeps the wind, and every mountain height,
Rocks, cliffs, and groves, shine towering up in light,
And the vast firmament immensely riven,
Expands for other stars another heaven,

Gladd'ning the shepherd's heart ; so numerous rose
The watch-fires round the warriors' arm'd repose,
In sight of Troy, and wide illumed the scene
The flow of Xanthus and the fleet between :
A thousand fires : and each with separate blaze
O'er fifty warriors cast the undying rays,
Where, ranged beside the cars, full-fed with corn,
The steeds impatient stood, and snuff'd the coming
morn.

THE NINTH BOOK

OF

THE ILIAD.

ARGUMENT.

Agamemnon, at public council, by the advice of Nestor, sends Phœnix,
Ulysses and Ajax to endeavour to soothe and reconcile Achilles.
—Achilles rejects their offers.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK IX.

THUS watch'd the Trojan host, while heaven-sent Flight,
Chill Fear's ally, dispersed the Grecian might :
The leaders all, each chief in arms renown'd,
Felt the deep anguish of war's piercing wound ;
As when the north and west from Thracia sweep,
Suddenly rage and tempest up the deep,
The dark swoln billows curve, and upward cast
The sea-weed scatter'd by the stormy blast :
Such the dire conflict in each Grecian breast,
So swell'd Atrides' heart with woe oppress'd.
He bade the heralds, gently, name by name
To council summon every chief of fame,
Nor ceased himself from labour : bow'd by grief,
The summon'd leaders gather'd round their chief.
In tears Atrides stood : thus ceaseless flow
The dark streams gushing from a rocky brow.

He groan'd, and spake : ' Ye Argive leaders ! hear :
' Stern Jove has link'd my fate to woe severe.
' His was the promise, when from Greece I came,
' To guard me back with spoils of Troy in flame.
' The god, now guileful, wills to Greece again
' I sail, inglorious, half my army slain :
' Jove wills, who prostrates temple, town, and tower,
' And wrecks the world in wantonness of power.
' Now, as I speak, your king's behest obey,
' Now, while a sail can waft us, speed away :
' List to the voice that back to Greece recalls,
' Nor cast a glance on Troy's uncaptured walls.'

He spake : all silent sat, by grief enchain'd,
Till Tydeus' son no more his rage restrain'd :

' King, as free counsel suits, I foremost blame
' Thy ill-judged words—nor thou with anger flame :
' For first thy rash reproach, when death drew near,
' Dared name brave Tydeus' son the slave of fear.
' All, all alike, our youths and elders heard,
' Still in their memory burns each bitter word.
' Of either gift thou hold'st alone of Jove,
' One : sceptred sway, a king, all kings above :
' But Jove withheld the gift that all excels :
' Ask thy own heart : not there firm courage dwells.

‘ And—hadst thou hope in Grecia’s sons to find
‘ Such, as thou say’st, thy own unwarlike mind ?
‘ But—if fear goads thee back, why longer stay ?
‘ Before thee lies the unobstructed way.
‘ There, nigh the peaceful wave waits many a sail,
‘ That with thee from Mycenæ caught the gale.
‘ But others will remain, till Ilion’s wall
‘ Shall at the conqueror’s feet in ruins fall.
‘ Yet—if they too, like thee, from Phrygia’s strand
‘ Fly with their ships, and seek their native land,
‘ I and brave Sthenelus seal Ilion’s doom,
‘ We, with the Gods here sail’d, and will with them o’er-
 come.’

He spake—and all the exulting Grecians heard,
Shouted applause, and wonder’d at his word.

‘ Prince,’ Nestor spake, ‘ whose arm in warlike deeds,
‘ Whose wisdom all of equal age exceeds,
‘ None can thy speech reprove, no Greek withstand,
‘ Yet these dire ills maturer thoughts demand.
‘ Few are thy years, and if from Nestor sprung,
‘ Thou, of his sons, wert youngest of the young ;
‘ Yet, what thy counsel prompts to Grecia’s kings,
‘ From the fair fount of wisdom clearly springs.

‘ But—while I now time’s gather’d stores unbind,
‘ And give to Greece the harvest of my mind,
‘ None shall my speech inculcate, none contend,
‘ Nor e’er shall Nestor’s word his king offend.
‘ The man, whoe’er, that civil war approves,
‘ A tribeless, lawless, heartless wanderer roves.
‘ Now, let our warriors, yielding to the night,
‘ Feast and recruit their strength to stand the fight :
‘ And let the guard—on you, brave youths ! I call,
‘ Each, at the trench, hold watch without the wall :
‘ And thou, Atrides, Hellas’ sovereign lord,
‘ Feast all the elders at thy regal board.
‘ Charged are thy tents with wine, which day by day
‘ From Thracia’s realm the Grecian barks convey ;
‘ Thy roof can all receive, profuse thy board,
‘ And many a menial waits thy sov’reign word.
‘ Then, of the assembled guests his voice obey,
‘ Whose counsel best directs our dangerous way,
‘ If counsel can avail, when nigh our fleet
‘ Fire answers fire, while Hellas’ hosts retreat.
‘ Who can behold, nor mourn ?—This night—this hour
‘ Or saves, or wrecks for ever Grecia’s power.’

He spake, and all obey’d—to watch and ward,
Forth rush’d, in arms array’d, the nightly guard—

First, Thrasymedes went, next, like their sire,
The sons of Mars, fill'd with Mavortian fire,
Ascalaphus and bold Ialmen came,
Then fierce Meriones, the heir of fame,
Deïpyrus and Aphareüs pass'd,
And Creon's offspring, Lycomedes, last.
Seven chiefs; each leading on an hundred band;
The long lance gleaming as they cross'd the land;—
Then, 'mid the trench and wall they fix'd the guard,
The night fires kindled, and their food prepared—
The king, meanwhile, the grateful banquet spread,
And onward to his tent the elders led—
There, to the sated guests, the Pylian sage
Unlock'd the treasures of experienced age,
And, ever as of old, all wondering hung
On the mild wisdom of his tuneful tongue :

‘ Atrides ! king of kings, my word attend,
‘ With thee my speech begins, with thee shall end :
‘ For vast the sway by Jove to thee assign'd,
‘ Power that controuls, and laws that mend mankind :
‘ Therefore, it thee behoves, beyond the rest,
‘ To speak thy thoughts, and hear what ours suggest :
‘ Then, what may profit most the public state
‘ 'Tis thine, O king ! by act to consummate.

‘ I speak what wisdom prompts, nor other word
‘ More wise than Nestor’s shall by thee be heard.
‘ Hear what I long, not now alone, have thought,
‘ The counsel by matured reflection wrought,
‘ From that dread hour, when thou by force of arms
‘ From scorn’d Pelides reft’st Briseis’ charms.
‘ In vain my warning voice thy rage withstood,
‘ And strove to calm the torrent of thy blood,
‘ When frantic passion bade thee proudly scorn
‘ The bravest hero, whom the gods adorn,
‘ Whose prize thou hold’st. Now, all your counsel bend
‘ How best to gain the chief thou daredst offend,
‘ How deprecate his wrath, how win his aid,
‘ And by rich gifts and soothing speech persuade.’

The king replied—‘ O thou, for wisdom famed,
‘ Whose word of truth my wrong has justly blamed;
‘ I own the offence, and him, whom favouring Jove
‘ Holds in his heart, I rate a host above.
‘ Jove, to exalt his fame, our force subdues,
‘ And Troy’s wide plain with Hellas’ blood embrues.
‘ But whom I injured, yielding to my rage,
‘ Fain would I soothe, and by rare gifts assuage.
‘ Be witness, all, what now your king proclaims,
‘ Hear, while his word each present singly names :

‘ Seven tripods, round whose base no flame has roll’d ;
‘ Ten weighted talents, all of purest gold ;
‘ Twice ten bright cauldrons ; twelve unwearied steeds,
‘ Whose swiftness, crown’d with conquest, all exceeds :
‘ Not poor that man, whose chests their prizes hold,
‘ Nor his a treasury destitute of gold,
‘ Such as these coursers, in their unmatch’d speed,
‘ Have to my palace brought, the victor’s meed ;—
‘ And seven fair Lesbians, whom, when Peleus’ son
‘ Had captured Lesbos, by his valour won,
‘ I chose, my prize, all beauteous, past compare,
‘ And all, in every art, as skill’d as fair.
‘ These will I give ; and—more than these—resign
‘ The maid I seized, Briseïs, the divine,
‘ Her—witness heaven !—whom ne’er Atrides led,
‘ The unwilling captive, to his lawless bed.—
‘ These wait his will : and if by favouring heaven
‘ Troy’s captive city to our host be given—
‘ His fleet with brass and gold shall freight the tide,
‘ When Hellas’ conquerors Priam’s spoil divide ;
‘ And to his choice twice ten fair maids assign’d,
‘ Save peerless Helen, passing all their kind.
‘ But—if to Argos we return again,
‘ And feed upon the fatness of her plain,
‘ Him, as my son Orestes, youngest-born,
‘ My roof shall reverence, and my gifts adorn.

‘ Three virgin daughters my return await,
‘ Each form’d to match a monarch’s high estate :
‘ Or pledged Chrysothemis shall grace his arms,
‘ Or chaste Laodice’s unrivall’d charms,
‘ Or fair Iphianassa bless his bower,
‘ Nor ask of Peleus’ wealth the bridegroom’s dower :
‘ But from my treasured stores such dower supplied,
‘ Such as ne’er yet enrich’d a royal bride—
‘ Seven peopled cities shall confess his reign,
‘ Cardamyle, green Hire’s fertile plain,
‘ And Enope, and Pheræ’s stately towers,
‘ And rich Antheia’s meads, and fruitful bowers,
‘ Æpeia fair, and Pædasus renown’d
‘ For hills that glow with purple clusters crown’d.
‘ These cities, all, nigh Pylos’ spacious plain
‘ Tower o’er the sands, and border on the main :
‘ All densely peopled, and whose natives hold
‘ Lands throng’d with herds and many a fleecy fold.
‘ These shall revere him as a god, and bring
‘ Gifts and large tribute to their sceptred king.
‘ Such my pledged gifts, if such may yet assuage
‘ His vengeful mood, and soothe Pelides’ rage.
‘ Let him relent : alone in hell’s abode
‘ Dwells, loathed of mortals, the relentless god.
‘ Let him now yield, and due obedience pay,
‘ Such as becomes my years, and ampler sway.’

Then Nestor : ‘ King of men, high-honour’d lord,
‘ Vast are the offers of thy plighted word.
‘ Choose we the chiefs, who now, without delay,
‘ Shall to Pelides’ tent pursue their way.
‘ Myself will choose them : they, my choice approve :
‘ Foremost I call on Phœnix, loved of Jove ;
‘ Then, Telamonian Ajax, then the heir
‘ Of famed Laertes to his camp repair :
‘ And let the heralds, where the chieftains bend,
‘ Wise Hodius and Eurybates, attend.—
‘ Now water bring, each word profane repress,
‘ While all—if Jove will save us—Jove address.’

All heard well pleased : and now, their hands to lave,
The obedient heralds pour’d the lustral wave.
Then, charged with wine, the youths their beakers
crown’d,
And gave from right to left to all around :
And, when the feast was o’er, all, satiate, went,
Each on his mission from Atrides’ tent :
Then with keen glance, that search’d the secret mind,
To all Gerenian Nestor much enjoin’d,
But to Ulysses most, what prayers assuage,
What soft entreaties soothe Pelides’ rage.

On their high charge their way the chieftains took
Where on the beach the sounding billows broke,
And to appease the chief, devoutly pray'd,
And oft implored the ocean monarch's aid.
But when they came, where camp'd along the bay,
Pelides and his host in order lay,
They found him kindling his heroic fire
With high-toned harmony that shook the lyre,
That silver lyre, which crown'd the conqueror's toil,
His chosen prize from sack'd Eëtion's spoil.
There, as the hero feats of heroes sung,
And o'er the glowing chords enraptured hung,
Alone Patroclus, listening to the lay,
Sat silent, when advancing on their way
The chieftains came, Ulysses led them on :
They came, and stood before famed Peleus' son.
Achilles, in amazement, from his seat,
Sprung with his lyre in hand, the chiefs to greet :
Patroclus rose : and strait Achilles press'd
Their hands in his, and kindly thus address'd :

‘ Hail, friends ! harsh fate no doubt has forced you here :
‘ Tho’ wrathful still, yet you I hold most dear.’

He spake : and to his tent the chieftains led,
And placed on seats, with purple arras spread.

‘ Now haste, Patroclus, to each guest assign
‘ A larger beaker, charged with stronger wine.
‘ So greet the friends, whose presence I revere,
‘ Guests, who, beneath my roof, most loved appear.’

He spake : nor him Patroclus disobey’d—
Then, nigh the fire his lord a basket laid,
There cast a goat’s and sheep’s extended chine,
And the huge carcass of a fattened swine.
Served by Automedon, with dexterous art
Achilles’ self divided part from part,
Fix’d on the spits the flesh, where brightly blazed
The fire’s pure splendour, by Patroclus raised.
Patroclus next, when sank the flame subdued,
O’er the raked embers placed the spitted food,
Then raised it from the props, then, salted o’er,
And duly roasted, to the dresser bore :
Next to each guest, along the table spread
In beauteous baskets the allotted bread.
Achilles’ self distributed the meat,
And placed against his own, Ulysses’ seat.
And now Patroclus, at his lord’s desire,
The hallowed offering cast amid the fire—
The guests then feasted, and, the banquet o’er,
When satiate thirst and hunger claim’d no more,

And to hoar Phœnix Ajax gave the sign,
Ulysses, mindful, crown'd his cup with wine,
And to Achilles drank : ' Hail, hero ! hail !
' We ne'er of honouring feasts, and banquets fail,
' Or, in Atrides' tent, or such as here
' With all that cheers the sense, our senses cheer.
' But now we seek not feasts, but, bow'd with dread,
Now wing'd destruction bursting on our head,
To live, or with our fleet on fire,
' Unless thou gird thee with thy strength, expire.
' Proud Troy, and her allies, in scornful might
' Now by the fleet and wall wear out the night,
' Light fires on fires, whose flames their host illumine,
' And shall ere long our navy's strength consume.
' O'er Ilion's conquering host Saturnian Jove
' Sends prosperous signs in lightning from above,
' And Hector, trusting in the Olympian sire,
' Rolls his fierce eyes that glare with living fire,
' Nor men, nor gods revere, such boundless rage
' Boils in his heart, that maddens to engage,
' And bids the dawn break forth, whose earliest ray
' Shall view him cut our ships' proud beaks away,
' And burn our fleet, where, girt around with fire,
' The Greeks in fuming columns shall expire—
' Not light my dread, that heaven's resistless will
' The boundless measure of his threat fulfil,—

‘ And slay our host on Phrygia’s shouting earth,
‘ Far from the land that hail’d our blissful birth.
‘ Rise, hero ! rise, and now, tho’ late, release
‘ From Ilion’s galling yoke the sons of Greece,
‘ Lest vainly thou in after time repent,
‘ Nor heal by self-reproach the past event.
‘ Ere the blow fall, our woe maturely weigh,
‘ And ward from Greece the exterminating day.
‘ O friend ! recall the words, recall the hour
‘ When Peleus bade you join Atrides’ power,
‘ My son—He spake—Minerva can inspire,
‘ And Juno fill thee with heroic fire :
‘ Thou, rule thy mind : curb passion’s headlong course :
‘ Learn how humanity o’ermasters force.
‘ Cease from fell discord, that, both young and old,
‘ Thee, all alike, in equal honour hold.
‘ He spake—but thou forgett’st—yet, yet assuage
‘ Now—tho’ reluctant—now relax thy rage—
‘ Hear the vast gifts Atrides has assign’d,
‘ If yet thou deign hold mastery o’er thy mind.
‘ Hear—yet be patient—while I singly name
‘ The promised gifts Greece heard her king proclaim :
‘ Seven tripods round whose base no flame has roll’d ;
‘ Ten weighted talents, all of purest gold ;
‘ Twice ten bright cauldrons ; twelve unwearied steeds,
‘ Whose swiftmess, crown’d with conquest, all exceeds :

‘ Not poor that man, whose chests such prizes hold,
‘ Not his a treasury destitute of gold,
‘ Such as these coursers, in their unmatch’d speed,
‘ Have to his palace brought, the victor’s meed ;—
‘ Seven Lesbian captives, whose distinguish’d charms,
‘ When Lesbos yielded to thy conquering arms,
‘ Atrides chose, all beauteous, past compare,
‘ And all, in every art, as skill’d as fair.
‘ These the king gives, and will, with these, resign
‘ The maid he seized, Briseïs the divine,
‘ Whom—heaven has witness’d—ne’er the monarch led,
‘ Unwilling captive, to his lawless bed.—
‘ These wait thy will : and if, by favouring heaven,
‘ Troy’s captured city to our host be given,
‘ Thy fleet with brass and gold shall freight the tide,
‘ When Hellas’ conquerors Priam’s spoil divide,
‘ And to thy choice twice ten fair maids assign’d,
‘ Save peerless Helen, passing all their kind.
‘ But if to Argos we return again,
‘ And feed upon the fatness of her plain,
‘ Thee, as his son Orestes, youngest born,
‘ His roof shall reverence and his gifts adorn.
‘ Three virgin daughters there thy choice await,
‘ Each form’d to match a monarch’s high estate :
‘ Or pledged Chrysothemis shall grace thy arms,
‘ Or chaste Laodice’s unrivall’d charms,

‘ Or fair Iphianassa bless thy bower,
‘ Nor ask of Peleus’ wealth the bridegroom’s dower :
‘ But from his treasured stores a dower supplied,
‘ Such as ne’er yet enrich’d a royal bride—
‘ And seven throng’d cities shall confess thy reign,
‘ Cardamyle, green Hire’s fertile plain,
‘ And Enope, and Pheræ’s stately towers,
‘ And rich Antheia’s meads, and fruitful bowers,
‘ Æpeia fair, and Pædasus renown’d
‘ For hills that glow with purple clusters crown’d.
‘ These cities all, nigh Pylos’ spacious plain,
‘ Tower o’er the sands, and border on the main :
‘ All densely peopled, and whose natives hold
‘ Lands throng’d with herds and many a fleecy fold.
‘ These shall revere thee as a god, and bring
‘ Gifts and large tribute to their sceptred king.
‘ Such now await thee, so thou deign assuage
‘ Nor longer brood o’er unrelenting rage.
‘ But, if thy heart detest proud Argos’ lord,
‘ The monarch and his gifts alike abhorr’d,
‘ Yet let despairing Greece thy pity move :
‘ Aid—and be honour’d like the gods above :
‘ Rise, slay this Hector, who now, raving near,
‘ O’er thee extends the shadow of his spear,
‘ And vaunts that none whose vessel cross’d the main,
‘ No Grecian warrior can his lance sustain.’

‘ Most wise Ulysses,’ Peleus’ son replied,
‘ Thou glory of Laertes ! Grecia’s pride !
‘ I speak my will as free, as free conceived,
‘ And what I once have said shall be achieved,
‘ That not a murmurer may of me complain,
‘ Nor vex with prayer, importunate and vain.
‘ Loathed like the gates of Hades, I despise
‘ The lip that utters what the heart denies.
‘ What best I deem I speak, and so inclined,
‘ Atrides nor the Greeks can change my mind :
‘ Since no reward, no gratitude repays,
‘ Him who wears out in war laborious days.
‘ Alike his lot, who flies or nobly fights,
‘ The brave and base one recompense requites.
‘ O’er him whose life was toil the grave shall close,
‘ And him, whose day was undisturb’d repose.
‘ Conquest on conquest, by my life-blood bought,
‘ Ne’er yet to me a gift superior brought.
‘ And as a famish’d bird, to feast her brood,
‘ Brings back, far wandering, the untasted food,
‘ Thus have I labour’d, night succeeding night,
‘ And day succeeding day, in ceaseless fight,
‘ Battle on battle, not for my desire,
‘ But for their wives who burn with wanton fire.
‘ I, with my fleet, have twice six towns obtain’d,
‘ And twelve, save one, on foot, in Phrygia gain’d,

‘ Spoils and vast wealth from these I bore away,
‘ And to Atrides gave the uncounted prey.
‘ He, in his fleet, at rest, ’mid wealth so gain’d,
‘ Spared niggardly a part, the rest retain’d :
‘ To other chiefs and kings their pittance doled,
‘ Chiefs, who at will their shares unquestion’d hold ;
‘ From me alone, from these dishonour’d arms,
‘ Reft my allotted prize, Briseïs’ charms.
‘ There, in his forced embraces, let her lie,
‘ And close in wantonness his reeling eye :
‘ But say, why Grecia arm’d her eager host
‘ For distant battle on Troy’s foreign coast,
‘ Why Atreus’ son such countless numbers led,
‘ To bring back Helen to her spousal bed ?
‘ Do Atreus’ offspring, sole of all mankind,
‘ Cleave to their consorts with unchanging mind ?
‘ All, whom just thoughts or generous feelings move,
‘ All love their wives, and honour whom they love.
‘ So was Briseïs loved, so still adored,
‘ Tho’ won in war, and captured by my sword.
‘ Now, since defrauding me, he dares retain
‘ Her thus beloved, his prayers, his presents vain,
‘ Let him with thee, and all his chiefs of fame,
‘ Consult how best to shield his fleet from flame.
‘ He raised yon wall, I aided not his toil ;
‘ He delved yon trench, I parted not the soil ;

‘ He fix’d the piles, whose unavailing force
‘ Impedes not Hector’s all destructive course.
‘ But—when I ranged my host, and led the war,
‘ This Hector fought not from his walls afar,
‘ Nor e’er was seen beyond the Scæan gate,
‘ And beechen tree, the battle to await.
‘ He once dared front me : but, as I drew near,
‘ Fled, and by flight scarce scaped my winged spear.
‘ But—since no more with Hector I contend,
‘ The morn shall view my sacrifice ascend,
‘ And Jove, and all the gods behold again,
‘ My freighted fleet drawn downward, breast the main :
‘ And thou too shalt behold—if thus inclined,
‘ My streamers proudly waving in the wind,
‘ And my brave crew, well skill’d to ply the oar,
‘ Recross at dawn the Hellespont once more.
‘ Then, if consenting Neptune smooth the main,
‘ On the third day I greet rich Phthia’s plain.
‘ There boundless wealth I left, in ill-starr’d hour,
‘ When first my forces join’d Atrides’ power :
‘ And there from Troy my fleet shall crowd the shore,
‘ Freight with burnish’d brass, and golden ore,
‘ And polish’d steel, and many a bright-zoned maid,
‘ Spoils at my feet by glorious victory laid,
‘ My prizes, all : one, one alone here left,
‘ By him who gave it, of that gift bereft.

‘ Go to your king : my words aloud proclaim,—
‘ Let all the Greeks with righteous vengeance flame,
‘ Lest he again fresh webs of falsehood weave,
‘ And, girt with insolence, again deceive.
‘ Yet sear’d to shame, and callous to disgrace,
‘ No more that dog dares front me, face to face.
‘ Ne’er will I more with him in council join,
‘ Nor will I more with him in war combine ;
‘ Enough—by him once outraged, once deceived,
‘ Ne’er be his word by me again believed.
‘ Yes—let him perish in his own offence,
‘ A wretch, by righteous Jove deprived of sense.
‘ His proffer’d gifts I valueless esteem,
‘ And him—himself—the shadow of a dream.
‘ His wealth, twice ten times told, to bribe me, vain,
‘ All he now boasts, or may hereafter gain ;
‘ All that Orchomenos, or all the gold
‘ That the Ægyptian Thebes’ vast treasures hold,
‘ Thebes, where, thro’ each her hundred portals wide,
‘ Two hundred charioteers their coursers guide.
‘ Countless as sand, or dust before the gale,
‘ Gifts heap’d on gifts to move my mind, would fail,
‘ Till self-abasement expiate o’er and o’er
‘ His scornful injuries, and my grace implore.
‘ Nor me his daughter’s proffer’d beauties move,
‘ Tho’ fairer than the golden Queen of Love :

‘ Though skilfuller than Pallas’ skilful art,
‘ Ne’er would her tempting hand seduce my heart.
‘ Be, as best suits his mood, another led,
‘ A kinglier bridegroom to adorn her bed ;
‘ Enough for me, that, if prolonged my life,
‘ Peleus will proffer a selected wife.
‘ ’Mid Phthia’s virgins bloom surpassing charms,
‘ And Hellas’ royal daughters court my arms :
‘ Of these, thus lovely, heart to heart allied,
‘ Pelides’ choice shall be Pelides’ bride.
‘ Such my resolve, and with such union bless’d,
‘ Mine to enjoy what Peleus once possess’d.
‘ For valueless all wealth with life compared,
‘ All that throng’d Ilion once profusely shared,
‘ When in her palaces peace dwelt, ere war
‘ Leagued for her spoil the Grecians from afar.
‘ Victory at will can herds and flocks acquire,
‘ Wealth sate with steeds and tripods her desire ;
‘ But victory nor wealth can life restore,
‘ Or win from death’s seal’d lip one breathing more.
‘ Celestial Thetis deign’d to me relate,
‘ Death’s two-fold lots that my resolve await :
‘ Told, that, if war my steps at Troy detain,
‘ I ne’er return, but fame immortal gain :
‘ Told, that, if home return’d, the voice of fame
‘ Should ne’er to glory wed Pelides’ name :

‘ But lingering days should pass in still repose,
‘ Ere death inglorious life’s long slumber close.
‘ Back I return, and fully would I fain
‘ Pour the same mind in all, to cross the main.
‘ Ye shall not view Troy fall,—o’er Ilion, Jove
‘ Spreads his protecting Ægis from above.
‘ Ye now depart, and to your princes bear,
‘ As suits your charge, the word my lips declare :
‘ And bid them weave a web of subtler frame,
‘ To shield their host from death, their ships from
 flame.
‘ This ne’er shall consummate their vain desire,
‘ Bend my firm soul, or soothe my righteous ire,
‘ Let Phœnix here remain, here pass the night,
‘ Then join our navy at the dawn of light,
‘ If such his free consent, for ne’er shall force
‘ Shape to our pleasure his reluctant course.’

He spake : and long on all deep silence hung,
Awed by the sternness of his wrathful tongue.
At last, aged Phœnix spake, while burning tears
Betray’d for Grecia’s fleet the patriot’s fears :

‘ If, famed Achilles, we thus vainly plead,
‘ If thy return immutably decreed,

- ‘ If thou refuse to shield our fleet from fire,
‘ And inly brood o’er unrelenting ire,
‘ How, O beloved son ! of thee bereft,
‘ Can I here linger, in lone misery left ?
‘ ’Twas Peleus charged me, on that ill-starr’d day
‘ Thou join’dst Atrides’ host, to watch thy way,
‘ When thou went’st forth, a boy, in arms untaught,
‘ Nor train’d in council to mature thy thought,
‘ Charged me all arts of war and peace to teach,
‘ In action skill, and eloquence in speech.
‘ Thus charged me.—Once thy guardian, once thy
 guide,
‘ None shall aged Phœnix from his son divide :
‘ No—not if Jove these wrinkles smooth away,
‘ And flush my cheek with beauty’s vernal day,—
‘ As when I left fair-femaled Greece, and fled,
‘ Amyntor’s vengeance hanging o’er my head,
‘ A father’s curse, who for unhallow’d charms,
‘ A younger beauty, shunn’d my mother’s arms :
‘ Who oft implored me, by seductive art
‘ To win that younger beauty’s tempted heart,
‘ That by my youthful grace allured to love,
‘ My sire’s entreaties might her hatred move.
‘ I woo’d, and won her : and my conscious sire
‘ Invoked the furies ’mid Tartarean fire,

‘ To hear his curse, that never of my race
‘ A fondled infant should this knee embrace.
‘ A father’s curse had power the gods to move,
‘ Hell’s horrid Empress, and the infernal Jove.
‘ Fain had I slain him, but some lenient god
‘ Appeased the rage that sought a father’s blood.
‘ I fear’d the public, that such guilt abhorr’d,
‘ The voice which dooms the parricidal sword.
‘ My home was now my hate : no rash desire
‘ Drew me to haunt the roof that held my sire ;
‘ Yet—many a friend, yet many a kindred breast
‘ With fervent prayer implored me there to rest :
‘ With me their sheep, their swine and oxen shared,
‘ And daily o’er the fire my feast prepared ;
‘ And from the cellars of my father drew
‘ His treasured wine my goblet to renew.
‘ Nine nights by turns they watch’d, around me slept,
‘ And, to secure me, fires undying kept,
‘ One in the porch, and one, throughout the night,
‘ Stream’d on my chamber door perpetual light.
‘ But when the tenth dark night had closed the day,
‘ Through the firm-structured gates I forced my way,
‘ Leapt o’er the walls, and, hid in gloom profound,
‘ The females scaped, and those that watch’d around.
‘ Then o’er wide Hellas far away I fled,
‘ And came where countless flocks rich Phthia fed :

- ‘ There Peleus reign’d, and with parental care
‘ Hung o’er me as his sole, his age-born heir,
‘ Vast treasures gave, and on far Phthia’s shore
‘ Stretch’d my proud sway the throng’d Dolopians o’er.
‘ There, such as now thou art, O chief divine !
‘ I train’d thee up, and loved as wholly mine.
‘ Nor would’st thou e’er beneath another’s dome,
‘ No, nor beneath thy own familiar home,
‘ Save on the knee of Phœnix deign to eat,
‘ Nor taste, till Phœnix first had carved the meat.
‘ Nor would’st thou take the goblet, crown’d with wine,
‘ Till from thy Phœnix’ lip it pass’d to thine.
‘ And oft thy wayward childhood on my vest
‘ Disgorged the wine that trickled down my breast—
‘ For thee I much have labour’d, much sustain’d :
‘ For not to me had heaven a child ordain’d ;
‘ But thou wert my adopted, and thy power
‘ I deem’d would shield me in life’s adverse hour.
‘ Then—master thou thy mind, subdue thy rage,
‘ Let pity move thee, let my prayers assuage.
‘ In virtue, glory, power, beyond compare,
‘ The gods themselves are placable by prayer.
‘ Vows, and libations, and due victims slain,
‘ For suppliant sinners their forgiveness gain.
‘ Prayers are the daughters of almighty Jove,
‘ They squint, are wrinkled, lame, and slowly move,

‘ Yet with unwearied search they surely trace
‘ The flight of Guilt, nor cease his step to chase.
‘ But Guilt, strong-arm’d, firm-footed, like the wind
‘ Out-runs them, sweeps o’er earth, and hurts mankind ;
‘ They, healing, follow, and consenting hear
‘ Those whom the daughters of the god revere :
‘ But on their scorers, at the throne of Jove,
‘ Their voice calls down his vengeance from above,
‘ That Guilt may haunt, and on their spirit prey,
‘ Till deep repentance cleanse each spot away.
‘ But thou, my son, revere their high controul
‘ That bows the haughtiest, tames the fiercest soul.
‘ My son, if yet with wrath the monarch flamed,
‘ Nor had these gifts, and more to come, proclaim’d,
‘ I ne’er had bid thee just revenge forego,
‘ Or succour Greece, tho’ bow’d with bitterest woe.
‘ Great now his presents, but not these alone,
‘ Far greater yet his error shall atone.
‘ Has he not sent, selected from our host,
‘ To soothe thy rage, the chiefs thou honour’st most ?
‘ Let then their prayer, their zeal thee rightly move—
‘ Till now, none justly might thy rage reprove.
‘ Have we not heard the oft-resounding praise
‘ Of heroes far-renown’d in former days,
‘ How, when inflamed in passion’s fiercest mood,
‘ A gift has calm’d them, and a prayer subdued.

- ‘ Yes—I recall a deed in years of yore,
‘ And ’mid such friends may dwell on it once more.
‘ ’Twas when the Ætolians and Curetes waged
‘ Fierce war, and mutual slaughter widely raged :
‘ Those, Calydon’s defence, these firmly bound
‘ To spoil the town, and raze it from the ground :
‘ For golden-throned Diana’s ruthless ire
‘ Urged on the war, and fill’d each breast with fire,—
‘ Enraged that Æneus, harvesting his store,
‘ Heap’d not his offerings on her sacred floor,
‘ That Jove’s great daughter of her honours fail’d,
‘ When all the gods, save her, his feast regaled.
‘ Whate’er the cause, design’d, or undesign’d—
‘ Scorn, or forgetfulness enraged her mind—
‘ Hence Dian sent the forest’s fiercest boar
‘ To waste the lands of Æneus o’er and o’er,
‘ His lofty trees to level, and uproot
‘ Branch after branch, with all their flow’ring fruit ;
‘ Till Meleager from far cities drew
‘ Gaunt hounds and hunters, and the monster slew :
‘ For never had a scanty host subdued
‘ The beast, whose tusks the pyres with slaughter
 strew’d.
‘ Then Dian’s vengeance feuds and battle spread,
‘ For the fell beast’s rough hide and bristly head.

‘ For these, the Ætolians and Curetes raged,
‘ And willing war with mutual carnage waged.
‘ But never the Curetes dared withstand
‘ When Meleager led the Ætolian band :
‘ None dared to battle pass beyond their towers,
‘ Or throng the plain with their superior powers.
‘ But when brave CENEUS’ son, enflamed by rage,
‘ That oft to folly turns the wisest sage,
‘ Had left Althæa’s roof, his mother’s home,
‘ He led his bride beneath another dome,
‘ Fair Cleopatra, whom Marpessa gave
‘ To her loved Idas, bravest of the brave :
‘ Famed chief, who seized his bow, and boldly strode
‘ To guard the bride against the Archer God.
‘ Then Idas and Marpessa named their child
‘ From that fair maid whom Phœbus had defiled,
‘ Alcyone, for such, alike her doom,
‘ So sad alike to both their youthful bloom,
‘ What time Marpessa wept her fatal charms,
‘ Forced by Apollo from her lover’s arms.
‘ Thus Meleager dwelt, with fury stung,
‘ As o’er his brow the curse maternal hung.
‘ Althæa raging for her brothers slain,
‘ Oft call’d the gods, who hold in heaven their reign :
‘ Oft struck the earth, and at each dreadful stroke
‘ Dared hell’s stern god and Proserpine invoke,

‘ And with breast bathed in tears, and bended knees,
‘ Urged them her fiend-devoted child to seize.
‘ Her curse, in hell’s abyss Erinnyes heard,
‘ And stamp’d with death the inexorable word.
‘ The Ætolian gates now rung with war-alarms,
‘ Her turrets trembled at the shock of arms :
‘ All hung on Meleager, nor e’er ceased
‘ Each suppliant eld, and delegated priest :
‘ All pray’d the hero to go forth, and guard,
‘ And for his succour proffer’d high reward :
‘ Full fifty acres of their richest plain,
‘ Half, crown’d with vineyards, half, with golden grain.
‘ His reverend sire, entreating o’er and o’er,
‘ Oft on his threshold knelt, and struck his door :
‘ Oft his aged mother, oft his sisters pray’d,
‘ But he, the more importuned, more delay’d.
‘ Oft many a friend most loved his succour sought,
‘ Yet on his sternness no impression wrought.
‘ But when war shook his roof, and now the foe
‘ Cast from the towers the blazing torch below,
‘ Then his bright-cinctured consort, steep’d in tears,
‘ Told all a woman’s, all a matron’s fears,
‘ Told all the horrors that the town await,
‘ When war bursts frantic through the shatter’d gate,
‘ The men all slaughter’d, every roof in flame,
‘ The child, the wife, the virgin yoked to shame,—

‘ Roused at her word, the chief, enflamed with rage,
‘ Braced his bright arms, and burn’d the war to wage.
‘ Thus yielding to his mind’s empassion’d sway,
‘ The chief rush’d forth, and drove the foe away.
‘ But vain their promised gifts : his lingering aid,
‘ And long reluctant victory none repaid.
‘ Unthank’d, he saved them—but thou, timely taught,
‘ Temper thy mind, nor yield to fiends thy thought.
‘ What recks thy succour when our fleet’s in flame ?
‘ Go—and accept the presents we proclaim.
‘ The meed deserved, the recompense be thine :
‘ Go—Greece shall hail thee like a power divine.
‘ But—if to war, ungifted thou advance,
‘ None shall reward, tho’ victory wield thy lance.’

Achilles spake—‘ Friend, father, loved of Jove !
‘ Not me such transitory honours move.
‘ Great Jove, to gratify my just desires,
‘ Yields the sole honour that my spirit fires :
‘ Such as shall grace me while I guard my fleet,
‘ Long as these limbs can move, this pulse can beat.
‘ Vex me no more : the word I speak retain,
‘ Nay—weep not—pray not—tears and prayers are vain.
‘ Why honour that Atrides ?—Ill beseems
‘ Such honour from the man who me esteems—
‘ Turn not my love to hate :—who wrongs thy lord
‘ Must be by Phoenix wrong’d, despised, abhorr’d—

‘ But thou abide with me—my sceptre share :
‘ They to their king my fix’d resolve declare—
‘ Here softly sleep : and at the dawn of day
‘ Consult, to linger on, or speed away.’

Then to Patroclus gave the silent sign
To smooth the couch for Phœnix to recline :
And that the rest might speedily depart :
When Ajax thus loosed his o’erburden’d heart :

‘ Haste we, Ulysses, back our footsteps bend,
‘ None—no success our mission can attend.
‘ Haste to yon host, who our return await,
‘ And there his harsh resolve perforce relate.
‘ Still Peleus’ son to wrath resigns his soul,
‘ Nor deigns to yield to friendship’s mild controul.
‘ No soothing image steals upon his mind
‘ Those to requite, who raise him o’er mankind.
‘ Merciless man !—some for a brother slain,
‘ Some for a son will barter blood for gain :
‘ The atonement paid, the murderer dwells in peace,
‘ The mulct accepted, wrath and vengeance cease.
‘ But heaven has fill’d thy heart with wrath unknown,
‘ Thou that thus ravest for one, one girl alone,
‘ Tho’ seven fair virgins of surpassing grace,
‘ And gifts, innumerable gifts, her loss replace.

‘ Be calm—revere thyself—thy roof revere,
‘ Beneath whose shadow, we, thy guests appear,
‘ We, who most strive, of all the Argive host,
‘ To serve, to love, and honour thee the most.’

‘ Illustrious Ajax!’ Peleus’ son replied,
‘ Not light thy speech : in thee I dare confide ;
‘ But my blood boils, when darts across my brain
‘ He who ’mid Greece Achilles dared disdain,
‘ Scorn’d ’mid your host, and with infuriate pride
‘ Me as a weak and wandering slave defied.
‘ But—ye depart, and to your host repeat,
‘ I go not forth war’s gory van to meet,
‘ Till Hector with your bravest blood embrued,
‘ Chace host on host incessantly pursued,
‘ And ’mid my Myrmidons, in all his ire
‘ Burst thro’ their tents, and wrap their fleet in fire :—
‘ Then—at my tent, my ship, Pelides’ lance
‘ Shall turn to flight this conqueror’s rash advance.’

Now, from their bowls the chiefs libations made,
Nor longer to their fleet their course delay’d :
The while Patroclus bade the menials spread
Wool, and the fine spun flax for Phœnix’ bed.
There, laid to rest, the wearied chief reposed
Till the new day’s bright dawn his lids unclosed—

Pelides in his tent's profound recess
Deign'd in his arms a captive girl caress,
The beauteous Diomeda, Phorbas' child,
The pride of Lesbos by his host despoil'd :
And, in the side opposed, Patroclus lay,
Where bright-zoned Iphis soothed his cares away,
Whom to his friend divine Achilles gave,
From captured Scyros a selected slave.

And now the chieftains reach'd Atrides' tent,
And, thro' the host that rose to greet them, went,
Pledged with gold cups, and, as they question'd, hung
To catch the word from their responsive tongue.

First spake the king—' Ulysses ! glorious chief !
' Bring'st thou, O pride of Greece, the wish'd relief ?
' Will he defend our fleet from Trojan fire,
' Or burns his soul as erst with quenchless ire ?'

' Great king ! still flames his rage'—the chief replied,
' Thy prayers, thy proffer'd gifts, but swell his pride.
' He bids thee, with thy host consulting, save
' Thy fleet from fire, thy warriors from the grave.
' Ne'er shall, he deems, thy fruitless labours close,
' Ne'er Ilion's turrets prone on earth repose,

‘ For Jove o’ershades them, and his arm beneath
‘ Force and fresh hearts in Troy’s defenders breathe.
‘ Lo these, whose statement can my word attest.—
‘ Ajax ! and ye wise heralds ! speak the rest.
‘ There Phoenix sleeps this night : at break of day
‘ To sail—if so inclined—from Troy away.’

He spake—all mute remain’d—all, awe-struck, heard
The harsh expression of his bitter word—
Long mute remain’d : no voice that silence broke,
Till thus at length the son of Tydeus spoke :

‘ Would that with bribes thou ne’er hadst vainly sued
‘ To bend the spirit of the unsubdued !
‘ His heart, the throne of insolence of yore,
‘ With added insolence swells more and more—
‘ Cease we of him, by all alike forgot :
‘ Let him depart, or stay, it recks us not—
‘ That chief will war, whene’er to war inclined,
‘ Or when a god to battle fires his mind.
‘ Ye—hear my words : this night in feasting close,
‘ Then, with recruited strength, in peace repose—
‘ Thou, son of Atreus, swift at dawn of day
‘ Before the ships thy gather’d host array,
‘ By words that rouse the soul each heart excite,
‘ And teach by thy example how to fight.’

He spake—the princes rose : all, wondering, heard
Embolden'd Diomed's heroic word :
And, due libations made, each separate went,
And peaceful slept in his untroubled tent.

THE TENTH BOOK

OF

THE ILIAD.

ARGUMENT.

Agamemnon assembles the chiefs to council at the night guard.—Diomed and Ulysses go forth to explore the Trojan forces.—They slay Dolon, and Rhesus, and return to their camp.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK X.

THE Grecian chiefs, forgetful of their woes,
Lay near the fleet, that night, in soft repose,
All, save Atrides; but no soothing sleep
Could his keen thoughts in soft oblivion steep.
Swift as the thunder peals, the lightning glares,
When Jove the flooding rain or hail prepares,
Or snows that sheet the earth, or fiercer far,
The all-devouring violence of war;
Thus groan'd the king, and from his labouring breast,
Deep sighs that burst on sighs his fear express'd.
Oft as he glanced on Troy, the king, amazed,
View'd what vast fires before bright Ilion blazed,
And heard—'mid hum of men—how sweet to hear,
The pipe and reed-flute stealing on his ear:
But when he view'd his fleet, in deep despair,
From his bare head he pluck'd the uprooted hair,

And cast it, as he sternly gazed above,
In bitter anguish to unpitying Jove.
One hope remain'd, sole left to lighten grief,
If Nestor's wisdom might suggest relief,
If in their counsels, their consentient mind,
Hellas might yet, tho' late, a refuge find.
He rose, and round his breast his tunic threw,
On his fair feet his radiant sandals drew,
Firm grasp'd his spear, and, as it swept the ground,
The tawny lion's blood-stain'd mantle bound.
Nor less his brother's dread: no soft repose,
No soothing sleep came down his eye to close.
He fear'd that Greece, who cross'd that mighty main,
And warr'd for him, should bitterest woe sustain:
Then rose and round his breadth of shoulders threw
A leopard's mantling hide of varied hue,
Clasp'd his brass casque, and helmeting his head,
Seized with firm grasp his lance, and onward sped,
Sped to arouse the king who widely sway'd,
And whom the Grecians, as a god, obey'd.
Him, at his galley's stern the chieftain found
Half-mail'd, and buckling yet his arms around.

‘Why arm’d?’ he cried, ‘deceive thyself no more:
‘Seek’st thou a friend yon Trojans to explore?’

‘ None will thy words, I greatly fear, persuade :
‘ And who unsought will proffer willing aid ?
‘ Who ’mid such foes a lonely spy proceed,
‘ And night’s sweet rest resign, to dare the adventurous
 deed ?’

‘ Thou, and myself, alike,’ the king replied,
‘ Need some experienced chief our course to guide :
‘ One, who the Argives and their fleet may save,
‘ Since changeful Jove here destines Grecia’s grave—
‘ In Troy’s oblations, in the Hectorean rites,
‘ More than in Argive feasts, the god delights.
‘ Ne’er have I witness’d, or from other’s word
‘ In one brief day such vast achievements heard,
‘ As this Jove-loved has wrought, this son of earth,
‘ Born of no god, nor of a goddess’ birth :
‘ Deeds such as die not, but age after age
‘ Shall fill the heart of Greece with woe and rage.
‘ Now—to our navy speed, lest worst befall,
‘ Call on the King of Crete, on Ajax call.
‘ I will myself hoar Nestor’s self persuade,
‘ To yield our night-watch his experienced aid.
‘ Him all obey : and with his son on guard
‘ Meriones now holds the entrusted ward.’

‘ Wilt thou, thy mandate told,’ the chief replied,
‘ That I, pursue thy path, or there abide ?’

‘ There wait,’ the monarch said, ‘ lest wide we stray,
‘ Where ’ mid the tents winds many a devious way—
‘ Shout, where thou comest, bid each awake to fame,
‘ And call him by his race, his father’s name.
‘ To all yield honour, nor superbly scorn
‘ The meanest of our host, the lowliest born—
‘ We too must toil : Jove yoked to toil our birth :
‘ Dire suffering is the doom of all on earth.’

He spake, and much enjoin’d ; then onward went,
Where the hoar Pylian chief had pitch’d his tent—
On his soft couch the king aged Nestor found,
Encamp’d amid his navy’s station’d ground,
Near him, his arms in orderly array,
His shield, each lance, and radiant helmet lay,
And his broad belt by skilful artist made,
That round him wreathed in war its guardian braid,
When the brave veteran, ardent to engage,
Felt not, the foe in sight, the weight of age.
Roused at his coming, Nestor raised his head,
And leaning on his elbow, swiftly said :

‘ Who art thou ? why, at night, when others sleep,
‘ Thus ’mid the tents with lonely footstep creep ?
‘ Seek’st thou some guard, or friend ? Why hither
bent ?
‘ Speak—mute approach not—say, what thy intent ?’

‘ Guide, glory, boast of Greece,’ the king replied—
‘ Lo—thou behold’st Atrides at thy side,
‘ While yet a pulse can beat, a limb can move,
‘ Foredoom’d to drain the dregs of woe by Jove.
‘ I stray—no, not in sleep these eyelids close,—
‘ War, and a nation’s grief, forbid repose.
‘ Deeply I dread, and like a wretch distraught,
‘ My wavering mind retains no stedfast thought.
‘ Fain would my heart leap forth, such dread affright
‘ Thrills every limb, and deadens all their might.
‘ Come—can’st thou aught suggest—my step attend—
‘ Come—for sleep flies thee— to yon guard descend,—
‘ Lest toil o’erweary, and long watching steep
‘ Forgetful of their charge, their eyes in sleep.
‘ Haste, lest the foe, thus nigh, at dead of night,
‘ Rush forth, and quell us with resistless might.’

‘ Great king’—Gerenian Nestor thus replied—
‘ Monarch of monarchs ! Grecia’s lord, and guide,

‘ Ne’er will Jove consummate the intense desire,
‘ The ardent hopes that Hector’s bosom fire.
‘ But more severe his woe, should heaven assuage
‘ The unsated vengeance of Achilles’ rage.
‘ King, thy command I willingly obey :
‘ Haste : summon forth the leaders on our way :
‘ Call forth Ulysses, Phyleus’ son excite,
‘ The swift Oileus, and Tydides’ might :
‘ Rouse Crete’s brave king, and call from dire repose
‘ Ajax, whose ships our naval station close.
‘ But—tho’ it move thee—tho’ by thee beloved,
‘ I pass not by thy brother unproved :
‘ Who now close folded in oblivious sleep
‘ Bids thee, O king ! nocturnal vigils keep :
‘ While he, in this dread hour of deep despair,
‘ Should weary every chief with ceaseless prayer.’

‘ Not now,’ the king replied, ‘ his deeds reprove,
‘ Let not my brother now thy censure move.
‘ What tho’ at times to labour disinclined,
‘ Not sloth the cause, not impotence of mind,
‘ But—honouring me, the expectant chief remains,
‘ And, till my counsel guides, his zeal restrains.
‘ He roused me first, and sped at my request
‘ To summon those you named from peaceful rest.

‘ But—haste, where now on watch, before the gates,
‘ Each chief, as I enjoin’d, my presence waits.’

‘ Him,’ Nestor said, ‘ let none, henceforth, up-
braid,
‘ Nor be thy brother’s summons disobey’d.’

He spake : and round his breast the tunic braced,
On his fair feet his radiant sandals laced,
Clasp’d his red mantle, o’er whose double fold
The finest wool its fleecy softness roll’d,
Then grasp’d his brazen lance, and foremost went
Where moor’d the navy nigh the warrior’s tent.
Then, with a shout that night’s deep silence broke,
The godlike offspring of Laertes woke—
At once aroused, the chief the summons heard,
Rush’d from his tent, and spoke with hurried word :
‘ Why, ’mid the camp, at night, thus roam alone ?
‘ Say, what distress impels, what cause unknown ?’

‘ Be not incensed,’ he cried, ‘ illustrious chief,
‘ Greece, sunk in desperate misery, claims relief.
‘ Join thou my step, and other chiefs excite—
‘ Whose wisdom shall determine war or flight.’

He spake : and to his tent Ulysses pass'd,
And his broad buckler round his shoulders cast :
Onward they went, and first Tydides found,
All arm'd, without his tent, in slumber drown'd,
Girt by his host, that on the open field
Lay each reclining on his battle shield :
Fix'd were their spears upright : and widely gleam'd
The rays that from their points like lightning stream'd.
On a bull's hide the hero sank to rest,
And his still brow a splendid tapestry press'd,
When Nestor with his foot the slumberer moved,
Roused, and with wrathful words his sloth reproved :

‘ Rise, son of Tydeus. Why in sweet repose
‘ Thro’ night’s long-lingering hours thy eyelids close ?
‘ Hast thou not heard, on yon commanding brow
‘ How Troy, impatient, eyes our fleet below ?’

Swift, at the word, from sleep Tydides woke.
Leap’d up, and thus in winged accents spoke :

‘ Unwearied chief ! whose labours never cease,
‘ Shall not the younger-born thy toils release,
‘ And call the kings ?—But, what can Nestor tame ?
‘ How tire his indefatigable frame ?’

‘ Just are thy words ’—the aged chief replied—
‘ Nestor has sons, in whom he dares confide,
‘ And many a youth, who, prompt at his command,
‘ Would call each chieftain of our leagued band.
‘ But if—while now on peril’s edge extreme
‘ Life and destruction tremble on the beam,
‘ Thou reck’st of me : haste, younger-born, excite
‘ The speed of Ajax, and Phylides’ might.’

Then bold Tydides round his shoulders threw
The lion’s hide, that swept the nightly dew,
Grasp’d his war-lance, rush’d forth, and from their tent
Aroused the chiefs, and led where Nestor went.

They came, and at their station found the guard,
Couch’d, all in arms, and vigilant on ward :
As dogs, that rest not, keenly watch around,
When nigh their fold the lion’s roars resound,
Who, by fierce hounds and hunters close pursued,
Darts down the mount, and strews the crushing wood :
Thus, to the perils of that night exposed,
No soothing sleep the warrior’s eyelids closed ;
While turning to the plain, they seem’d to hear
On the night-breeze the Trojans rushing near.
Aged Nestor view’d, and with exultant breast
The watchful guard thus cheeringly address’d :

‘ So watch, brave sons ! lest yon insulting foe
‘ Burst on your sleep, and laugh to scorn your woe.’

He spake, and pass’d the trench, and unappall’d
The warriors follow’d, to that council call’d,
And brave Meriones, and Nestor’s son,
Alike invited, went undaunted on—
The trench now pass’d, they gain’d the open plain,
Free from the dire pollution of the slain,
Where, tired with slaughter, from the Argive flight
Grim Hector turn’d, slow-yielding to the night.
In mutual converse there the chiefs reclined :
While thus the Pylian sage pour’d forth his mind :

‘ Say, valiant friends ! will not some dauntless chief,
‘ Who from his own brave breast derives relief,
‘ Now issue forth, and intercept his way,
‘ If thro’ the gloom some lingering Trojan stray ?
‘ Or, in the night’s deep silence haply heard
‘ In secret consultation, catch the word,
‘ If here they linger, camp’d before our fleet,
‘ Or, crown’d with victory, back to Troy retreat ?
‘ If such unharm’d return, immortal fame
‘ And gifts unstinted his deserts proclaim ;
‘ Him, each high leader of our numerous fleet
‘ Shall with a sable ewe and suckling greet,

‘ And ever when the chieftains spread the feast,
‘ The banquet hail him a high honour’d guest.’

Thus Nestor spake : all long in silence heard,
Till Tydeus’ son pour’d forth his glowing word :

‘ Me, Nestor, me my dauntless heart inclines
‘ To seek yon host, and pass the Trojan lines :
‘ Yet if my path some brave associate join,
‘ Mine, firmer trust, and bolder daring mine.
‘ When two go forth, each yields the other aid,
‘ And counsels join’d to counsels best persuade :
‘ If one alone, the chief, however wise,
‘ Doubts, slow to act, nor on himself relies.’

He spake : and many a chieftain at the close,
And either willing Ajax, swiftly rose,
Rose bold Meriones, rose Nestor’s heir,
Rose Menelaus, prompt to do and dare ;
And, to brave deeds by native courage fired,
Laertes’ son, to search the camp aspired.

‘ Chief’—spake the king of men—‘ Friend most
beloved,
‘ Thine be the choice, who’er by thee approved.

- ‘ Since all alike thy peril make their own,
‘ Choose thou the bravest of the brave alone.
‘ Let no inferior chief thy favour gain,
‘ Let no respect, save worth, thy choice obtain :
‘ Nor rank, nor pride of birth thy preference move,
‘ No—nor the monarch, tho’ allied to Jove.’

He spake, and fear’d lest his decisive voice
Should on his brother fix his fatal choice.

- ‘ If,’—Diomed rejoin’d : ‘ if mine to choose,
‘ Can I Laertes’ godlike son refuse ?
‘ Him, whose bold heart nor toils, nor dangers move,
‘ Him, o’er whom Pallas bends with heavenly love,
‘ Him, by whose wisdom, from surrounding flame
‘ We should come forth uninjured, crown’d by fame.’

- ‘ Forbear ’—Ulysses spake—‘ forbear, my friend :
‘ Nor rashly blame, nor lavishly commend ;
‘ These know me as I am—but, haste, away—
‘ The darkness flies apace—soon dawns the day,
‘ The stars are far advanced : one third of night
‘ But now remains—speed, speed—prevent the light.’

They spake, and arm’d, and Thrasymedes gave
To Tydeus’ son, a shield, and two-edged glaive,—

His in the ship were left,—then firmly bound
A crestless casque the warrior's brow around,
A leathern helmet, such as fitly arms
A stripling, yet unversed in war-alarms.
And brave Meriones Ulysses gave
A quiver, and a bow, and two-edged glaive,
And a skin casque, within, with thongs enlaced,
Without, by dext'rous subtlety enchased,
Where, thickly studded, glisten'd here and there
Teeth of a mountain boar, as ivory fair.
That was the casque, which, lined with felt, of yore
The shrewd Autolycus from Eleon bore,
When he had pierced Amyntor's solid wall,
And stole the treasure from the plunder'd hall.
He gave that helm Amphidamas to save,
And he, to grace his guest, to Molus gave,
And Molus to Meriones, who bound
The ancestral gift Ulysses' brow around.
Thus grimly arm'd, they brook'd no more delay,
There left the chiefs, and fearless sped their way,
And Pallas, as the adventurers forward went,
A heron on the right before them sent :
They saw her not beneath the o'ershadowing gloom,
But wistful heard the clanging of her plume.

Ulysses joy'd, and thus to Pallas pray'd,
' Thou, wont to aid me, Jove-born goddess ! aid !

‘ Hear ! to thy votary’s fervent call attend,
‘ And—as thou erst defended—now defend !
‘ Let us by signal deeds high fame acquire,
‘ And back, while Troy weeps blood, to Greece retire.’

‘ Me too ’—brave Diomed devoutly pray’d—
‘ Hear, Jove-born ! hear, unconquerable Maid !
‘ Aid me, as once at Thebes thy guardian power
‘ Watch’d o’er my sire in danger’s desperate hour,
‘ When from the Achæans at Asopus’ wave
‘ He with mild words their peaceful message gave :
‘ But—back returning, matchless victory gain’d,
‘ When thou, thy arm the hero’s strength sustain’d.
‘ Thus deign assist—so shall my zeal assign
‘ A yearly bull, broad-horn’d, to feast thy shrine,
‘ Ne’er tamed, ne’er yoked, and round whose horns
 enroll’d,
‘ My hand shall grace them with circumfluent gold.’

Thus pray’d the chiefs ; and as the goddess heard
Not unreluctant their imploring word,
They, like two lions, their dark way pursued
’Mid death, strown arms, and corses blood-embued.

But Hector will’d not that oblivious sleep
Should his brave host in dead inaction steep.

Prompt, at his call, the summon'd leaders heard
The well-weigh'd counsel of his guiding word.

‘ Lives there a chief, who dares the adventurous deed,
‘ That justly challenges a matchless meed ?
‘ His be the chariot, his the noblest steeds,
‘ That ’mid yon host for battle Grecia breeds.
‘ Let him, by glory fired, now greatly dare,
‘ Now near the navy of the Greeks repair,
‘ And clearly learn their leader’s fix’d design,
‘ If yet they guard, as once, their naval line,
‘ Or, chased by me, now meditate their flight,
‘ Nor keep, with toil o’erworn, the watch of night.’

He spake, and all were mute—it chanced, that hour,
There stood amid the Trojans’ gather’d power,
A Herald’s son, Eumedes, Dolon named,
For brazen wealth and golden treasure famed,
Sole son amid five daughters, mean his view,
Yet like the wind the racer swiftly flew.

‘ Me ’—Dolon spake—‘ me much my native fire
‘ And spirit urge to compass thy desire.
‘ Lift thou thy sceptre, and by oath assign
‘ Mine war’s great spoil, the envied trophy mine,

‘ Be Dolon’s prize Pelides’ radiant car,
‘ Be Dolon’s boast his steeds unmatch’d in war :
‘ No vain explorer I, nor vain my boast,
‘ To penetrate unseen the Grecian host,
‘ And at Atrides’ tent their purpose learn
‘ Whether to fight, or fugitives return.’

Hector his sceptre raised, and Jove address’d,—
‘ Dread Thunderer ! Juno’s lord, my oath attest :
‘ None, but thou, Dolon, shall those coursers guide,
‘ None, in that car, save thou, in triumph ride.’

Fired by that fruitless oath, rash Dolon cast
Round him the bow, that rattled as he pass’d.
O’er him a wolf’s grey skin its mantle spread,
Felt of a weasel helmeted his head :
He grasp’d his spear, and, hast’ning from the host,
Sought, where the Grecian navy lined the coast :
Went forth Atrides’ fix’d resolve to learn,
Went gladly forth : but never to return.—
Now, with swift foot, and unsuspecting mind,
The horse and Trojan army left behind,
Laertes’ son his step advancing heard,
And spake to Diomed the warning word :

‘ From yonder camp—hark ! Son of Tydeus ! hear—
‘ Some hurrying footstep now advances near.
‘ Some spy, perchance, or plunderer, nightly sped
‘ To strip the warriors on their blood-stain’d bed :
‘ Let him beyond us pass a little space,
‘ Ere our pursuit the incautious straggler chase :
‘ But—if too swift his flight, and we in vain
‘ Toil to o’ertake, and seize him on the plain,
‘ Our threatning spears shall turn him tow’rd the fleet,
‘ And intercept to Ilium his retreat.’

Then ’mid the slain the chiefs in ambush lay,
While Dolon hurried heedless on his way :
But when advanced far as the mules in speed
The ox that breaks the fallow field exceed,
They forward rush’d, and Dolon at the sound
Turn’d back, and, unsuspecting, stood his ground.
He thought, fond man ! that Hector to that plain
Some friend had sent to warn him back again,
But, scarce a spear-cast off, the Grecians knew,
And with redoubled swiftness onward flew :
They quickly followed—as in eager chase
Thro’ wilds and woodlands, with unwearied pace,—
Two well-train’d hounds the hind or hare pursue,
Press on his shriek, and gain upon his view :

Thus, from his host still further forced astray,
The chieftains urged his intercepted way—
And now, when nigh the ships, his ceaseless flight
Had nearly mingled with the guards of night,
Minerva gave Tydides added aid,
Lest that another, first, the foe invade,
Another's lance the death of Dolon claim,
And to her warrior leave diminish'd fame.

‘ Stay ’—Diomed exclaim’d—‘ or now this spear
‘ Arrests thee, dastard ! on thy fleet career :
‘ Stay—or death hurls thee now to endless night.’
He spake—the weapon flew, and whizz’d on flight :
Wilfully err’d, with cool precaution lanced,
And fix’d before him, o’er his shoulder glanced.
He stood, he quaked, the chatter of his teeth
Was heard, as on him came the hue of death :
They rush’d, they grasp’d, and o’er him panting hung,
While tears of terror from their captive sprung :

‘ Let me but live !—my treasures shall repay,
‘ Brass, gold, wrought steel, the ransom of my day.
‘ My sire shall heap his stores before thy feet,
‘ If heard his son yet breathes in Hellas’ fleet.’

‘ Nay, let not death,’ Laertes’ son replied,
‘ Confuse thy spirit—cast such fear aside—
‘ Speak undisguised the truth, and fully own
‘ Why from thy host thou wander’st here alone,
‘ Wherefore, when sleep on other lids is laid,
‘ Thou seek’st our ships beneath the nightly shade ?
‘ Spoil’st thou the dead ? or here by Hector sent
‘ By secret guile to fathom our intent ?
‘ Or comest thou self-impell’d ? ’—‘ Me ’—Dolon cried—
And his knees trembled ere his lip replied—
‘ Me—Hector—to my hurt—against my will
‘ Lured by high bribes his purpose to fulfil,
‘ Lured by temptation of Pelides’ car,
‘ And by Pelides’ steeds, unmatch’d in war,
‘ To search your camp, and secretly explore,
‘ If Greece yet guard her fleet, as wont of yore,
‘ Or in her terror meditate on flight,
‘ And spent with toil forego the watch of night.’

‘ In sooth,’ Ulysses said, with lip of scorn,
‘ No trivial gift would thy return adorn.
‘ No power, save such as earthly power exceeds,
‘ None, save a goddess-born, can guide those steeds.
‘ Yet, say, when here thou camest to search our
coast,
‘ Where was the chieftain of the Trojan host ?

‘ His arms, his steeds ? and faithfully disclose,
‘ Where watch the Trojans, where their chiefs repose :
‘ Their counsel, what ? whether on yonder plain
‘ Before our Navy longer to remain,
‘ Or, back returning, in Troy’s sacred wall,
‘ Dwell on their mighty deeds and Hellas’ fall.’

‘ What thou inquirest,’—Eumedes’ son replied,
‘ Ne’er shall from thee my lip deceitful hide ;
‘ Far from the bray of arms, in nightly gloom,
‘ Hector his council meets at Ilus’ tomb.
‘ But—since thy wish to learn—no station’d guard
‘ Surrounds our camp, and holds strict watch and
ward :
‘ Alone, compell’d by danger’s urgent sense,
‘ The sons of Ilion watch for Troy’s defence :
‘ And their allies, collected from afar,
‘ Yield to their vigilance the watch of war.
‘ Not for their wives the associate leaders arm,
‘ And, safe their children, far from war’s alarm.’

‘ This too,’ the crafty Grecian said, ‘ disclose :
‘ Couch they apart, or with Troy’s host repose ? ’

‘ This too ’—Eumedes’ trembling son replied,
‘ My word to thee shall faithfully confide.

‘ The Carians, Leleges, Pæonia’s band,
‘ Caucones and Pelasgi line the strand,
‘ By Thymbra, Lycia’s, and the Mysian train,
‘ And Phrygians and Mæonians hold the plain.
‘ But why, each after each, thus singly name ?
‘ If to explore the Trojan camp your aim,
‘ Know, now arrived at our extremest bound,
‘ Apart, the Thracians camp their king around,
‘ Son of Eïoneus. I saw his steeds,
‘ Whose whiteness far the falling snow exceeds !
‘ Most grand, most beautiful, beyond compare,
‘ And challenging in speed the viewless air.
‘ Wrought gold and silver plates enchased his car,
‘ From his gold arms the splendour flamed afar :
‘ I saw the wondrous light that round him flow’d,
‘ And deem’d the son of earth a present god.
‘ But—to thy fleet now send me, or detain,
‘ Here under bondage of thy galling chain,
‘ Till, your design achieved, you back return,
‘ And true, or false my word, by trial learn.’

Tydidēs sternly eyed him, and rejoin’d :
‘ Not with vain hope of life delude thy mind :
‘ Tho’ many a grateful truth thy lip has told,
‘ Thou must, thus seized, all hope of life withhold.

‘ Thou, if released, wilt here again be found,
‘ As spy impede us, or as warrior wound :
‘ But if thou perish, now, beneath me slain,
‘ Ne’er shall thy art or arms wrong Greece again.’

He spake, and as the suppliant stretch’d his hand
To touch his beard, high rose, and swung his brand,
Smote his mid neck, each tendon sheer’d in twain,
And the head fell, yet speaking, on the plain.
They took the ferret felt that helm’d his brow,
The lance, the wolf skin, and elastic bow :
These, raised aloft, Laertes’ son display’d,
A votive trophy to Jove’s blue-eyed Maid.
‘ Joy thou in these ’—he spake—‘ O Maid divine !
‘ Thee we will first invoke : this trophy, thine.
‘ Thou too, O goddess ! deign thy votaries lead
‘ Where Thracia’s tents and coursers throng the mead.’
Then raised the spoils, and on a tamarisk hung,
And broken boughs and reeds around it flung ;
Conspicuous sign, lest wandering back at night
The uncertain path escape their wilder’d sight.
Then the bold chiefs, thro’ ways wide scatter’d o’er
With broken arms and warriors bathed in gore,
Came where the Thracians, tired, in triple rows
By their bright armour sank in dead repose ;

Each, nigh his steeds : and, 'mid their ranged array,
Their chief, unguarded, steep'd in slumber lay,
And his fleet coursers, where their monarch slept,
Rein'd at his chariot's ring, their station kept.

Then keen Ulysses, with preventive view,
There, first, the attention of Tydides drew.

' Lo '—and he pointed out—' There, there, behold,
' The very man, the steeds that Dolon told :
' Now tax thy utmost strength, nor idly stand,
' The weapon of destruction in thy hand—
' Or loose the coursers ; or the Thracians slay,
' Or mine the charge to drive the steeds away.'

Then Pallas with fresh force her chief endued,
While death on every side his sword pursued.
Dire was the death-groan, and earth far and wide
Glow'd, purpled by the blood's o'erflowing tide.

As a grim lion 'mid the unguarded fold
Riots in blood, and gorges uncontroll'd,
Thus Tydeus' son 'mid the defenceless band
Raged, till twelve warriors bit in death the land :
And, evermore, Ulysses' craft withdrew
Dragg'd by the foot each man Tydides slew,

Intent, that o'er the disencumber'd plain
The steeds should sweep unstain'd their snowy mane,
Nor, all unused to war, reluctant tread
'Mid bleeding limbs, and trample on the dead—
And now, where Rhesus lay, Tydides came,
And loosed his spirit from its earthly frame,
While as he gasp'd, a dream, by Pallas wrought,
Before him Tydeus' son in vision brought.
Meanwhile, Laertes' heir the steeds unbound,
And, reining, led them from the blood-stain'd ground,
Lash'd by his bow, forgetful that the car
Held the bright scourge that urged the steeds to war :
Then, hissing, to Tydides gave the sign :
He paused—in doubt to follow, or decline.
His spirit glow'd some bolder deed to dare,
Seize on the car, and raise aloft in air,
Or by the pole draw forth with all its store,
All the gold arms that Rhesus proudly wore,
Or with fresh slaughter of the foe assuage
In Thracian blood his unrelenting rage.

While thus Tydides ponder'd, Pallas came,
Stood nigh the chief, and fix'd his wavering aim :

‘ Hence, mindful of return, lest forced on flight,
‘ Some hostile god ’gainst thee roused Troy excite.’

The goddess spake :—her voice Tydides knew,
And, swiftly mounting, from the dead withdrew,
While with his bow Ulysses lash'd each steed,
And to the ships impell'd their headlong speed.

Not vainly Phœbus watch'd—the god survey'd
Where with her hero went Jove's martial Maid :
Then darting downward on that fatal plain,
Burst 'mid the Trojans' congregated train,
Hippocoon roused, and to his sense restored
Him the loved kinsman of the Thracian lord.
But—when Hippocoon view'd the vacant space,
Where stood the coursers of immortal race,
And men yet gasping out in blood their breath,
He groan'd, and naming Rhesus, wept his death.
Dire burst the clang, and terrible the sound
Of Troy's tumultuous warriors gathering round,
Who, wondering, view'd the achievements of the foe,
While on they pass'd, unhurt, who dealt the blow.

Now, on the spot, returning o'er the plain,
Where the stern chiefs had hapless Dolon slain,
They staid the coursers ; down leap'd Tydeus' son,
And seized the armour whence the blood-drops run,
And to Ulysses gave, then both again
Sped where the Greeks lay camp'd along the main.

First, Nestor heard the sound—‘ O friends ! ’—he
cried—

- ‘ Princes and chiefs who o’er our host preside !
- ‘ Shall I speak falsely, or the truth reveal ?
- ‘ Yet—I must utter what I warmly feel.
- ‘ Hark—hark—it strikes my ear— I hear the sound
- ‘ Of swift-hoof’d horses on the echoing ground.
- ‘ Oh, that our chiefs—all toil, all peril o’er—
- ‘ On Troy’s fleet coursers here return once more !
- ‘ Yet—much I dread, lest Grecia’s pride and boast
- ‘ Sink down o’erwhelm’d by Ilion’s countless host ! ’

Ere closed the word, the warriors onward swept,
Rush’d ’mid their friends, and from the coursers leap’d,
Warm their kind greeting, hands in transport press’d,
When them Gerenian Nestor first address’d :

- ‘ Ulysses, pride of Grecia !—hero ! say,
- ‘ Whence these brave steeds ?—How borne by thee
away ?
- ‘ From yonder camp purloin’d ? or freely given,
- ‘ Gift worthy of a god who came from heaven ?
- ‘ How bright their splendour ! like the dazzling ray
- ‘ When darts the solar beam at noon of day.
- ‘ With Trojans oft immix’d, I ne’er remain’d
- ‘ Inglorious in my fleet, by age detain’d,

‘ Yet I ne’er view’d such steeds—some present god
‘ From heaven alighting has this gift bestow’d.
‘ Still o’er Tydides hangs the arm of Jove,
‘ And still Ulysses claims Minerva’s love.’

‘ Nestor—thy country’s pride ! ’—Ulysses said,—
‘ The gods—if gods vouchsafe celestial aid—
‘ Had, at their will, far nobler coursers given :
‘ For what can bound the omnipotence of heaven ?
‘ These steeds are Thracians, late to Ilion led,
‘ Their monarch lies, beneath Tydides, dead :
‘ His gallant chieftains, twelve, around him slain :
‘ The thirteenth fell beneath us near the main,
‘ The spy, by Hector and his chieftains sent
‘ To search our camp, and fathom our intent.’

He spake, and where the trench before him lay
Drove glorying, with the chiefs that hail’d his way ;
And ’mid their loud acclaims exulting went
Where rose aloft Tydides’ spacious tent,
And the stall’d coursers bound, where proudly stood
His war-steeds, pamper’d high with wheaten food.
Then, while the chiefs Minerva’s rites prepared,
Ulysses gave his ship the spoils to guard ;
And either warrior ’mid the ocean wave
Plunged, in its cleansing flood their limbs to lave.

And, when the ocean wave had o'er and o'er
Cleansed from their limbs the sweat, and braced each
pore,
In polish'd baths, forgetful of their toil,
Their joints they suppl'd with anointing oil ;
Then, at the banquet, loosed to joy their soul,
And to Minerva pour'd the o'erflowing bowl.

THE ELEVENTH BOOK

OF

THE ILIAD.

ARGUMENT.

At morn Agamemnon arms for battle.—The Muses invoked to celebrate his great achievements.—He retreats, wounded by Coön.—Hector encourages his host—retires stunned by Tydides.*—Tydides wounded by Paris.—Ulysses wounded by Socus.—Machaon wounded by Paris.—Ajax, forced by numbers, reluctantly recedes.—Patroclus, sent by Achilles to Nestor's tent, is exhorted by him to aid the Grecians, mail'd in the armour of Achilles.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XI.

AURORA forth from famed Tithonus' bed
Rose, and to gods and men the light outspread,
When by Jove's stern behest, on mission sent,
Down to the Grecian fleet fell Discord went,
And waving war's dread sign, with outstretch'd hand
Fix'd on Ulysses' lofty prow her stand.
There, 'mid the circling ships, where clearly heard
Went forth to each far horn at once her word;
Here, trusting in his strength where Ajax moor'd,
There, where Pelides' might his fleet secured,
Tower'd the dire fiend, and with tremendous sound
Spread the deep thunder of her voice around,
Forceful, a host with valour to inspire,
And kindle in each heart heroic fire—
Then, sweeter seem'd to all the battle-roar,
Than winds that woo'd them to their native shore.

The king call'd forth his host, and girt for fight
The brazen arms that round him beam'd their light :
First on his guarded thighs securely braced
His well-wrought greaves with studs of silver graced,
Then proudly clasp'd his breadth of bosom o'er
The splendid cuirass Cinyras sent of yore :
For rumour had to Cyprus spread the tale
That Greece 'gainst Troy was gathering every sail,
Hence Cinyras sent to Grecia's mighty lord
The gift that pledged him to his social board ;
Ten bars of polish'd steel around it roll'd,
Of tin twice ten, and twelve of burnish'd gold ;
And three cærulean snakes, on either side,
That to his neck tower'd up their crested pride,
Gleam'd like the rainbow, that from heaven above
Bears on the cloud to earth the will of Jove :—
Then 'thwart his shoulders cast his battle-blade,
That shone afar, with golden studs inlaid :
Its sheath of silver ore, that firmly hung
On the gold-belt that clasp'd it as it swung :
Next raised aloft, the terrour of the field,
The immense circumference of his massive shield :
Ten brazen circles wreathed it round and round,
And twice ten bosses its huge burden crown'd,
Each boss alike with tin refulgent flamed,
Save where dark steel its central horror framed :

Around it, Fear and Flight, and, swoln with ire,
The Gorgon head fierce roll'd its balls of fire.
Its thong was silver : and o'er all entwined
A snake, whose neck three arching crests combined.
A casque, bright-gemm'd, four-coned, adorn'd his brow.
And terribly its horse-hair stream'd below :
Then grasp'd two massive spears, whence beams of light
Shot up, and seemed to touch the ethereal height.
Thus sped the monarch, while the Queen of Jove,
And Pallas, thundering, hail'd him from above.

The chiefs now gave their charioteers command,
Along the fosse to fix their order'd stand,
While they on foot rush'd forth, and dire the bray
And clash of armour, ushering in the day.
First, at the trench the foot their ranks disposed,
The horse, close following, next their order closed :
Throughout, Saturnian Jove, with fell design,
Dire tumult roused, and spread from line to line,
And shower'd down blood-stain'd dews, that omens gave
Of heroes passing to the untimely grave.

The Trojans stood, opposed, where rose the ground,
Great Hector and Polydamas around,
And famed Æneas, and the triple race,
The offspring of Antenor's chaste embrace,

The strength of Polybus, Agenor's might,
And youthful Acamas, a god in fight—
But first amid the foremost, o'er the field
Hector advanced the burden of his shield :
And as a baleful star from forth the clouds
Now flames, and now its course in darkness shrouds,
Thus Hector flash'd by fits, now seen, now lost,
In van, in rear, lone marshalling the host,
And all in brass refulgent moved in light,
As the lanch'd fire-bolt from Jove's arm of might.

But, as keen reapers, band opposed to band,
Toil in the harvest of a grateful land,
And, where the barley bristles into grain,
Row after row with sheaves o'erstrow the plain,
The Greeks and Trojans thus in clash'd career
Slay and are slain, none pause, none fly, none fear,
But lift alike their crests, and, wild with rage,
Like wolves the exterminating battle wage.
Alone of all the gods, with grim delight
Discord, there present, gloried 'mid the fight :
The rest, in peace, each on his palace throne
Amid the Olympian cliffs reposed alone ;
But all Saturnius blamed, whose partial sway
To Ilion gave the glory of the day :

While reckless of their ire, from all afar,
The Thunderer, throned in glory, view'd the war,
Troy, and the Grecian fleet, and all the plain
That blazed with arms, the slayers and the slain.

From the grey dawn, and thro' the advancing day,
Spears clash'd on spears, on warriors warriors lay ;
But when in leafy heights, with toil oppress'd,
The hewer seeks an interval of rest,
And in the mountain glades, where fell the wood,
Longs for refreshment, and prepares his food,
Then rank to rank, loud shouting in their might,
Greece turn'd the Trojan phalanxes to flight ;
While, rushing from their van, Atrides flew,
And fierce Bianor, guide of battle, slew :
Next, his tried friend, associate of his war,
Oileus urging on his battle-car :
Him, as he leapt on earth, and dared advance,
And poise against the king his quivering lance,
His brazen casque betray'd, Atrides' blow
Smote his helm'd front, and laid the warrior low,—
On thro' the casque, the bone, the brain, the spear
Flew, and arrested him in mid career.
The conqueror left them prone in death to rest,
Spoil'd their bright arms, and bared each snowy breast :

Then rush'd where Priam's sons the battle led,
This of a lawful, that a lawless bed,
Isus and Antiphus, whom friendship held,
And in one car at once to war impell'd ;
The spurious drove, while, skill'd the lance to wield,
Brave Antiphus in arms opposed the field—
Them, once, amid their flocks Achilles found
In Ida's glades, and there with osiers bound,
Then loosed, rich-ransom'd. Gored above the breast,
'Neath the king's spear fall'n Isus sank to rest,
But Antiphus, beneath the trenchant blade,
That clove his ear, dropp'd headlong, breathless laid :
Then from each corse the conqueror swiftly drew
Their armour flashing on his conscious view,
First seen, when Peleus' son the captives bore
From pasturing Ida to the Phrygian shore.
As when a lion, in keen search of food
Views in the deer's warm lair her tender brood,
His forceful jaws, that grasp with ease the prey,
Crush every bone, and reave its life away,
The while the hind in horror standing nigh,
Fain would defend, but dares not, forced to fly,
And 'mid far woods, alive alone to fear,
Bathed in thick sweat-drops, seems the roar to hear :
'Thus none dared shield the Trojans, as they fled,
While Greece resistless rush'd from dead to dead.

Next, on two brothers, each in youthful might,
Sons of Antimachus, renown'd in fight,
Who, bribed by Paris, had refused of yore
That Troy should Helen to her lord restore,
Borne in one chariot, while, confused by fear,
The reins dropp'd loose from their uncheck'd career,
Rush'd, lion-like, the king, and sternly gazed
As in the car their hands the suppliants raised.

‘ Spare us, and take due ransom, largely told,
‘ All that Antimachus’ heap’d treasures hold,
‘ Pure gold, and radiant brass, a countless store,
‘ And steel elaborated o’er and o’er.’
Thus with soft words they sued, but no soft word
From the stern lip of fierce Atrides heard.

‘ Are ye in sooth his sons, whose voice of yore
‘ Urged that our legates should return no more,
‘ My much-loved brother, and Laertes’ heir ?
‘ The father’s guilt forbids the sons to spare.’

Then lanch’d the spear, that pierced with deadly
wound
Pisander’s breast, and headlong hurl’d on ground :
And when Hippolochus leapt down dismay’d,
Sever’d his hands and head with vengeful blade :

Then with fierce scorn amid the armed throng,
Whirl'd the bare trunk that roll'd in blood along :
Left there the slain, and as his host pursued
Rush'd, where Troy's densest ranks the fight renew'd—
Foot slew the foot, and ever where they fled
The horsemen trampled o'er the horsemen dead,
And from the steeds' loud hoofs thick dust on high
Roll'd in dark volumes up, and veil'd the sky :
While fierce Atrides, on Troy's deep array
Swept, and in slaughter bathed the Argive way.
As when, in forest depths, fire kindles fire,
When winds on winds to spread the flames conspire,
Down to their roots consumed, as whirls the blast,
Trees after trees on earth are thickly cast :
So, where Atrides raged, beneath him slain,
Trojan on Trojan strew'd with death the plain,
And steeds, high-crested, 'mid the ranks of war
Rush'd wildly on, and whirl'd their guideless car,
While, far more grateful to gaunt birds of prey
Than to their wives, on earth the warriors lay.

But Jove brave Hector from the darts conceal'd,
The dust, blood, death, and uproar of the field.
Then, guiding on his host, with gore embued,
Great Atreus' son the fugitives pursued,

Who sought their walls, and, as they fled their foes,
Pass'd where the fig-tree 'mid the champaign rose,
By ancient Ilus' tomb : while, more and more,
The king, fierce-shouting, drench'd his hands in gore.
Now, by the beech-tree, and the Scæan gate,
The Trojans dared their routed ranks await ;
They 'mid the plain rush'd on, like bees in flight
Chased by a lion at the noon of night :
The herds all fly, but death o'er one impends,
One whom the lion seizes, grasps, and rends,
Crushes his neck, and with insatiate jaws
Drains his warm blood, and forth his entrails draws :
Thus stern Atrides follow'd where they fled,
Seized on the last, dash'd on, and left him dead—
Chiefs from their cars, hurl'd prostrate, bit the ground
Beneath that lance that gave no second wound.
But when, in hardihood of rage impell'd,
The conqueror drew nigh Ilion, Jove beheld,
Came down, and throned on Ida's stream-fed height
The thunder grasp'd, and sat in awful might :—
And gold-wing'd Iris call'd—' Speed, swift as air,
' To Hector speed, and Jove's behest declare :
' Long as, in van of war, beneath the ire
' Of Atreus' son his slaughter'd ranks expire,
' Bid him awhile recede, but urge the rest
' To front the battle with unswerving breast :

‘ But when the lance, or arrow’s winged wound,
‘ Force Atreus’ son to mount, and quit the ground,
‘ Then will I yield him victory, then at will
‘ The slaughtering sword his vengeance shall fulfil,
‘ Till Grecia’s fleet at sun-set dread his spear,
‘ And night alone arrest his proud career.’

Jove spake, and Iris from the Idæan height
At once to sacred Ilion wing’d her flight :
And the famed son of war-skill’d Priam found,
‘ Mid chariots and proud steeds encompass’d round.

‘ Hector, I come on mission from above,
‘ And thus to thee announce the will of Jove :

‘ Long as, in van of war, beneath the ire
‘ Of Atreus’ son, thy slaughter’d ranks expire,
‘ Jove bids thee pause awhile, but urge the rest
‘ To front the battle with unswerving breast :
‘ But when the lance, or arrow’s winged wound,
‘ Force him to mount his car, and quit the ground,
‘ Then the god yields thee victory, then, at will,
‘ The slaughtering sword thy vengeance shall fulfil,
‘ Till Grecia’s fleet at sun-set dread thy spear,
‘ And night alone arrest thy proud career.’

She spake, and fled—all arm'd, as Hector heard,
On earth he leapt, obedient to her word :
And brandishing his spears with powerful hand,
His host embold'ning, sped from band to band.
They stood, and faced their foe, nor shunn'd their might
When Greece had closed her phalanxes for fight.
From host to host, a spirit unsubdued
Flamed in each breast, and all the war renew'd :
Van fronted van, when forth before their view
First to engage the son of Atreus flew.

Deign ye, who in yon heaven your mansions hold,
Deign, sacred Muses ! to my search unfold,
Who, of Troy's sons, or Troy's confederate band,
First dared Atrides' ruthless rage withstand ?

Antenor's son, large-limb'd, the brave, the bold,
Train'd where the Thracians vaunt their fleecy fold,
Whom, yet a child, by kindred blood endear'd,
His grandsire, fair Theano's father, rear'd,
And to whose blooming youth had lately led
A beauteous daughter to adorn his bed :
But lust of fame, from love's connubial joy,
Lured him, with twelve brave ships, to succour Troy :
These at Percote left, on foot the chief
Pass'd, when hoar Priam sought from Thrace relief.

He, first, Atrides met—fierce-rushing near,
Front against front, each warrior hurl'd his spear :
Atrides fail'd : but where the girdle, wound
Beneath the corselet, girt the king around,
The Thracian struck, and, trusting in his strength,
With pond'rous hand press'd on the lance's length,
In vain : the silver o'er the girdle spread
Blunted the point, and turn'd it back, like lead.
Then, like a lion, Agamemnon sprung,
Firm grasp'd the lance, and from the warrior wrung :
Smote with sharp edge his neck, and prostrate laid
Iphidamas a corse beneath his blade ;
In iron slumber, on a foreign bed,
There lay the chief, whose youth for Ilion bled,
Far from his virgin bride and blooming charms,
That scarce had bless'd his marriageable arms :
For whom the wooer, lavish of his store,
An hundred oxen gave, and promised more,
A thousand goats and sheep, that largely fed
Where o'er rich Thrace his fertile pastures spread—
The victor spoil'd him, and exulting bore
Back to his host his armour, stain'd with gore :
But as Antenor's first and far-famed son
Beheld him in his glory passing on,
Coön, whose tears had o'er his brother slain
Gush'd, where his corse lay prostrate on the plain,

The stern avenger stole Atrides near,
Stood by his side unseen, and lanch'd his spear,
And pierced his arm, where the resplendent point
Came out, and beam'd below the elbow joint ;
The monarch shudder'd, but not less remain'd
Firm in his soul, and war's dire proof sustain'd,
And, onward rushing, with resistless ire
'Gainst Coön shook his lance's quivering fire—
Then as the brother drew the brother's corse,
And, shouting, call'd the bravest of his force,—
Him, fondly labouring thus, his shield beneath
Atrides smote, and loosed his limbs in death :
And on Iphidamas, while yet he bled,
With sword unsparing struck off Coön's head.
Thus, side by side, in one disastrous day
Antenor's sons, in death united, lay.
Then, Agamemnon fierce and fiercer grown,
With lance, and sword, and many a massive stone,
Traversed the ranks, and spread destruction wide,
While from his wound warm gush'd the sanguine tide ;
But when it ceased to ooze, when cold the wound,
Sharp pangs each limb in numbing weakness bound.
As when a matron, ere her travail's close,
'Mid her long labour's agonizing throes,
Thrills at the sharpness of the arrowy smart
That Juno's daughters, the Ilithyæ, dart :

Thus, rack'd with pain, Atrides gain'd his car,
And bade his guide swift hasten back from war ;
And as he pass'd in agony of grief,
His host far heard their loud-exhorting chief :

‘ Friends ! lords, and leaders of the Argive host,
‘ Shield from assault the fleet, and guard the coast,
‘ Since doom'd by Jove's stern will, worn down with pain,
‘ This day from battle I perforce refrain.’

He spake : the while his guide, in all their speed,
Down to the navy lash'd each fiery steed :
Foam bathed their chests, thro' clouds of dust they flew,
As their wing'd feet the suffering monarch drew.
Glad Hector saw, and shouting at the sight,
Urged on his forces, and renew'd the fight :

‘ Ye Trojans, Lycians, Dardans war-renown'd,
‘ Now be your valour tried, your victory crown'd ;
‘ Troy's bravest foe is fled—a voice from heaven,
‘ Jove's, has to Hector's arm the victory given.
‘ Right onwards 'gainst the Grecians lash your steeds,
‘ And greater glory gain by greater deeds.’

Thus Hector spake, and in each heart inspired
The dauntless spirit that his bosom fired—

As when a hunter's eager cheers excite
His hounds to stand a boar's or lion's might,
Thus Hector's voice the Trojan battle cheer'd,
While like the God of War the chief appear'd ;
Before the van, with high and haughty stride,
Stalk'd, and alone upon himself relied,
And dash'd on war, as with impetuous sweep
The rushing tempest darkens all the deep.

Who first, who last, by Hector doom'd to bleed,
When Jove to him that glorious day decreed ?
Assæus, Dolops, and Autonus slain,
Opites, and Opheltius bit the plain ;
Æsymnus, Orus, Agelaus bled,
And bold Hipponous swell'd the untimely dead :
All, leaders of the Grecians, all renown'd :
The rest, a nameless number, strew'd the ground.
As when the west wind, lash'd by southern blasts,
Whirls, and with war of clouds the heaven o'ercasts,
Vex'd ocean boils, and swept, like driven snow,
The foam with fitful gusts veers to and fro ;
Beneath the Hectorean lance, thus, corse on corse
Fell from the raging chief's resistless force.
Death then, and nameless deeds, and fell defeat,
And, wild with terrour, Greece had sought her fleet,

But thus Ulysses Tydeus' son address'd :

‘ Why droop we thus, of courage dispossess'd ?

‘ Stand at my side—Inexpiable shame

‘ If Hector seize, and wrap our fleet in flame.’

‘ By thine,’ the chief replied, ‘ I fix my stand,

‘ Yet vain the succour of an earthly hand,

‘ Since Jove, omnipotent in earth and heaven,

‘ To Troy, not us, this victory-day has given.’

He spake, and hurl'd, the death-lance in his breast,
Thymbræus from his car to endless rest :

And brave Ulysses, as his javelin sped,

Cast his bold guide Molion on the dead.

They left each corse, and rush'd amid the throng,

As boars turn back, and rush scared dogs among.

Thus they the Trojans slew, while stay'd on flight

The Grecians breathed, and faced the Hectorean might.

The chiefs rush'd on, and captured, with their car,

The sons of Merops, foremost in the war ;

Percosian Merops, whose prophetic skill,

That all surpass'd, forbade, presaging ill,

His sons to war : they heard, but disobey'd,

And pass'd where fate spread o'er them death's dark shade.

Them Diomed transfix'd, and where they lay

Reft from each corse the radiant arms away :

While famed Laertes' son Hippodamus spoil'd,
And brave Hyperochus with gore defiled.
They slew—were slain—while Jove from Ida's height
Look'd on the field, and poised the equal fight.
Then Tydeus' son Agastrophus subdued,
Plunged in his flank his lance with blood embued :
The wounded warrior look'd around in vain
For his far steeds to bear him from the plain :
In vain, on foot, by desperate courage led,
Rush'd in the van till number'd with the dead.
Hector beheld, and, shouting, onward drew
Phalanx on phalanx following where he flew ;
And Diomed, who view'd him thundering on,
Thus half in terrour spake Laertes' son :

‘ On us that war-fiend Hector drives amain :
‘ Here stand, and dare his fierce assault sustain.’
Then, brandishing his spear's far-shadowing length,
Hurl'd, against Hector's front, its deadly strength,
Smote his high crest, but from the brass the brass
Glanced off, all powerless thro' the flesh to pass ;
Such that thrice-plated helm, the gift of heaven,
Gift to great Hector by Apollo given.
Hector afar recoil'd, and, 'mid his band,
Fall'n, kneeling, sank on his sustaining hand :

Night veil'd his eyes ; but while Tydides flew
To pluck from earth the shaft that gleam'd on view,
Hector revived, and charioted again,
From death escaped 'mid Troy's encircling train.

‘ Dog,’ Diomed exclaim’d, and poised his spear,
‘ Again thou hast escaped, though death drew near.
‘ Phœbus, once more, to whom thy vows are paid
‘ Ere clash of spears, my vengeance has delay’d ;
‘ But would some god befriend, ere long we meet,
‘ And, slain by me, thou diest beneath my feet.
‘ On others now my wrath shall deeply fall,
‘ They whom I seize are slain, they perish all.’

He spake : and smote brave Pæon's offspring dead,
And reft his armour as the chieftain bled.
Then the fair youth, whose charms had Helen won,
Raised his bent bow, and aim'd at Tydeus' son,
Couchant behind the stone, in darkness laid,
That cast o'er Ilus' ancient tomb its shade ;
And while the chief Agastrophus despoil'd,
His shield, huge helm and corselet blood defiled,
Arch'd the elastic horns, and firmly drew
The shaft that from his hand not vainly flew,
But thro' his foot's broad sole, with painful wound,
Sped whizzing on, and fix'd it to the ground ;

Then loudly laughing, with contemptuous pride,
Leapt from his ambush, and, exultant cried,
‘ Yes, thou art struck ; not vain my arrow sped,
‘ Would it had pierced thy heart, and left thee dead !
‘ Then had our host, now shuddering at thy might,
‘ As she-goats dread a lion, breathed from fight.’

But Tydeus’ dauntless son thus scornful said :
‘ Vile bowman, slanderer, girl with glist’ning braid,
‘ Come, front to front, in arms my force assail :
‘ Then shall thy bow, nor shower of shafts avail.
‘ What !—Hast thou scratch’d my foot !—Is that thy
joy ?
‘ So wounds a woman or a feeble boy.
‘ Weak is the weapon in a hand like thine ;
‘ Far, other far the wound that waits on mine :
‘ If my sharp point but touch, its touch is death,
‘ Prone falls at once the victim reft of breath :
‘ His wife shall blanch her cheek in anguish torn,
‘ O’er his void hearth his orphan children mourn,
‘ While where in blood his corse corrupts away,
‘ Flock, more than females, birds that rend their prey.’

Thus as the hero spake in dauntless mood,
Laertes’ son before him firmly stood ;

While all unyielding to severest pain,
Forth from his foot he pluck'd the shaft again,
Regain'd his car, and bade, tho' grieved at heart,
Back to the fleet his charioteer depart ;
And as he pass'd, all, save Ulysses, fled,
Who to his own brave heart thus, groaning, said :

‘ Woe ! woe ! How act ?—Indelible disgrace !
‘ How fly, tho' numerous, Troy's oft-conquer'd race !
‘ Yet dire, when all are fled, by Jove o'erthrown,
‘ Here to remain, cut off, a captive, lone !
‘ Yet wherefore waver thus ?—Enough to know,
‘ None but the weak and worthless fly the foe ;
‘ The brave must bravely stand, whate'er decreed,
‘ Whether they wound the foe, or wounded bleed.’

While pondering thus, with insolent acclaim
The Trojans clash'd their shields, and onward came ;
And as they girt him close and closer round,
In narrower ring their own destruction found ;
As when keen youths and dogs, their prey in view,
With breathless speed the mountain boar pursue,
From the deep wood he darts, and whets in ire
His snow-white tusks, and glares with eye of fire ;
Yet still they close him round, tho' heard afar
The grinding of his teeth that gnash for war :

Thus compassing the chief, the Trojans drove
Against Ulysses, the beloved of Jove.
The chief rush'd on, and first, in swift advance,
Thro' Deiopites' shoulder drove his lance ;
Then from the light of day prone Ennomus hurl'd,
And swept bold Thoön from the living world :
The next, where rashly leaping from his car,
Chersidamas dared wage the equal war,
Pierced thro' his navel, underneath his shield,
And left him grasping, fierce in death, the field.
These all unspoil'd, the unwearied conqueror flew,
And Charops, brother of famed Socus, slew ;
While generous Socus strove in vain to aid,
And standing near him, thus undaunted said :

‘ Far-famed Ulysses, chief, by all renown'd,
‘ Alike in arms and arts unequall'd found,
‘ Thou shalt this day immortal glory gain,
‘ Two sons of Hippasus together slain,
‘ Their arms thy trophy, or beneath this hand
‘ Thou bleed'st stretch'd breathless on a stranger land.’

Then struck his shield's vast orb, and drove the spear
On thro' the buckler in its wing'd career ;
Then traversing the corselet, steep'd in gore,
From his bare side the flesh in piece-meal tore :

But Pallas saved, nor will'd the death-fraught dart
Should in the entrails pierce a vital part.

Ulysses knew the ineffectual blow,
And, back retreating, thus address'd his foe :

‘ Ah wretch ! dire fate hangs o’er thee, tho’ thy
spear
‘ ‘Gainst Ilion’s host has stay’d my proud career :
‘ Yet I to thee announce, this fatal day
‘ Shall summon thee from life and light away :
‘ This lance, that slays thee, shall new glory gain,
‘ And hurl thy soul to Pluto’s dreary reign.’

He spake, and swift, as Socus turn’d for flight,
Lanch’d at his back his spear’s resistless might ;
Pierced thro’ and thro’, and clave his breast in twain,
And as he fell, all arm’d, wide rang the plain.

The chief exulting cried, ‘ Death’s rapid pace,
‘ Socus Hippasides, outstrips thy race.
‘ Ah, wretch ! no mother’s tender touch, no sire
‘ Shall close thy lids, or sadden o’er thy pyre,
‘ But ravenous vultures on unhallow’d ground
‘ Gorge thy rent limbs, and flap their wings around.
‘ But, when I cease to breathe, the Achæan host
‘ With pomp of funeral glorify my ghost.’

He spake : and from his flesh and buckler drew
The massive shaft that vengeful Socus threw ;
And as the life-blood issued, o'er him stole
A dead'ning langour that oppress'd his soul.
The Trojans, as the life-blood warmly gush'd,
Band urging band, at once against him rush'd.
He back retreated slow, and unappall'd,
Thrice, far as voice can reach, on Grecia call'd :
Thrice Menelaus his loud outcry heard,
And Ajax thus aroused with winged word :

‘ Prince ! Telamonian Ajax, lord of war,
‘ Thrice have I heard Ulysses’ voice afar,—
‘ Voice as of one who, nigh by Troy o'erthrown,
‘ Cut off in battle droops, abandon'd, lone.
‘ Come, let us pierce the throng, and, undismay'd,
‘ To our brave warrior give a warrior's aid ;
‘ Tho' strong his arm, how lone contend with all ?
‘ Haste ! lest his death the host of Greece appal.’

He spake, nor longer interposed delay,
And Ajax follow'd where he led the way.
The heroes, rushing on, Ulysses found,
By Trojans, in their rage, encompass'd round.
As on a mount gaunt wolves a stag inclose,
While down the death-wing'd shaft his life-blood flows,

Who long, as flow'd that blood, and strength avail'd,
Had fled the hunter that from far assail'd;
But when the thirsty dart has drain'd his blood,
The fierce wolves rend him 'mid the o'ershadowing wood;
But if a lion there should haply stray,
They fear—are fled—and his alone the prey:
Thus throng'd, thus fierce, on swift destruction bound
The Trojans press'd Laertes' son around,
While the brave warrior, with unwearied lance,
Turn'd death aside, and curb'd their rash advance.
Ajax came on, and like a tower outspread
The shield from whose dense shade the Trojans fled,
While Menelaus drew the chief aside,
And led him to his car and faithful guide.
Then, rushing on the Trojans, Ajax flew,
And Priam's spurious son, Doryclus, slew,
Lysander, Pyrasus, Pylartes bled,
And Pandocus on earth bow'd down his head.
As when o'erflooded by autumnal rains,
A mountain torrent deluges the plains,
Sweeps down the arid oaks, the piny wood,
And darkens ocean with its slimy flood:
Thus Ajax thundering thro' the dense array,
'Mid steeds and slaughter'd warriors hew'd his way:
Unheard of Hector: for the war, he waged,
On the left bank of vex'd Scamander raged:

There slaughter spread, and conflict's deepest roar
Rang, where Crete's king and Nestor stalk'd in gore.
Hector 'mid these achieved tremendous deeds,
Pierced the dense ranks, and o'er them lash'd his steeds;
Yet ne'er had Hellas turn'd, but Priam's son,
Whose guile the faithless bride had woo'd and won,
Young Paris, with his arrow's thrice-barb'd point
Pierced in the van Machaon's shoulder joint.
Then Grecia fear'd, lest, forced, retreating slow,
That chief should fall beneath the insulting foe.
Then spake the king, ' Speed, Nestor! Grecia's pride,
' Speed, to Machaon's aid thy coursers guide,
' And bear him to the fleet; that wounded chief,
' Prompt others to relieve, now claims relief;
' Skill'd to cut out the shaft, the balsam spread,
' That leech outvalues many a warrior's head.'

He spake: nor him hoar Nestor disobey'd:
But lash'd his coursers to Machaon's aid.
Machaon mounted: on again they flew,
And gladly to the ships the chariot drew.

But brave Cebriones, at Hector's side,
Who view'd Troy's troubled battle, swiftly cried:
' Hector! while here at war's extremest verge
' We press the conflict, and the Grecians urge,

‘ Yon Trojans, and their steeds, car mix’d with car
‘ In wild disorder clash’d, confusedly war :
‘ There Telamonian Ajax routs the field.
‘ I know him—his, that broad, that blazing shield,
‘ There let us wield our arms, there urge each steed
‘ Where horse and foot in mutual slaughter bleed,
‘ Where fiercest rings the clamour from afar,
‘ The unextinguishable roar of war.’

He spake, and lash’d his steeds : beneath the thong
The full-maned coursers wing’d the car along,
Burst ’mid each host, and crush’d beneath their tread
Hauberk, and helm, the dying, and the dead—
The axle roll’d amid the ensanguined flood,
The chariot-rings shower’d down large drops of blood,
These, from the dashing of the coursers’ heels,
Those, from the ceaseless whirling of the wheels.
But Hector onward rush’d to pierce the throng,
And fierce and fiercer burst the host among,—
Fell tumult thicken’d, and increasing fear
Fell on the Greeks from his reposeless spear,
While with rock-fragments, lance, and slaughtering
sword,
On raged from rank to rank the battle’s lord,
Save, where in matchless might tower’d up alone
The giant strength of Ajax Telamon.

But Jove quail'd Ajax' heart—he stood aghast,
On his broad back his seven-fold buckler cast,
Turn'd, eyed the host, and, as a beast on chase
Turns, step by step stalk'd back with sullen pace.
As when keen huntsmen and their dogs appal
A ravenous lion prowling round the stall,
And wearing out on watch the night away,
Stay him, intent to fasten on his prey,
Tho' urged by famine, and athirst for blood ;
Right on again he burst,—again withstood,
So dense the shower of darts, so fierce the fires,
Scared at whose flames the beast in rage retires,
And lingering long, perforce, at break of day
Slow stalks at last reluctantly away :
Thus Ajax pass'd, and sad in slow retreat
Groan'd in deep anguish o'er the threaten'd fleet—
As when an ass, slow-paced, despite a throng
Of urchins, bursts ripe fields of corn among,
And bruised by many a broken staff in vain,
At pleasure crops the ears of golden grain,
While nought such efforts, and weak blows avail,
Till the gorged beast's keen sense of hunger fail,
Thus the brave Trojans, and their leagued bands,
Their missile weapons in unwearied hands,
Struck on the seven-fold shield, and pressing on,
Urged more and more the Telamonian son—

But he, at times, collecting all his force,
Fronted their phalanxes, and staid their course,
At times retreated, yet in slow retreat
Check'd their fell inroad, bulwarking the fleet,
Tower'd lone 'mid either host, and kept the field
While their thick lances charged with death his shield,
Or, mid-way, fix'd in earth, a brazen wood,
Stood quivering up, and thirsted for his blood.

Him, as Eurypylus, Evæmon's son,
Saw underneath the wood of spears bow'd down,
Swift to his aid he flew, and lanch'd the dart
That pierced Phausiades beneath the heart,
And smote him dead, then, forward springing, drew
The blood-stain'd armour from the man he slew :
Fair Paris view'd the spoiler's fell intent,
And, wing'd with death, his vengeful arrow sent,
Pierced his right thigh, and with the forceful stroke
That inly fix'd the barb, the reed-shaft broke :
The wounded chief, avoiding death, withdrew,
And, shouting, bade the Greeks the war renew :

‘ Turn, chieftains ! stand ! ward off impending fate,
‘ Lo ! Ajax, whelm'd beneath the lances' weight :
‘ Haste, or he dies : speed forward, band on band,
‘ And round the Telamonian fix your stand.’

Thus spake the wounded chief: the Greeks drew nigh,
Sloped their broad shields, and held their spears on high:
Ajax before them stood, to battle turn'd,
And, like a raging flame, the conflict burn'd.

But Nestor's coursers, foaming in their speed,
Him and Machaon from the tumult freed.
Achilles view'd them, as the hero tower'd
On his ship's high-raised stern, and war devour'd,
Widely o'erlooking from that vantage height
The sharp encounter, and the shameful flight,
And call'd Patroclus: and Patroclus heard,
In silence of his tent, his piercing word,
And came like Mars, but in that ill-starr'd hour
Which doom'd him first to fate's malignant power.

‘ Achilles! speak thy wish ’—Patroclus cried—
‘ Friend! by my soul beloved ’—the chief replied—
‘ Now, at my knees, the Greeks, bow'd down by grief,
‘ Such their deep woe, shall supplicate relief.
‘ Now speed to Nestor, bid the warrior say
‘ What wounded chief his coursers bore away:
‘ His form, Machaon's, but the chariot flew
‘ So swift, that scarce his features met my view.’

He spake: Patroclus, with unwearied feet,
Pass'd 'mid the tented camp, and station'd fleet.

But they, the chiefs, where Nestor's tent arose
Staid, and alighting, sought awhile repose.
Aged Nestor's friend, Eurymedon, unbound
The yoke that clasp'd the courser's neck around,
While the chiefs cleansed their vests from sweat and gore,
And woo'd the breezes on the sea-beat shore :
Then, where the tented covering o'er them closed,
Recumbent on their couch in peace reposed.
There, bright-hair'd Hecamede, Nestor's slave,
Whom, to reward his wisdom, Grecia gave,
When Tenedos, by Peleus' son despoil'd,
Resign'd the beauteous prize, Arsinous' child,
The grateful beverage mix'd, their table placed,
Smooth-polish'd, bright, with feet cerulean graced :
Next, a brass vessel set, that garlic held,
Whose pungent flavour keener thirst impell'd,
Mix'd with new honey, and the flowery grain,
Celestial gift of Ceres' golden plain :
Then, by aged Nestor's self from Pylos brought,
A bowl with studs of gold distinctly wrought ;
Four were its ears, at each two turtles fed,
And two, beneath, all gold, their wings outspread.
None could with ease that bowl full charged upraise,
Save Nestor, bow'd beneath the weight of days.
Then the fair maid, with juice of Pramnian grapes
Mix'd the goat-cheese her rasp minutely scrapes,

Strew'd o'er the whole fine flour, and bade each guest
Pledge the charged cup her dainty hand had dress'd.

Now, when the painful sense of thirst repress'd,
While mutual converse cheer'd each gladsome guest,
Patroclus came, and Nestor from his seat
Rose, at the porch Menœtius' son to greet,
And clasp'd his hand, and urged him to remain :
' Not now,' Patroclus said, ' not now detain,
' Austere the man, from whom, here swiftly sped,
' I seek what wounded chieftain Nestor led.
' I know him—there, Machaon I discern,
' And to Achilles now in haste return.
' Thou know'st that lord's fierce mood, how swift to
 flame,
' How rashly prompt the blameless man to blame.'

' Can then,' aged Nestor cried, ' Achilles deign
' A kindly care for Grecia still retain,
' Yet live, unconscious what distress and dread
' Pervade our host, and far and widely spread ?
' Our bravest, wounded by the shaft or lance,
' Lie in their ships, nor dare to war advance.
' Tydides bleeds beneath the arrowy flight,
' The piercing lance has tamed Ulysses' might

‘ And Agamemnon’s strength, and deadly flew
‘ The shaft, when maim’d Eurypylus withdrew :
‘ And, dire the feather’d weapon drunk his gore,
‘ When I this gallant chief from battle bore.
‘ But Peleus’ son, tho’ girt with matchless power,
‘ Recks not of Greece, nor wards her baleful hour.
‘ What!—waits he, till our navy wrapt in fire,
‘ We, on each other, ’mid its wrecks, expire ?
‘ In me, no longer now the force remains
‘ That moved my flexile limbs, and swell’d my veins,—
‘ O that once more that youth, that vigour mine,
‘ When I and Elis battled for her kine :
‘ When from his native town her champion flew,
‘ Itymoneüs, whom I bravely slew :
‘ When seizing my reprisals, as I came
‘ He rush’d between me and my rightful claim,
‘ Rush’d from his host, but, when my javelin sped,
‘ Fell prone, and at his fall the Eleians fled—
‘ We drove the booty off, a plenteous store,
‘ Beeves fifty herd, of sheep full fifty more,
‘ Nor less of swine and goats, and many a steed,
‘ Thrice fifty, bright of hue, a far-famed breed,
‘ Mares all, and mothers mostly, at whose side,
‘ The foals gay bounded in their youthful pride.
‘ These, home by night, we drove within our wall,
‘ Where the Neleian Pylos guarded all.

‘ Aged Neleus gladden’d at the treasure won
‘ By me, unversed in war, his stripling son.
‘ Then the shrill heralds, at the dawn of light,
‘ Bade Elis’ claimants prosecute their right.
‘ They came—our chiefs, in just division, there,
‘ To many a Pylian doled his righteous share :—
‘ We, then at Pylos, we, a scanty band,
‘ Were yoked to misery in our ravaged land :
‘ For there, of yore, the Herculean strength had pass’d,
‘ And, prone on earth, our bravest warriors cast :
‘ Twelve blameless brothers, all of Neleus born,
‘ All these, save one, were slain, I left forlorn.
‘ Thence, swoln with pride, the Epeians, brazen-mail’d,
‘ Us in our woe insultingly assail’d.—
‘ Then, from the plunder, from the allotted prey,
‘ Aged Neleus bore a herd of kine away,
‘ And took, selecting from the fleecy stock,
‘ Three hundred sheep, the shepherds, and their flock ;
‘ For great his claims.—Four steeds to Elis sent,
‘ Four, bred for conquest, with his chariot went,
‘ Train’d to contend the prize, the tripod gain,
‘ And add new glory to my father’s reign.
‘ But sceptred Augeas back in stern disdain
‘ Sent their grieved guide, and dared his steeds detain.
‘ By such proud words, such injuries enflamed,
‘ Not light the spoil that aged Neleus claim’d,

‘ Then bade the people the rich plunder share,
‘ That none ungifted thence should home repair.
‘ Such was our state : and now, when warfare ceased,
‘ And the whole city solemnized the feast,
‘ At the third day, with all her marshall’d host,
‘ Arm’d Elis gather’d to invade our coast,
‘ Horsemen, and footmen, and, in youthful might,
‘ The two Molions, yet unversed in fight.
‘ A city, seated on a mountain brow,
‘ At Pylos’ verge, by far Alpheus’ flow,
‘ Soars, Thryoëssa named, the Epeian powers
‘ Girt it around, and vow’d to raze its towers.
‘ But, sent by night, Minerva from above
‘ Flew down, and bade us arm, and onward move.
‘ She roused no lingering people : band on band
‘ Rush’d in their strength, and fill’d with war the land.
‘ But Neleus deem’d me all unversed in fight,
‘ And hid the coursers from my searching sight.
‘ Yet, tho’ on foot, the horsemen I outshone,
‘ For Pallas to the battle led me on.
‘ There is a stream that by Arena flows,
‘ And in the deep its weight of water throws,
‘ Hight Minyeius, there in firm array,
‘ Our horsemen waited for the dawn of day :
‘ Meantime, on flow’d the foot : thence all our force,
‘ All gather’d, gain’d at noon Alpheus’ course :

- ‘ There Jove we solemnized, the bullocks led ;
‘ One to Alpheüs, one to Neptune bled ;
‘ A heifer to Minerva : thus prepared,
‘ Troop after troop the feast in order shared,
‘ And where the stream its flow perpetual kept,
‘ Each in his arms, we lay, and stilly slept.
‘ The while the fierce Epeians’ sieging powers,
‘ Resolved to level Thryoëssa’s towers.
‘ Dire havoc intervened, at dawn of light,
‘ Host clash’d on host conflicting in their might.
‘ Minerva, Jove, we hail’d : then forth I flew,
‘ And first a warrior in the vanguard slew,
‘ And seized his steeds : thine, Mulius, thine, whose
 arms
‘ Had clasp’d in wedlock Agamede’s charms,
‘ Augeas’ first-born, skill’d to cull from earth
‘ Each medicinal herb of healing birth.
‘ Him, as he onward rush’d, with fatal wound
‘ My death-lance pierced, and hurl’d him prone on
 ground :
‘ I sprang into his car, and fearless stood
‘ Amid the van, fresh bathed with Mulius’ blood.
‘ The proud Epeians, then, confusedly fled,
‘ Their bravest chief, their guide in battle dead.
‘ The more I raged, and with resistless might
‘ Rush’d onward like a tempest charged with night.

- ‘ Full fifty cars I seized : I dealt each wound,
‘ And in each car two warriors bit the ground.
‘ Then the Molions, Neptune’s sons had bled,
‘ But their dread sire around them darkness spread.
‘ There with great conquest Jove the Pylians crown’d,
‘ The while we chased them o’er the shield-strown
ground,
‘ And slew, and of their armour spoil’d the slain,
‘ Till foam’d our steeds on rich Buprasium’s plain,
‘ The Olenian rock, or where the lofty site
‘ Of fair Alesia crowns Colone’s height.
‘ Then Pallas staid us : and, as turn’d our force,
‘ There the last foe I slew, and left his corse.
‘ Thence the Achæans from Buprasium’s plain,
‘ To Pylos drave their coursers home again :
‘ There all, above all gods, praised highest Jove,
‘ And me, young Nestor, all mankind above.
‘ Such, ’mid the brave, I was : but Peleus’ son,
‘ In his own worth enjoys himself alone.
‘ Yet well I ween, when slaughter wastes our host,
‘ His spirit, conscience-struck, will grieve the most.
‘ But thou, my friend, by wise Menœtius taught,
‘ From Phthia camest with noble precepts fraught,
‘ When I, that day, I and Ulysses heard
‘ The virtuous mandate of thy father’s word,

‘ While we, in Peleus’ many-chamber’d court,
‘ Gathering thro’ Greece the associates, made resort :
‘ And there, his hospitable hearth around,
‘ Thee, nigh Achilles, and Menœtius found.
‘ Aged Peleus’ self, before Jove’s hallow’d fane,
‘ Then in his court consumed the victims slain,
‘ And from his golden bowl, with rites divine,
‘ Pour’d on the flame the sacrificial wine ;
‘ And while ye labour’d, and prepared the food,
‘ We, in the portal, unexpected, stood.
‘ Achilles rose, amazed, our doubts released,
‘ Clasp’d our pledged hands, and bade us share the feast ;
‘ And on our tables placed, profusely stored,
‘ Whate’er most cheers the hospitable board.
‘ When thirst and hunger ceased, I foremost spoke,
‘ And urged you both to bear war’s glorious yoke :
‘ Both glad obey’d, yet first attentive heard
‘ The well-weigh’d counsels of each father’s word.
‘ Aged Peleus to his glowing son enjoin’d,
‘ In dauntless bravery to surpass mankind :
‘ And wise Menœtius, Actor’s son, impress’d
‘ The words my voice now utters on thy breast.
‘ High birth, and strength surpassing thine, adorn
‘ Pelides : thou, my son, art elder born :
‘ Therefore, by prudence guide, by wisdom sway,
‘ And gently lead, and mould him to obey.

‘ But thou forget’st—yet, what Menoëtius said,
‘ May calm his wrath : by soothing words persuade :
‘ Some god may yet, so press’d, his spirit bend,
‘ Persuasion moves the lip of friend with friend.
‘ But if that chief avoid some doom foretold,
‘ Or Thetis, warn’d of Jove, from war withhold,
‘ Let him, at least, arm thee with all his might,
‘ And Greece relume her glory by thy light.
‘ Bear thou his arms, that, by their fear betray’d,
‘ Troy, likening thee to him, may fly dismay’d,
‘ And Greece, o’er-tired, reposing from the fight,
‘ Seize the short respite, and recruit her might.
‘ From thy fresh force, Troy, worn with war, once more
‘ Shall seek her guardian walls, and shun the shore.’

Touch’d by that moving speech, Patroclus went
With rapid feet to gain Pelides’ tent ;
But when the chieftain reach’d Ulysses’ fleet,
Graced by the forum, and the judgment seat,
And altars, where, by Greece devoutly raised,
To all the gods her frequent offerings blazed,
Escaped from battle, brave Evæmon’s son,
His thigh shaft-pierced, slow came, sore halting on.
From his pale front big sweat-drops fell around,
And the blood spouted from his painful wound :

Yet, firm his heart, and bold the warrior's breast,
Whom, pitying, thus Menoëtius' son address'd :

‘ Ah ! must the lords and leaders of our bands,
‘ Far from their friends, and from their native lands,
‘ Thus die, and satiate with their flesh and gore,
‘ Troy's famish'd dogs on this accursed shore !
‘ Can yet the Greeks the Hectorean rage sustain,
‘ Or must all bleed beneath his javelin slain ? ’

‘ No more,’ Eurypylus replied, ‘ no more
‘ Shall mortal arm the Grecian power restore.
‘ Soon will our ships be seized—there, there they lie,
‘ Our best, our bravest warriors doom'd to die :
‘ Pierced by the winged shaft, or barbed spear,
‘ While daring victory urges Troy's career.
‘ But thou preserve me, to the navy lead,
‘ Cut from my thigh the agonizing reed,
‘ With tepid water wash the wound, and spread
‘ Soft balsams potent to revive the dead,
‘ Which Peleus' son, with Chiron's science fraught,
‘ Thee, partner of his soul, divinely taught.
‘ Now, wounded in his tent, Machaon lies,
‘ And to another's art for aid applies :
‘ And Podalirius 'mid the battle strife
‘ Now hazards his inestimable life.’

‘ How shall I act,’ Menœtius’ son replied,
‘ Both duties how accomplish ? how decide ?
‘ I speed to stern Achilles, to unfold
‘ All that Gerenian Nestor lately told ;
‘ Yet will I not desert thee.’—Thus address’d,
Patroclus bore him homeward on his breast,
Strew’d for his couch soft hides, and where he lay,
Cut with kind knife the dart’s keen point away,
With tepid water cleansed the oozing gore,
And placed a bitter root, bruised o’er and o’er,
Spread on the wound, so soothed all sense of pain,
Heal’d the rent flesh, and closed the broken vein.

THE TWELFTH BOOK

OF

THE ILIAD.

ARGUMENT.

Hector, by the advice of Polydamas, assails, on foot, the Grecian ramparts.—The gate defended by Polypetes and Leonteus.—Hector's sublime reply to Polydamas.—The Ajaces defend the battlements.—Sarpedon's heroic speech to Glaucus.—Glaucus wounded.—Sarpedon first rends the battlement.—Hector crushes the portal with an enormous stone, and bursts victoriously through the ruin.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XII.

WHILE in the tent, by kindly cares detain'd,
To heal the chief, Menœtius' son remain'd,
By mutual slaughter more and more enraged,
Host clash'd on host, and deadliest battle waged.
But now no more the trench that yawn'd below,
The wall's vast breadth, or battlemented brow,
Could guard the ships, tho' widely drawn around
The fosse enclosed them in its ample bound.
For never had the Greeks the gods adored,
Nor heaven with chosen hecatombs implored,
That, safe within that guardian wall immured,
Their fleet and glorious spoils might rest secured.
Hence, Jove indignant view'd the rising mound,
And doom'd ere long to level with the ground.
But while yet Hector breathed, while yet the ire
Of stern Pelides view'd the Greeks expire,

And Priam's lofty towers his state sustain'd,
So long the structure in its strength remain'd.
But when stern fate had Troy's famed heroes slain,
And many a Grecian chief had strewn the plain,
And the tenth year had Troy in dust discern'd,
And war's sad relics had to Greece return'd ;
Then Phœbus, and the god who rules the deep,
Met, and resolved from earth that wall to sweep
By violence of floods, whose rivers flow
Perpetual from the springs on Ida's brow :
All that Heptaporus, Rhodius, Rhesus spread,
Or fill'd Granicus and Æsepus' bed,
Caresus' stream, divine Scamander's wave,
And Simois swoln with slaughter of the brave,
Where shields and helmets of each adverse host,
And sons of gods untomb'd strow'd all her coast.
These thro' nine days, at once, in confluent fall,
Apollo hurl'd one deluge on that wall,
And Jove heaven's flood-gates oped, pour'd rain on rain,
More swift to whelm the wreck beneath the main ;
And Neptune's self, the trident in his hand,
First led the gods, and struck the reeling land,
And swept the huge foundations, heap on heap,
Buttress, and beams, and rocks, amid the deep :
All Grecia's toils o'erthrew, and smoothed the way
Where foam'd the Hellespont around the bay ;

And where the wall had tower'd, the sands outspread,
And turn'd each river to its separate bed.
Thus Neptune and Apollo's vengeful power
Fore-doom'd, awaiting Fate's appointed hour.

Now war and uproar raged the wall around,
And each storm'd bulwark thunder'd back the sound,
While from the wrath of Jove, in wild retreat,
Greece fled for refuge to her guarded fleet,
Scared by fell Hector, who, yet fresh in force,
Rush'd like a whirlwind's desolating course.
As when a boar, or lion, wild with ire,
On hounds and hunters rolls his balls of fire,
While from their numbers, ranged in dense array,
Their darts ring round him, and o'ercloud his way,
The beast nor harbours fear, nor deigns to fly,
But conquer'd by his courage stands to die,
And ere his strength deserts him, dares oppose,
And, where he darts, drives back their ranged rows :
Thus Hector rush'd along, while, heard by all,
His voice of thunder bade them pass the wall :
But not his coursers dared : they stood dismay'd,
Stretch'd o'er the trench their necks, and wildly neigh'd :
So vast its breadth, no courser could o'erleap,
Nor thund'ring chariot thro' the bulwark sweep ;
For, on each side, precipitous uprose
Heights that the guarded camp around enclose,

And sharp piles, thickly planted, row on row,
Huge toil of Grecia's host, defied the foe.
Yet tho' no car could there light entrance gain,
None could the ardour of the foot restrain.
'Twas thus : when warring where fierce Hector raged,
The brave Polydamas his wrath assuaged :

‘ Hector, and ye, the associate chieftains, hear,
‘ No longer urge the coursers' rash career,
‘ Too perilous the pass : sharp stakes arise,
‘ And yon huge wall the vain attempt defies :
‘ Ne'er can our chariots from its height descend,
‘ Or ranged for battle in the fosse contend.
‘ Death guards the pass. But, if Saturnius will
‘ That Greece should there her destiny fulfil,
‘ Grant, Jove, my wish ! now, in that narrow bed,
‘ Her host shall perish, all, ignobly dead,
‘ Far from their Argos. But if back once more,
‘ They force us from the fleet, and war restore,
‘ Here we in heaps shall fall, nor one remain
‘ To tell to Troy that all her sons are slain.
‘ Then, hear my word ; each leader give command,
‘ That nigh the trench his car and coursers stand,
‘ While all on foot, each in his mail'd array,
‘ Rush in one mass, where Hector leads the way.

‘ Ne’er can the Greeks such strength condensed oppose,
‘ If fate decree that here the contest close.’

Thus spake the chief: his sage advice prevail’d,
Down Hector sprung in arms completely mail’d.
No more the heroes in their chariots staid,
But, like their lord, sprung down, in arms array’d,
And charged their guides to station car by car,
Ranged nigh the fosse, prepared to rush on war.
The Trojans then beneath their chief’s command
Broke into five divisions, band by band ;
The first, most throng’d, most brave, determined most
To break the barrier, and invade the host,
Beneath Polydamas and Hector’s might,
Burn’d ’mid the fleet to rush and close the fight ;
With them, Cebriones march’d side by side,
And left the car to an inferior guide :
The second Paris and Agenor led,
And with their legion bold Alcathous sped.
The third, Deiphobus, of form divine,
And Helenus, both sprung of Priam’s line,
And Asius, whom his fierce and fiery steeds
Bore from Selleïs’ and Arisba’s meads.
The fourth division, famed Anchises’ son,
Æneas, goddess-born, led bravely on,

And brave Archilochus, Antenor's brood
And Acamas in gallant brotherhood.
Sarpedon led Troy's bold allies, and chose
Their bravest chiefs all dangers to oppose,
Asteropæus far in war renown'd,
And, save Sarpedon, Glaucus matchless found.
Now, shield with shield, as one, their hosts conspired,
Dash'd on, and deem'd the Grecian navy fired.

Thus Troy, and Troy's allies in arms array'd,
The counsel of Polydamas obey'd :
All save rash Asius, whose o'erweening mind
Left not his steeds and charioteer behind,
But lash'd his fiery coursers on amain,
Insensate ! 'mid the ships to crush the slain,
Yet, his fleet car and fiery steeds no more
Shall bear him glorying from that fatal shore.
Death stood between, and o'er his mad advance
Dark lower'd Idomeneus' avenging lance.
Now, on the left, where from the routed plain
Greece lash'd her steeds, and gain'd the camp again,
Fierce Asius drove, nor on his inroad found
Portals that closed, or bars that fenced the mound :
But, at the gate flung wide, two chieftains stood,
To guard their flying rear, by Troy pursued.

There, Asius drove right on, and close behind,
His host's shrill clamours thunder'd on the wind.
They deem'd no Grecian could their force sustain,
But all must bleed, amid their navy slain.
Fools ! at those gates two mightiest warriors stood,
Resistless race of Lapithean blood ;
This, Polypœtes, fierce Pirithous' child,
And that Leonteus, Mars-like, gore-defiled.
They stood like oaks that on the mountain soar,
Where, day by day, perpetual tempests roar,
Rear amid whirlwinds their unswerving form,
And spread their gnarled roots beneath the storm.
Thus, trusting in their strength, the chiefs remain'd,
And powerful Asius, and his host sustain'd :
They came, their shields upraised, call answer'd call,
Each urging each to burst the barrier wall,
CEnomaus, Acamas, Orestes' might,
Thoön, and Asius' self unmatch'd in fight :
While in the gates, the chiefs, with deaf'ning cries,
Bade Grecia's host to guard their fleet arise.
But when they saw fierce Troy in fell career,
Whirl on, and Greece repell'd by flight and fear,
Fired at the view, and furious at the roar,
Forward they sprung, and fought, the gates before.
Like mountain boars, that, hearing from afar,
Hounds and fierce huntsmen issuing on to war,

Obliquely dart, and, rooting up the ground,
Strow, where they rush, the fractured trees around,
Grind their gnash'd teeth, and life's last struggle o'er,
Lie on the quivering lance that drinks their gore :
From their brass hawberks thus in fierce rebound,
The iron storm re-echoed round and round :
While, trusting in their strength, the brothers strove,
'Mid clouds of missiles darkening from above,
As from the Greeks, hurl'd downward, stone on stone,
From tower and battlement confusedly thrown,
Guard of their camp, and fleet, incessant hail'd,
And crush'd the invaders that the wall assail'd.
Down flew the weapons, dense as ceaseless snows,
When, gathering up the clouds, the north wind blows,
When flakes on flakes from all the ether fall,
And earth lies hid beneath a fleecy pall.
The weapons thus from each encountering host,
'Trojan and Greek alike confusedly cross'd,
Darts, lances, mill-stones, dense and denser flung,
Clash'd on their helms, and on their hawberks rung.
Then fierce Hyrtacides, his brain on fire,
Smote on his thigh, and thunder'd out his ire :

‘ Thou too, Olympian ! throned in heaven above,
‘ Thou too art wholly false, Olympian Jove.

‘ I surely deem’d no Grecian chief again
‘ Could our unconquerable arms sustain.
‘ But like streak’d wasps, or bees that hive their young
‘ In some rude pass, the rifted rocks among,
‘ Still guard their offspring, still defend their nest,
‘ And wait the war when plunderers dare infest,
‘ So these, tho’ two alone, dare guard the gate,
‘ And there captivity or death await.’

He spake, but moved not Jove’s determined mind,
That Hector’s fame with that proud day combined.
War raged at every gate, and deeds were wrought,
None but a god can sing, deeds passing human thought.
The battle burn’d :—the stones, a missile shower,
Rung round the wall, and smote each batter’d tower.
The Greeks, by harsh necessity constrain’d,
Guards of their fleet, tho’ bow’d with woe, remain’d :
And all the gods once wont their battle aid,
Their desperate state deploringly survey’d.
Yet not the less the Lapithean brood
Maintain’d the conflict, and the foe withstood.
First, Polypætes’ lance with fatal blow
Smote Damasus, and pierced his helmed brow ;
On thro’ the brazen casque, thro’ bone and brain
Pierced the spear-point, and stretch’d him ’mid the slain,

In scorn the conqueror from the corse withdrew,
And Ormenus and Pylon swiftly slew.

Now as the fierce Antimachus advanced,
Leonteus thro' his belt the death-spear lanced :
Next, rushing 'mid the press, with flaming blade,
Antiphates before him breathless laid,
And corse on corse, swift as the hero pass'd,
Iamenus, Orestes, Menon, cast.

While these despoil'd the dead, Troy's youthful band,
'Neath Hector's and Polydamas' command,
Most brave, most numerous, burn'd with keen desire,
To burst the wall, and wrap the fleet in fire :
But on the borders of the barrier fence
Their leaders paused, and stood in deep suspense,
Stood, as to pass the mound their spirits glow'd,
Struck by a portent from the warning god.
Lo ! on the Trojans' left, both hosts between,
Aloft an eagle soar'd, distinctly seen,
Whose talons a voluminous serpent grasp'd,
That, bathed in gore, yet palpitating gasp'd,
And fiercely struggling, backward rear'd his crest
Coil'd round the eagle's neck, and tore her breast :
The bird, in anguish of that piercing wound,
Mid the throng'd army cast him on the ground ;

Spread her broad wings, and floating on the wind,
Shriek'd as she flew, and left her prey behind,—
While, where the serpent lay, with fear amazed,
On Jove's portentous sign the Trojans gazed.

Then spake Polydamas, ' Full oft my word,
' Tho' just, brave Hector, has thy blame incurr'd,
' Yet—both in war, and council, still the aim,
' That best becomes each citizen, thy fame—
' Hence will I freely speak : here, Hector, stay,
' Nor lead against the fleet our arm'd array.
' If to Troy's rushing host that omen sent,
' Full clearly I expound the dread event.
' When on our battle's left, each host between,
' The eagle, and that snake distinctly seen,
' Which, yet alive, on earth she downward flung,
' Nor to her airy brought, to feast her young :
' Thus we—if forced each gate, if prone each tower,
' And Greece dishearten'd dread to front our power, —
' Ne'er from that fleet, in orderly array,
' Shall back return on our triumphant way ;
' But, in her fleet's defence by Grecia slain,
' There many a Trojan son shall strow the plain.
' Slight not my word—I speak as speaks the Seer
' Whom gods have gifted, and mankind revere.'

‘ Cease,’ Hector sternly answer’d, ‘ cease this word,
‘ This warning voice, with scorn by Hector heard—
‘ Some worthier frame—if this advisedly said,
‘ Thy reason wanders, by the gods betray’d.
‘ Thou bidst me, reckless of the powers above,
‘ Forget the counsels ratified by Jove :
‘ Thou bidst me birds obey—I scorn their flight,
‘ I reck not whence they spring, nor where alight,
‘ If, on the right, they seek the dawn of day,
‘ Or, on the left, thro’ darkness cleave their way.
‘ Jove I obey, who, on the Olympian throne,
‘ O’er mortals and immortals rules alone.
‘ Watch thou the flight of birds—such omens, thine :
‘ One—far o’er all—to guard my country—mine—
‘ Why dread the war?—If I, if all are slain
‘ ’Mid yonder fleet—thou wilt unscathed remain.
‘ Ne’er can thy heart endure the shock of arms,
‘ The war-sound fills thy soul with vain alarms.
‘ But—mark my words, if thou decline the fight,
‘ Or others, lured by thee, pursue thy flight,
‘ This lance, that now not tremblingly I wave,
‘ Shall hurl thy soul to an untimely grave.’

He spake : and onward rush’d : Troy’s dense array
Pursued, loud clamouring, where he led the way :

From Ida's topmost brow, the Thunderer, Jove,
O'er all the fleet thick dust in whirlwinds drove,
Quell'd in the Greeks the spirit of the brave
And added fame to Troy and Hector gave.
All, to break down the barrier, boldly tried,
And on the portent of the god relied.
Here, hurl'd on earth, with hideous ruin rent,
The buttress and projecting battlement :
There, with huge bars heaved upward stock and stone,
The Grecians' firm foundations all o'erthrown :
Troy now had burst the wall, and prostrate laid,
Had the Greeks fled, by heartless fear betrayed :
But o'er its crest their fence of shields they hung,
And on the foe their iron tempest flung ;
While either Ajax, on from tower to tower,
Stalk'd in his strength, and roused the Grecian power,
With animating voice the brave address'd,
And pierced with keen reproach the coward's breast :

‘ Ye ! bravest Grecians ! ye, too, less renown'd !
‘ For not, in fight, all warriors equal found :
‘ To each his labour : on : none, none retreat,
‘ None, scared by Hector's menace, seek the fleet.
‘ On : each the other aid : so Jove again
‘ May guide our battle, and our fame sustain,

‘ And we victorious, in pursuit of Troy,
‘ ’Neath Ilion’s towers her trembling sons destroy.’

Thus, in advance, each Ajax, shouting, fired
The Grecian host, and war’s stern rage inspired.
As densely fall large flakes on frozen flakes,
When Jove the violence of winter wakes,
Displays his icy javelins, lulls the winds,
The burden of the unmoving cloud unbinds,
Hides with deep snows the cliffs and mountain heads,
One veil o’er hill and dale and champaign spreads,
One o’er the marge and harbours of the deep,
Save where the rolling billows onward sweep,
And the whole world o’erwhelms : thus densely flung
From either host, the rocky fragments rung,
Trojan and Grecian, foes immix’d with foes,
While round that wall war’s thundering roar uprose.
Nor then had Hector and his host prevail’d,
Burst thro’ the portals, or the rampire scaled,
Had not Sarpedon, by his father, Jove,
Sent as a lion ’mid a broad-horn’d drove,
Advanced the shield, whose brazen disk display’d
The splendour that before him brightly ray’d.
Thick hides on hides its structure inly framed,
And golden circles round its margin flamed.

This, borne aloft, and brandish'd either spear,
On rush'd the son of Jove in fierce career,
Rush'd like a lion of the mountain brood,
Who raves, long famish'd, for the feast of blood,
Dares what his fiery spirit prompts, nor dreads
The close protection of the sheltering sheds,
Nor, tho' arm'd guards and dogs resist his way,
Leaves in repose his unattempted prey :
But fiercely grasps it, or, too rashly bold,
Dies, writhing on the spear, amid the fold :
Thus glow'd Sarpedon, raging to o'erthrow
The barrier wall, and lay its turrets low ;
While pouring forth the ardour of his breast,
The chief the heroic Glaucus thus address'd :

‘ Why, where distinguish'd chiefs the banquet grace,
‘ Our mark'd pre-eminence, our honour'd place ?
‘ Our board more amply spread, where brighter glows
‘ The foaming nectar, that our bowl o'erflows ?
‘ Why Lycia's race adores, and hails our birth
‘ As sprung from gods that deign'd descend on earth ?
‘ Why, far as Xanthus winds, her sons behold
‘ Our vine robed hills, and fields of floating gold ?
‘ Why ?—That in battle, in our nation's sight,
‘ We should the vanward lead, and front the fight.

‘ Why ?—That one voice be heard—No, not in vain
‘ Our monarchs boast their wide-extended reign,
‘ Feasts, and o’erflowing bowls : lo ! first in fame,
‘ In van of war they vindicate their claim.—
‘ O friend beloved ! if scaped the battle rage,
‘ We might immortal live, untouch’d by age,
‘ I would not lead the van, nor risk thy days,
‘ Where glory far the warrior’s toil o’er pays.
‘ But, watch’d by thousand deaths, since mortal birth
‘ Lives but to die, and swell the dust of earth,
‘ Come, where our death shall raise the Grecian name,
‘ Or vanquish’d Greece immortalize our fame.’

Nor Glaucus disobey’d—on, forth amain
Rush’d the brave chiefs, and led the Lycian train,
Rush’d where, appall’d by their advancing power,
Stood Mnestheus, guardian of the invaded tower,
And gazed around, if some distinguish’d chief
Might there be found, and haply yield relief.
He gazed, and view’d each Ajax, nor afar
Brave Teucer issuing from his tent to war :
Yet—tho’ not far, vain Mnestheus’ loudest call,
So rang the bray of battle round the wall,
The clash of arms that smote the vault of heaven,
Helm against helm, ’gainst buckler buckler driven,

And clang of all the gates, for dense on all
Host press'd on host to rend and pass the wall.

‘ Speed, herald! speed, Thoötes’—Mnestheus spake—
‘ Haste to the Ajaces: all their fire awake—
‘ Bid both here haste, if both may yet repel
‘ Yon storms of war, that fierce and fiercer swell.
‘ On rush the Lycian chiefs, whose dreaded might
‘ Has oft our battle stemm’d, and turn’d to flight.
‘ But—if around them death and slaughter bleed,
‘ Let one alone, the Telamonian, speed,
‘ And, where the Telamonian takes his stand,
‘ Not long will Teucer’s bow its prey demand!’

Nor then Thoötes disobey’d his call,
But swiftly sped along the barrier wall:
And hail’d the chiefs: ‘ Famed lords! by Greece adored!
‘ Speed, where brave Peteus’ son implores your sword,
‘ Bids both unite, if both may yet repel
‘ The storms of war, that fierce and fiercer swell:
‘ But, if around you death and slaughter bleed,
‘ Let one alone, the Telamonian, speed,
‘ For where the Telamonian takes his stand,
‘ Not long will Teucer’s bow its prey demand.’

Great Ajax Telamon the call obey'd,
And thus, departing, to the Oilian said :
' Here, thou and Lycomedes firm remain,
' Reanimate the Greeks, their strength sustain :
' Back will I soon return, when there once more
' I quell the Trojans, and our war restore.'

He spake : and sped : but on without delay
Brave Teucer follow'd his fraternal way :
And where they forward pass'd; and sought the foe,
Pandion proudly bore the archer's bow.
Now, at the wall, where Mnestheus held the tower,
Their sight revived the Greeks o'er-harass'd power,
For there the chiefs, with Lycia's gather'd might,
Like a dark whirlwind, storm'd the rampire's height,
Not unopposed, while thundering far and wide,
The battle clangour burst from either side.
Then, Telamonian Ajax, first in fight,
Sarpedon's friend, Epicles, hurl'd to night :
Smote with a stone, that on the embattled crest,
Like a rough rock, its crushing weight impress'd ;
Such, in life's prime in these degenerate days
None with both hands could easily upraise.
But Ajax, high uplifting, whirl'd the stone
Full on his front, and helm's four-crested cone,

Crush'd his whole skull, with all its bones, and hurl'd
The diver headlong to the nether world.

Then Teucer, straining his unerring bow,
Struck Glaucus rushing up the rampire's brow,
Pierced his unguarded arm, and forced to yield
The chief, who pass'd reluctant from the field,
Leapt from the wall unnoticed, lest the foe
Should view his blood drops, and insult his woe.

Sarpedon, deeply grieved, his comrade gone,
Yet to the conflict rush'd undaunted on,
With ponderous lance the brave Alcmaon slew,
And from the deep-fix'd wound the weapon drew,
And when he wrench'd it forth, the brazen sound
Rang as his armour clang'd against the ground.

Then, with a giant's strength, Sarpedon rent
From the high wall the o'erarching battlement.
The mass fell whole, and, where on earth it lay,
The wall wide oped for Lycia's host the way :
But as Sarpedon led, in dauntless mood
Before him Teucer and huge Ajax stood.

By both at once assail'd, the shaft and lance
At his first inroad check'd his fierce advance :
Here, Teucer's arrow rang with whizzing sound
On the rich baldrick that his buckler bound,
Jove turn'd the dart aside, bade death recede,
Lest Hellas' fleet should view Sarpedon bleed :

Then, Ajax forward sprung, and pierced his shield,
And forced him, long reluctant, slow to yield,
A little while, a brief, brief space, retire,
While lust of glory fill'd his heart with fire.

Then, turning to his host, their chief exclaim'd,
' Where now the ardour that your soul enflam'd ?
' Tho' brave your king, tho' wide the breach I made,
' How pass unaided, and yon fleet invade ?
' On—on—and where one warrior dares to lead,
' Ye, in dense mass, achieve the adventurous deed.'

Fired by his just reproach, the Lycian train
Fierce rush'd their monarch's glory to sustain :
Greece not the less her utmost efforts strain'd,
And phalanx closed on phalanx, firm remain'd :
Nor could the Lycians in their strength avail,
To force the barrier, and the fleet assail,
Nor could the Greeks, collecting all their power,
Force them to quit the wall, and free the tower.
But, as on confine of some common ground,
Two men, contending, claim the uncertain bound,
Their measuring rods in hand, refuse to yield
The slightest portion of the doubtful field :
Thus, at the barrier line, host clash'd on host,
These strove to gain, and those to guard the post ;

Around light targets rung, and heard afar
The burden of their bucklers clang'd the war.
Deep were the wounds, and many a warrior bled
Who bravely battled, or ignobly fled.
Darts, javelins, spears, confused the darken'd field,
Crush'd the brass helm, and pierced the plated shield.
Blood bathed the battlements, and ceaseless gore
From each storm'd turret gush'd the assailants o'er.
Yet, tho' by Troy's and Lycia's sons assail'd,
The countless host, to turn the Grecians, fail'd.
As when a house-wife, whose just hand sustains
The beam that balances her hard-earn'd gains,
The wool and weight hangs in the opposing scales,
And poises long, till neither part prevails :
Thus, in the conflict of that dreadful day,
On either host war's level balance lay,
Till Hector, girt with prowess from above,
Sprung foremost thro' the barrier, graced by Jove.

‘ On, Trojans, on,’ he cried, ‘ exalt your fame :
‘ Now, burst the wall—now wrap their fleet in flame.’

He spake : and all the host attentive heard,
And in one mass rush'd onward at his word :
Swarm'd up the battlements, and forward held
Their keen-barb'd lances that the foe repell'd—

But Hector seized a stone, that nigh the gate
Rose, pointed, craggy, of enormous weight,
Such, not with ease, in our degenerate days
Two sturdiest labourers could from earth upraise :
But, Hector vibrated with ease alone,
So Jove had lighten'd of its weight the stone.
As with one hand a shepherd bears the spoil
Shorn from a ram, nor feels a sense of toil :
Thus Hector raised it, and right onward bore
'Gainst the thick planks, whose juncture framed the door,
Whose double gates, high towering, all immured,
And braced by transverse bars, one bolt secured :
Then, on firm feet, wide fix'd, the hero cast
The ponderous stone that through its centre pass'd,
The hinges burst, and by its weight of stroke
The thundering portal's double structure broke.
The crush'd planks crack'd, in shiver'd fragments flown,
Nor beam, nor bar, nor bolt, withstood the stone.
Swift thro' the wreck, in visage dark as night,
Fierce Hector sprung in unresisted might :
While, from his armour, light in flashes beam'd,
And quivering from his lance wide radiance stream'd.
None, then, of mortal born, no human force,
None, save a god, could dare withstand his course.
Back, to his host, loud shouting as they came,
The hero turn'd his eyes, that roll'd in flame.

All heard his voice, and eagerly obey'd,
Nor fosse, nor wall, nor gate their inroad stay'd.
The Grecians fled, and loud the wildering roar
Rang as they sought their ships, and fill'd with woe the
shore.

END OF VOL. I.

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